April 24, 1978

# THE NEW YORKER

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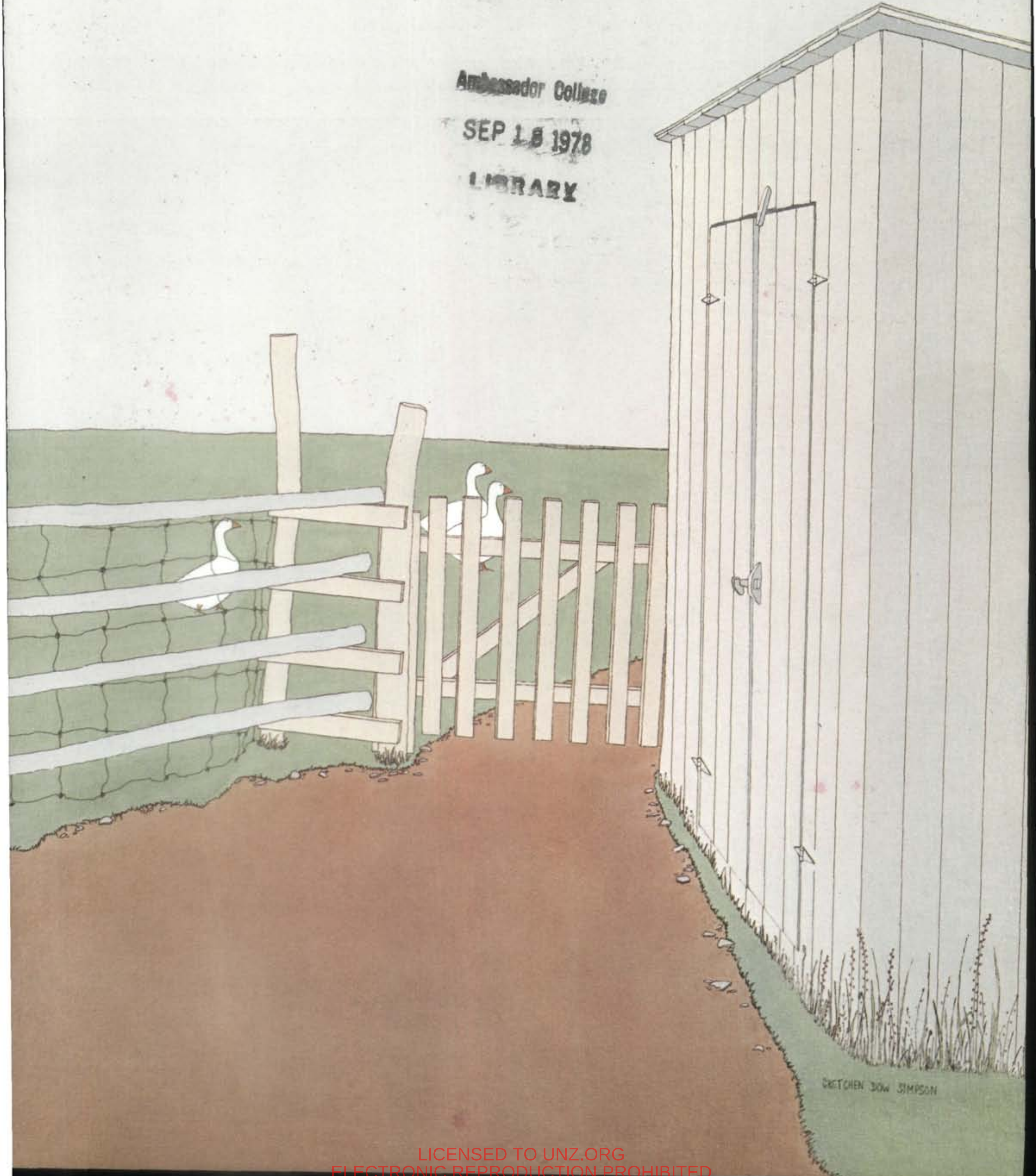
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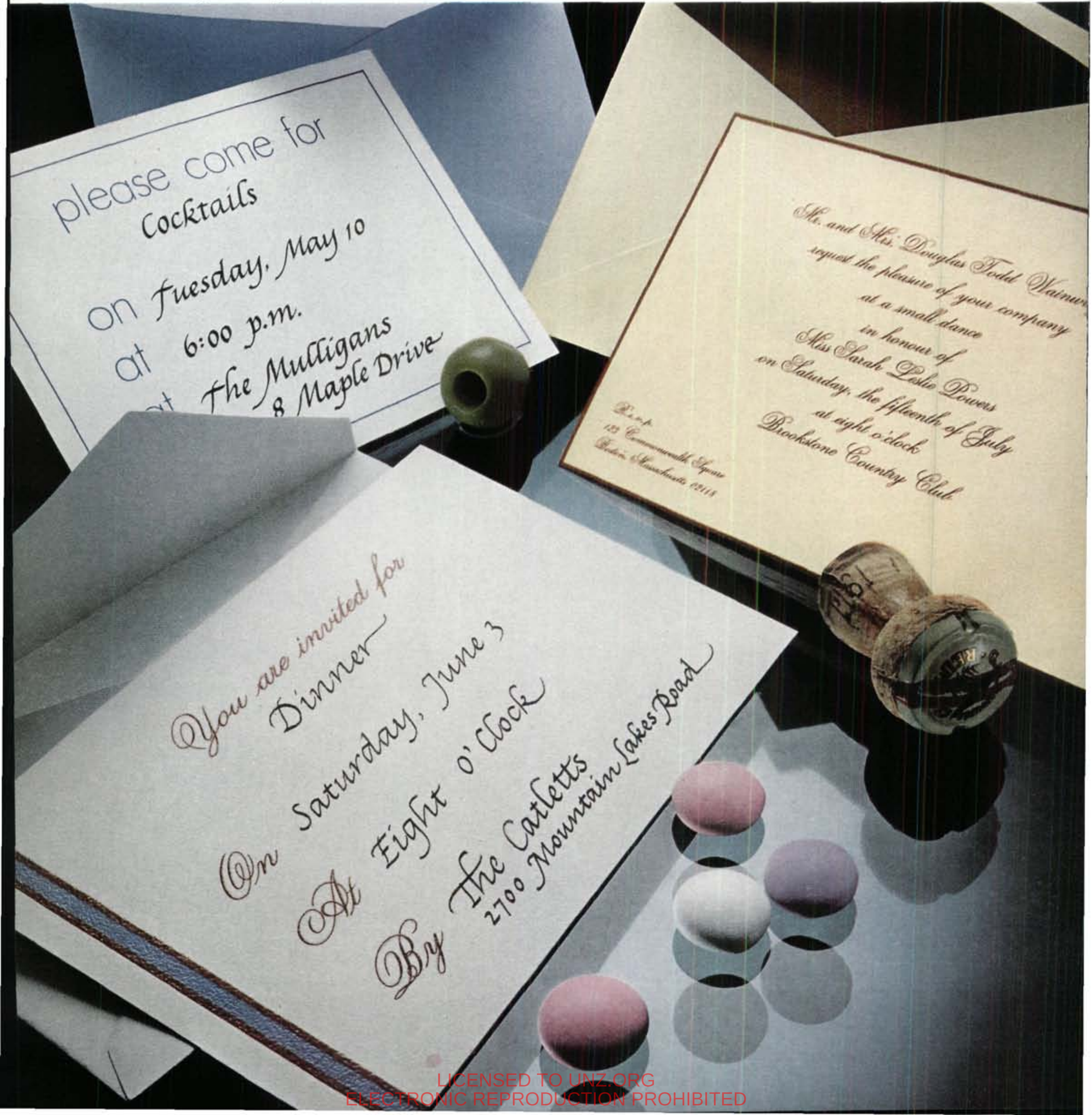

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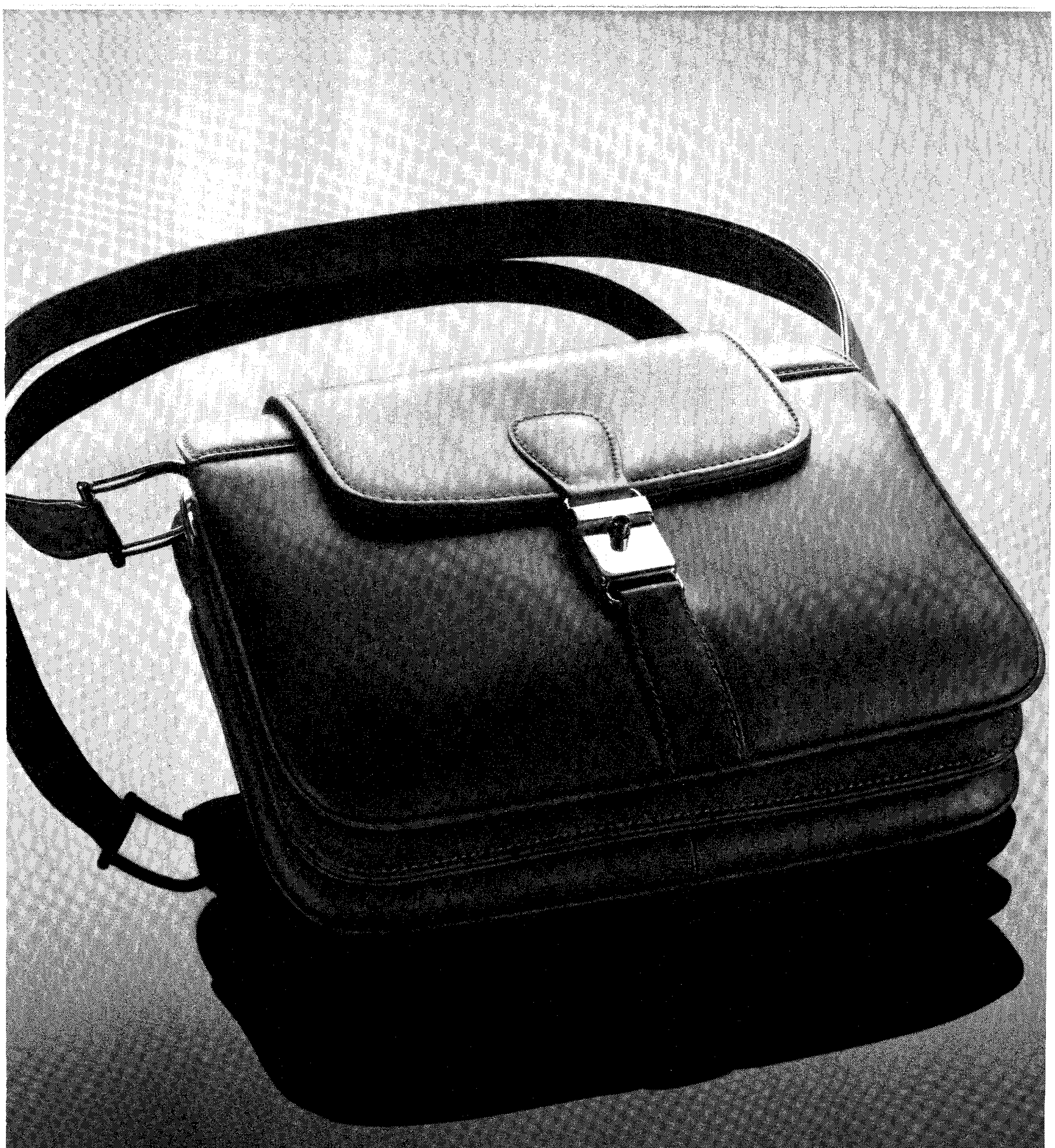

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**THE ACT**—Liza Minnelli in a vehicle that, though designed to accommodate her youthful talents, creaks like a one-hoss shay. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**THE ACTING COMPANY**—Final performances in a three-week repertory of four plays by John Houseman's group. MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN, by Bertolt Brecht, directed by Alan Schneider: Wednesday, April 19, at 2 and 8. (4/17/78). . . . ¶ Shakespeare's KING LEAR, directed by Mr. Houseman: Thursday through Saturday, April 20-22, at 8. (Reviewed in this issue.) . . . THE OTHER HALF, by Elinor Jones, directed by Amy Saltz: Saturday, April 22, at 2. . . . DUCK VARIATIONS, by David Mamet, directed by Gerald Gutierrez, and THE OTHER HALF: Sunday, April 23, at 2 and 7. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

**THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**—A musical with a book by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson, and music and lyrics by Carol Hall. Directed by Tommy Tune and Mr. Masterson. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, April 20, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A BISTRO CAR ON THE CNR**—A chipper little revue from Canada, set aboard a train running between Toronto and Montreal. The score, by Patrick Rose, is tuneful and varied, and he himself is the most able of the four able performers who comprise the cast. The others are Marcia McClain, Tom Wopat, and Henrietta Valor. Lyrics by Merv Campone and Richard Ouzounian, and scenery and costumes by John Falabella. Mr. Ouzounian directed. (4/3/78) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**CATSPLAY**—István Orkény's comedy—about the trials and eventual triumph of a spunky, feisty widow in Budapest whose lover is snatched away from her—makes an entertaining evening, under Lynne Meadow's capable direction. Helen Burns plays the elderly heroine with great zest, and she is well supported by Katherine Squire and Robert Gerringer, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

**CHAPTER TWO**—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**COLD STORAGE**—Two men are dying of cancer in a New York hospital. In spite of the subject matter, the play is often humorous as well as enthralling, thanks in part to the fact that it was written by Ronald Ribman and in part to the performances given by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (1/16/78) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**DANCIN'**—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**DEATHTRAP**—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, Marian Winters, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**DIVERSIONS AND DELIGHTS**—A one-man show with Vincent Price, in which, amusingly and touchingly, he impersonates Oscar Wilde at the sad end of his not very long life. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**DRACULA**—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**FAMILY BUSINESS**—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. The results are depressing, but there are hints throughout that the script, by Dick Goldberg, is worthy of a livelier performance. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE GIN GAME**—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**HELLO, DOLLY!**—Carol Channing once more on Broadway, in the show she starred in back in 1964. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**THE INCARNATIONS OF REVEREND GOODE BLACQUE DRESSE**—A play by Garland Lee Thompson. Opens Thursday, April 20. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 6. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

**JULIUS CAESAR**—George Rose's Caesar and, in its own way, Richard Dreyfuss's Cassius are

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COVER: *Gretchen Dow Simpson*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Dean Victor, Dana Fradon, George Booth, Barney Tobey, Eldon Dedini, William Steig, Warren Miller, Gilbert Kerlin, Saul Steinberg, Frank Modell, Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Mischa Richter, James Mulligan, James Stevenson, Edward Koren, Ed Arno, Arnie Levin, Henry Martin*

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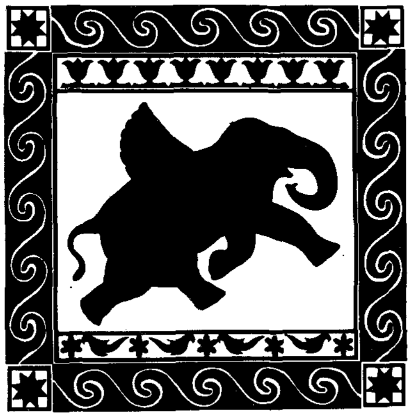
# INDIA: the ultimate fantasy



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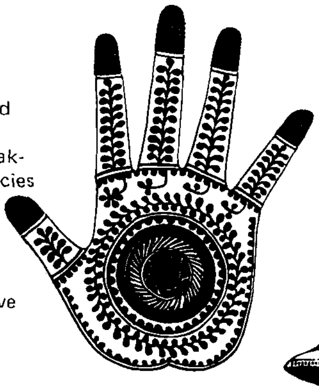
## india at-large: april 15 to may 20

This is what's here in Manhattan every day:
**Photographic Essays and Films.**
**Model Rooms.** Seven by Richard Knapple, dedicated to Indian cities.
**Mysore Indian Coffee** (speaking of rich) is in our Delicacies for you to taste, savor. . . and take home.
**Sweets and Indian breads,** in Delicacies.
**Dining.** Our restaurants have special Indian menus.



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**Kathakali Dance Miniatures,** each piece museum-quality.
**Pichwai and Miniature Painting** on cloth and ivory.
**Astrology/Palmistry.** . .there's a little India in all of us.

## india around town

Our excitement is contagious—New York is popping:
**Alice Tully Hall,** Vilayat Khan, one of the world's greatest sitarists, will perform on May 4. (He'll be in Boston at Jordan Hall on April 29; in Washington at the Smithsonian's Baird Auditorium on May 9.)
**The Bronx Zoo.** The wild Asia exhibit will reopen on May 5.
**Christie's** will have an auction on May 25, of Indian miniatures and paintings ranging from 200.00 to 60,000.00.
**Central Park's Sheep Meadow.** On April 29, Dinesh Bahadur, world's master kiteman will perform an exhibition of the ultimate flight of fantasy. Join him with your kite.

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**Thieves Market,** bedspreads, throw rugs. 4th Floor.
**India-by-the-Yard,** material pleasures. 4th Floor.
**Elephant Walk,** the first—and last—straw bazaar. 5th Floor.
**Shalimar,** our selection of antiques. 5th Floor.
**Caravan,** lamps—shaded and showered in beauty. 5th Floor.
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strong enough and interesting enough to make up for some whimsical oddities and inadequacies in this production, under Frank Dunlop's direction. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

**A LIFE IN THE THEATRE**—*David Mamet's loving* tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE LIFE OF GALILEO**—This production marks the auspicious début of the New York Actors' Theatre. Bertolt Brecht's mathematical genius who recanted his great discoveries before the Inquisition is almost inescapably a self-portrait, and the role is well acted by Laurence Luckinbill. Sharp, witty chalk-talk cartoons by Bob Gale, and capable direction by Rudy Caringi. Fine translation by Ralph Manheim and Wolfgang Sauerlander. (4/17/78) (Havemeyer Hall, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 280-3870. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

**THE MANDRAKE**—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (12/12/77) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

**THE MIGHTY GENTS**—A once proud band of street warriors seeks, with tragic consequences, to escape the tedium of adult life. Written by Richard Wesley, and starring Dorian Harewood and Morgan Freeman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**MOLIÈRE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF**—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

**ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY**—A musical comedy *(book and lyrics by Comden and Green,* music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum and Madeline Kahn are its stars. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**THE PASSION OF DRACULA**—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**PATIO / PORCH**—A comedy by Jack Heifner, with Fannie Flagg and Ronnie Claire Edwards. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**PAUL ROBESON**—James Earl Jones struggles superbly but in vain to bring Robeson to life, for the text, by Phillip Hayes Dean, has already embalmed him. (1/30/78) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Thursdays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 5. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

**P.S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!**—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**RUNAWAYS**—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. As for Miss Swados—composer, lyricist, librettist, director, and performer (on the guitar)—she is a model of proficiency, and then some. (3/20/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays through Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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**SAFE HOUSE**—A play by Nicholas Kazan. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

**13 RUE DE L'AMOUR**—A fumbling Feydeau farce that fitfully finds a farthing's worth of finesse. With Louis Jourdan and Patricia Elliott. (3/27/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**TIMBUKTU!**—Eartha Kitt, Melba Moore, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins in a silly reworking of the musical "Kismet." (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

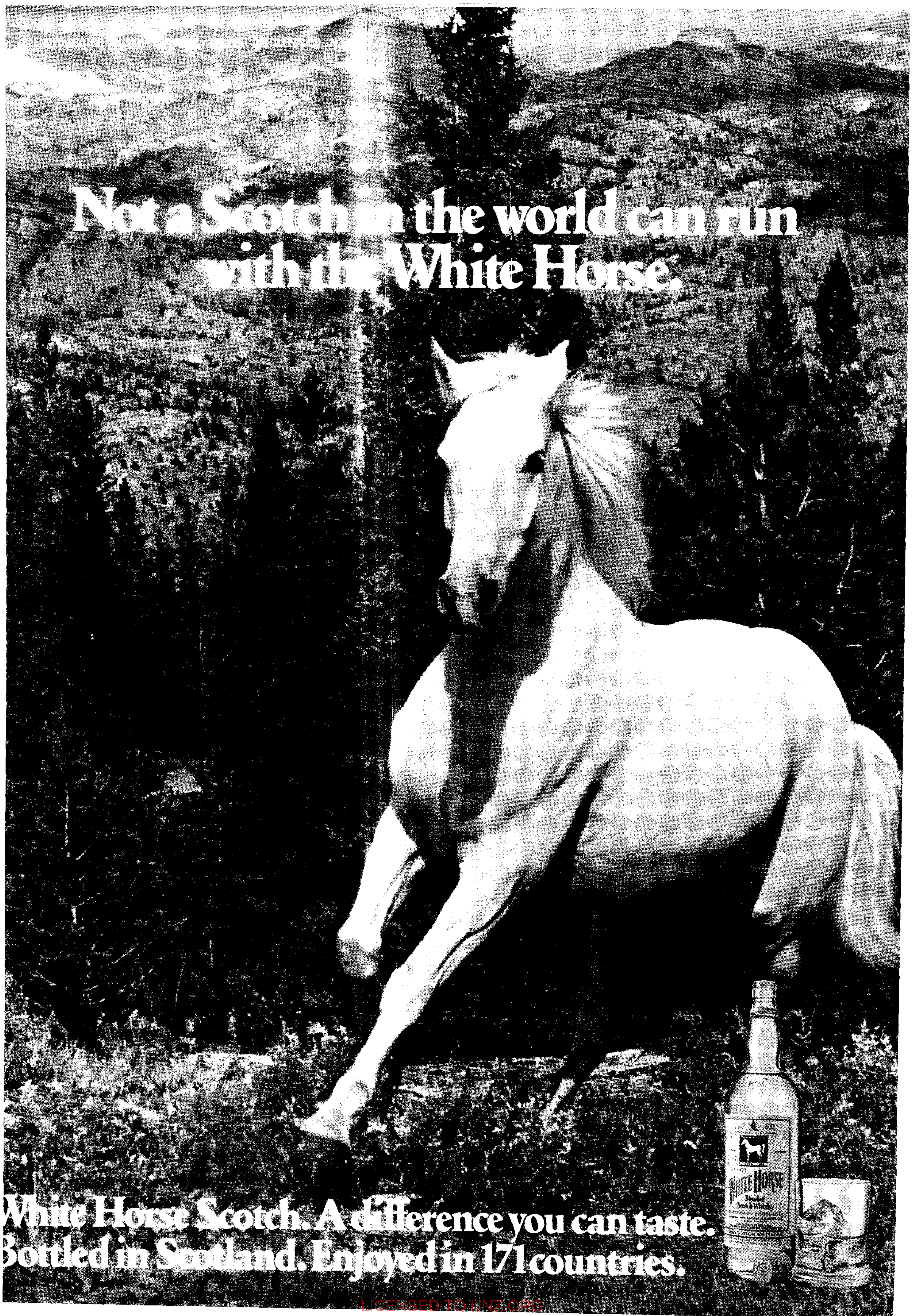
**A TOUCH OF THE POET**—Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker in an implausible O'Neill melodrama about a drunken Irish major and his family. The time purports to be the eighteen-twenties, and the place purports to be near Boston, but it is all yallery-greenery O'Neillery. (1/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

**THE TWILIGHT DINNER**—A play by Lennox Brown, directed by Douglas Turner Ward. The third in this season's series of four offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**LONG RUNS**—**ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, *choreographed, and directed by* Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,472 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2.) ... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Michael Kermoyan is substituting for Yul Brynner, as the King, through Sunday, April 30. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, April 20, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, April 27, at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. *Mondays through Wednesdays,* and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**BEATLEMANIA**—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Har-


BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Not a Scotch in the world can run with the White Horse.
White Horse Scotch. A difference you can taste.
Bottled in Scotland. Enjoyed in 171 countries.
WHITE HORSE
Blended Scotch Whisky

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We'd like to say it's because it's a Volvo.

Or, because it's the best Volvo we make.

But the fact is, we think the Volvo 264 could be the best car you've ever owned, because a majority of our owners think it's the best car *they've* ever owned.

In a survey conducted by K. M. Warwick Marketing Research, a national sampling of new car owners were asked: "Would you consider your present car the best car you've ever owned?"

The responses were very revealing. More Volvo owners answered "yes" than the owners of Lincoln Continentals, Cadillac Sevilles, Chrysler New Yorkers and 53 other models from Detroit.*

The reason for this is something you have to drive a Volvo 264 to understand. Only then can you fully appreciate the feeling of a luxury car that has been fit together, rather than slapped together.

Or the incredible comfort that comes not just from the 264's interior roominess, but from the Volvo's superior seats. They were orthopedically designed and adjust in 9 different ways, including from "firm" to "soft" against the small of your back. (The driver's seat even heats up automatically when the temperature drops below 57°.)

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So if you're among the fortunate few who can afford the car you've always dreamed about, maybe you should test drive a car you've never even thought about.

A Volvo 264.

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**Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.*

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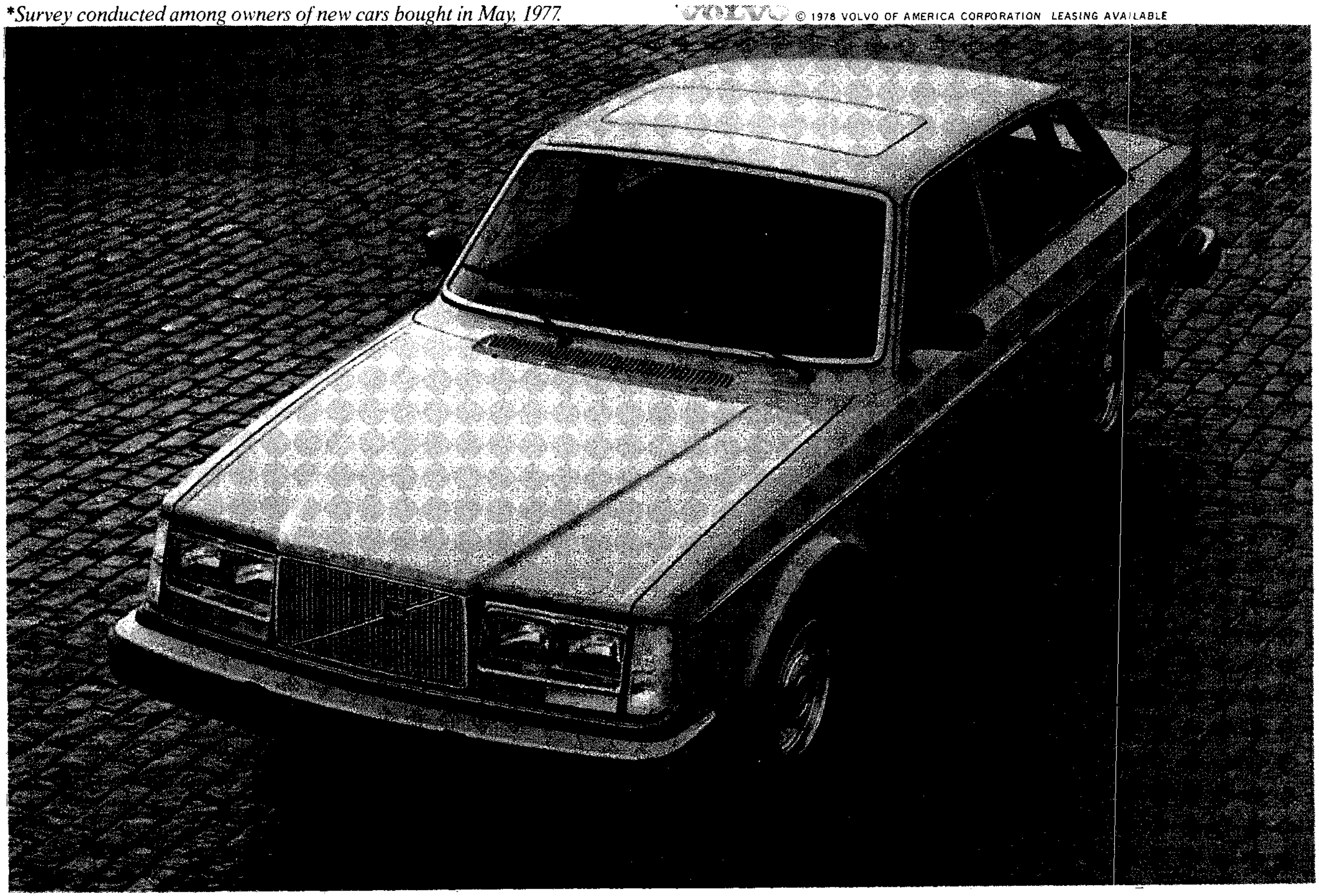

**VOLVO. A CAR YOU CAN BELIEVE IN.**

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

**Circus**—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their hundred-and-eighth edition. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of basketball playoffs, the evening performance on Thursday, April 20, and the matinée performances on Sunday, April 23, will be cancelled, and the evening performance on Friday, April 28, *may* be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

## DANCE

**American Ballet Theatre**—Wednesday evening, April 19: "La Bayadère," "Voluntaries," and "Firebird."...¶ Thursday evening, April 20: "Theme and Variations," "Voluntaries," "Pavane," and "Push Comes to Shove."...¶ Friday evening, April 21; Saturday matinée and evening, April 22; and Monday and Tuesday evenings, April 24-25: "Swan Lake."...¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 26-27: "Les Sylphides," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Sphinx" (New York première), and "Push Comes to Shove."...¶ Friday evening, April 28, and Saturday matinée, April 29: "Danses Concertantes," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Sphinx," and "Graduation Ball."...¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Danses Concertantes," "Sphinx," "Pavane," and "Graduation Ball." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 10.)

**Joffrey Ballet**—Wednesday, April 19, at 8: "Moves," "Suite Saint-Saens" (première), "Touch Me," and "Rodeo."...¶ Thursday, April 20, at 8: "Heptagon," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Parade," and "Kettentanz."...¶ Friday, April 21, at 8: "Moves," "Suite Saint-Saens," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."...¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saens," "Touch Me," "Parade," and "Façade."...¶ Sunday, April 23, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Heptagon," "L'Air d'Esprit," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Sunday, April 23, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Pas de Deux," "As Time Goes By," and "Rodeo."...¶ Tuesday, April 25, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Heptagon," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Trinity."...¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 8: "The Dream," "As Time Goes By," "L'Air d'Esprit," and "Façade."...¶ Thursday, April 27, at 8: "Conversations About the Dance," a special tribute to Agnes de Mille, with Miss de Mille as narrator, and with soloists from her Heritage Dance Theatre and Orchestra, as well as Gemze de Lappe, James Jamieson, Honi Coles, Mel Tomlinson, and others....¶ Friday, April 28, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Monotones," and "The Dream."...¶ Saturday, April 29, at 8: "Brouilliards," "Pas de Deux," "Heptagon," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

**Eliot Feld Ballet**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 19, at 8: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "La Vida," and "Mazurka."...¶ Thursday, April 20, at 8: "The Consort," "The Gods Amused," "La Vida," and "Excursions."...¶ Friday, April 21, at 8: "Harbinger," "Intermezzo," and "A Footstep of Air."...¶ Saturday, April 22, at 2:30: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "La Vida," and "Excursions."...¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," "Santa Fe Saga," and "A Footstep of Air."...¶ Sunday, April 23, at 2:30: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "La Vida," and "The Consort."...¶ Sunday, April 23, at 7:30: "Harbinger," "Santa Fe Saga," "La Vida," and "A Footstep of Air." (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-0156.)

**Rudolf Nureyev**—With the Dutch National Ballet: "Faun," "About a Dark House," "Four Last Songs," "Four Schumann Pieces," and "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux." (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sunday at 3. Through Sunday, April 30.)

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**Nikolais Dance Theatre**—A one-and-a-half-week engagement—Wednesday evening, April 19, and Saturday evening, April 22: Triple duet from "Grotto," "Gallery" (première), and "Sanctum Suite."...¶ Thursday evening, April 20: "Castings" (première), "Guignol," and "Triad."...¶ Friday evening, April 21: "Guignol," "Déjà Vu" (with Murray Louis), and "Triad."...¶ Saturday matinée, April 22: "Castings," "Guignol," and "Sanctum Suite."...¶ Sunday matinée, April 23: "Temple," "Proximities" (with the Murray Louis Dance Company), "Sanctum Suite," and "Triad."...¶ Tuesday evening, April 25: "Temple," "Guignol," and "Styx."...¶ Wednesday evening, April 26: "Bach Quartet," "Déjà Vu," and "Glances" (all with the Murray Louis Dance Company), and "Gallery."...¶ Thursday evening, April 27: "Porcelain Dialogues" and "Déjà Vu" (both with the Murray Louis Dance Company) and "Styx."...¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Temple," "Gallery," and "Styx."...¶ Saturday matinée, April 29: "Temple," "Gallery," and "Sanctum Suite."...¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Castings," "Guignol," and "Triad." (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3.)

**Mariano Parra Spanish Dance Company**—A program of classical and flamenco dance. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Thursday, April 20, at 7; Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 8; and Sunday, April 23, at 2.)

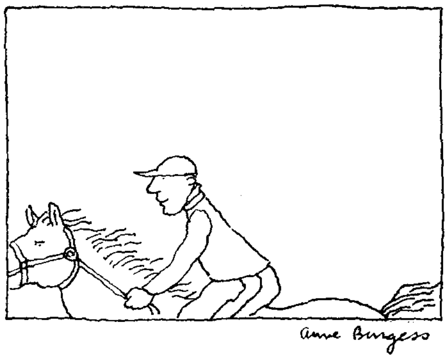
**Douglas Dunn and Dancers**—Thursday, April 20, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 23, at 2: "Rille."...¶ Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 8: "Lazy Madge." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**Grand Ballet de Tahiti**—A company of forty singers, dancers, jugglers, and musicians, appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Sunday, April 23, at 7:30, and Monday, April 24, at 8.)

**Erick Hawkins Dance Company**—Tuesday, April 25, at 7, and Wednesday, April 26, and Sunday, April 30, at 8: "Cantilever," "Black Lake," and "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc." (première)....¶ Thursday, April 27, at 8: "Tightrope," "Lords of Persia," "Greek Dreams, with Flute," and "Cantilever."...¶ Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, at 8: "Lords of Persia," "Greek Dreams, with Flute," and "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc."...¶ Saturday, April 29, at 2: "Early Floating," "Black Lake," and "Cantilever."...¶ Sunday, April 30, at 2: "Early Floating," "Greek Dreams, with Flute," and "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

**Kathryn Posin Dance Company**—Tuesday, April 25, and Sunday, April 30, at 8: "Waves," "Clear Signals" (première), "Ghost Train," and "Bach Pieces."...¶ Friday, April 28, at 8, and Sunday, April 30, at 2: "Soft Storm," "Clear Signals," "Ghost Train," and "Bach Pieces." (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

**5 by 2 Dance Company**—Wednesday and Thursday, April 26-27, at 8: "Night Wandering," "Gallopade," "Bach Dances," "Just Another Dance," and "The Beloved."...¶ Saturday, April 29, at 2 and 8: "Gallopade," "Just Another Dance," "Celestial Circus," "Negro Spirituals," and "Song." (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)



**Katherine Litz Dance Company**—"Nice to See You," "Like an Unending Song," and "The Car That Went with Motor 88 Miles." (Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Thursday through Saturday, April 27-29, at 8, and Sunday, April 30, at 3:15.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

●

**Bernie Leighton** (Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. 838-8000. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.)—The pianist Bernie Leighton came to New York forty years ago, and he has worked both sides of the jazz-classical fence. To wit: with Bud Freeman, Enrique Madriguera, Raymond Scott, Benny Goodman, Sylvia Syms, Tony Bennett, Alec Wilder, and Harvey Phillips. He is an expert cocktail pianist of the old school (two-four time, edgeless chords, coiffed melodies) and a dazzling jazz pianist (arpeggios like glissandi), who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. When the crowd is rich and imported, he plays bouncy medleys, sometimes packing forty or fifty tunes into his hour-long sets, and when it is savvy, he tosses off pell-mell versions of "'S Wonderful" and "Green Dolphin Street." **Howard Collins** is on guitar and **Ron Markowitz** on bass. Collins, a protégé of Barry Galbraith, was in the Sauter-Finegan Band, and he is a choice, thoughtful player who should turn his amplifier down; Markowitz, the nephew of the old trumpeter Marky Markowitz, is steady. Dancing.

**Joe Venuti** (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 758-2272. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one.)—Joe Venuti has divided his eighty years into two parts: music and horsing around. Once, when a drummer deserted him in the middle of a gig, he filled the man's drums with sand and shipped them to him Railway Express, collect. Venuti's music is rarely without humor either. He loves rocket tempos, cheek-shaking rhapsodies, and showy, good-time blues. But he never makes funny noises. He is an impeccable violinist, with a rich tone and faultless execution. His intonation is perfect, and so is his sense of dynamics. He likes to catch you with sotto-voce introductions and whispering background figures. He prefers pianists who take up a lot of aural space, and **Rio Clemente** does just that. **Milt Hinton** is on bass and **Bobby Rosengarden** on drums, and every so often, **Spiegele Willcox,** who worked with Venuti in Jean Goldkette's band fifty-five years ago, sits in on trombone. Venuti—huge and square and restless—gives the impression that he is gathering his musicians together and hustling them along in front of him, which he did the other evening in "How High the Moon," a rhapsodic "Rest of My Life," a medium blues, "Yours Is My Heart Alone," "Undecided," and a long Gershwin medley, complete with a vest-pocket "Rhapsody in Blue," which he played at its première in 1924 in Aeolian Hall.

●

**Ali's Alley,** 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A musician-owned night-club loft on a stretch of Greene Street that hasn't changed much since the neighborhood—the desolate and gray Factory District—turned into SoHo. Alto saxophonist Jameel Moondoc leads a quintet through Saturday, April 22; on Tuesday, April 25, trumpeter Eddie Gale will arrive with *his* quintet. On Mondays, trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniel directs Energy, an occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always accessible fourteen-or-so-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

**Ballroom,** 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. This neighborhood feels so arty,

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the garbage cans look like installations. The current attraction is "By Strouse," a mini-revue put together by composer Charles Strouse, who scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Patrick Quinn, Linda Griffin, and Ann Anello sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

**Beefsteak Charlie's,** 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge, with good musicians performing in a picture-window music corner. Pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** works with a trio through Saturday, April 22; Wednesday through Saturday, April 26-29, trumpeter, flugelhornist, and humorist **TED CURSON** will lead a quartet through material which—although it's only a couple of steps beyond old-reliable hard bop—sounds wonderfully contemporary. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

**Blue Hawaii,** 135 Third Ave., at 15th St. (260-7690)—Refreshing early-fifties-L. A. décor, with an indoor fountain and turquoise-blue-and-gold color scheme—in short, a setting for a Lew Archer novel. It's also a setting for a pianist roundup: **HAROLD MABERN** and a bassist, through Thursday, April 20; **JOANNE BRACKEEN,** Friday and Saturday, April 21-22; **JAKI BYARD,** every Sunday; **MIKE LONGO,** on Monday, April 24; **SHARON FREEMAN** and bassist **CHRIS WHITE,** Tuesday through Thursday, April 25-27; and **PATTI BOWN,** Friday and Saturday, April 28-29. Music from nine to one every night but Sunday, when it runs from ten to two. Dinner.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's most of the lineup: Rock singer and guitarist Richie Furay is onstage with his band on Friday and Saturday, April 21-22; on Sunday and Monday, April 23-24, jazz-pop-disco vocalist **DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER** will perform; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25-26, guitarist Earl Klugh, a jazz-rock recording-studio mainstay, will come in; and Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, have been set aside for pop-trumpet kings Herb Alpert and Hugh Masekela. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. **FRED HERSCH,** from Cincinnati, is twenty-two, and he is already a first-rate pianist. He uses a lot of notes, and he arranges them in fast, eddying single-note patterns that swing very hard. Through Saturday, April 22. On Monday, April 24, a fine piano-bass team, **GEORGE CABLES** and **RUFUS REID,** will come in. Sunday night is **JIMMY ROWLES** night. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**Café Pierre,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** (see above) and his trio are here Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **GENE GAMMAGE,** on bass and drums, respectively, have moved back into their old homestead, the Café Carlyle. They go on Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty.

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Dinner and supper.... **TEDDY WILSON,** as elegant, understated, and swinging as ever, is in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to one until Saturday, April 22. After that, beginning Monday, April 24, **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** will settle in for a couple of months, and she'll bring a set list including tunes by Evelyn Danzig, Alberta Nichols, Ann Ronnell, Kay Swift, Carole King, and Carol Sager.

**Carnegie Hall Cabaret,** 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk-rock bands on the bandstand; punk-rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rearguard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Thursday through Saturday, April 20-22, Richard Hell, a singer and guitarist with a loyal local following, will direct his Void Oids. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER,** who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works weeknights. **SAMMY PRICE,** the boogie-woogie pianist and dry-witted raconteur, performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

**Crawdaddy,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**WARREN VACHÉ** is present with a trio, playing smooth trumpet in a style that's nearly twice as old as he is (he's twenty-six). Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**David K's,** 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer and pianist, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Tuesday, April 25, trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, April 23, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet that features soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN.** From eight-thirty. Dinner.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** guitarist **JOE PUMA,** and the sparkling bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist **AL GAFA,** and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS.** Tuesdays from ten are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** bassist Gene Taylor, and pianist Bill Triglia. Weeknights, Gene Roland and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

**Hopper's,** 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Drummer Joe Morello is currently residing here with a trio. They play Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Three horn specialists have been called in to fill Roy Eldridge's shoes while he's away: **PEE WEE ERWIN,** through Thursday, April 20; **JIMMY MC PARTLAND,** on Friday and Saturday, April 21-22; and **RUBY BRAFF,** Wednesday through Saturday, April 26-29. And all three are buoyed by the resident blowers—drummer Ernie Hackett, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Lone Star Café,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A taste of Austin, Texas: slick young lawyer types, cosmic cowboys, and pecan pie (but where are the chicken-fried steaks?). Progressive but not always profound country-and-Western music weekdays from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOE VENUTI** (see above) and his quartet are here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

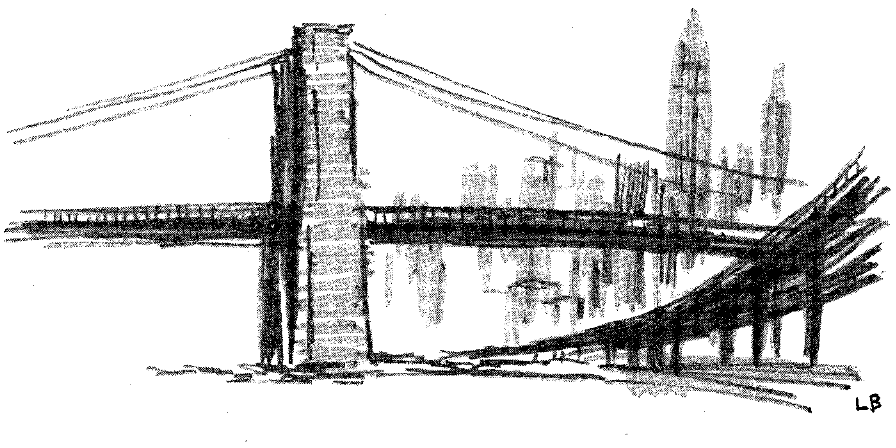
**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm and blues. On Wednesday, April 26, **CISSY HOUSTON,** who used to be the lead singer with the highly regarded backup vocal quartet the Sweet Inspirations—they recorded with Elvis and Aretha in the sixties—will take over. She has a loose and adept R. & B. band of her own now, and two beaming backup singers behind her, and her act is a celebration of pure sixties soul music. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

**Other End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea. Rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GEE** are here singing, playing, hooting, and chuckling in much the same way they've sung, played, hooted, and chuckled for the past thirty-odd years. Through Sunday, April 23. Thursday through Saturday, April 27-29, rock singer and songwriter Elliott Murphy will be on hand with his group. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is in charge of a bouncy dance septet that is firmly rooted in the thirties (except for the Fender bass) and forties—even when it attempts the Watusi—and this is just fine here in Art Deco-land. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Comedienne Judy Carter is present through Saturday, April 22; beginning Tuesday, April 25, singer and pianist (and former Reno Sweeney proprietor) Lewis Friedman will perform at nine, and actor and singer Michael Moriarty will go on at eleven-thirty. Dinner.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Guitarist **JACK**



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Because she, like many other women, had the good fortune to first discover Orlane on her trips to France.

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Because even normal skin needs care to stay normal, as the body's need for moisture changes.

So Orlane invented three simple steps which will protect skin that is already healthy, while actually encouraging it to breathe. This is accomplished with a unique combination of ingredients that leads to a more radiant, natural looking complexion.

**Purifiant Fondamentale:** A transparent cleanser that gently foams impurities and makeup from the skin's surface. Formulated without alcohol, Purifiant leaves your skin clean, invigorated, but never dry. 8.5 oz. $15.

**Emulsion Fondamentale:** A protective cream to help shield the aging effects of ultraviolet rays of the sun, yet light enough to leave skin radiantly soft and healthy looking. Its unique formulation gently stimulates breathing of the skin.

Applied during the day or night, Emulsion imparts a healthy glow to the complexion. 1.7 oz. $15.

**Crème de Gommage Fondamentale:** This unusual cream produces visible results in minutes. Applied only once a week, it lifts dead skin cells and secretions that periodically dull even the most healthy complexion. And it moisturizes new skin as it appears. 1.7 oz. $15.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**WILKINS**, exciting, flashy, and musical, is here with a fine young quartet—pianist **PHIL MARCOWITZ**, bassist **JOHN BURR**, and drummer **JOE LA BARBARA**—that does equal justice to old standards, bossa novas, and original tunes. Through Saturday, April 22. Sunday and Monday, April 23-24, will belong to tenor saxophonist Ron Bridgewater and his quartet; and on Tuesday, April 25, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will arrive with pianist **DAVE BURRELL**, bassist **FRED HOPKINS**, and drummer **EDDIE MOORE**. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

**Village Gate**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the sprawling, concert-sized, rough-hewn downstairs room, pianist **PHINEAS NEWBORN**, in a rare New York appearance, will lead a trio through Sunday, April 23. Pianist **DOLLAR BRAND** will perform opposite the Newborn trio on Friday and Saturday, April 21-22. On Friday, April 28, **JOE PASS**, a guitarist revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike (and by listeners, too), will come in for three unaccompanied nights. Shows at ten. Meanwhile, in the Top of the Gate, upstairs, Bob January leads a fifteen-piece swing band on Sundays from seven to eleven; Margaret Wright sings on Wednesdays at ten; and harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** works with a trio on Thursdays from nine to midnight. Dinner and dancing in this room.

**Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Pianist **BILL EVANS**, bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**, and drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** make music through Sunday, April 23; on Tuesday, April 25, the **HEATHS**—saxophonist **JIMMY**, bassist **PERCY**, and drummer **TOOTIE**—and a family friend, pianist **STANLEY COWELL**, will move in. **GEORGE RUSSELL**, the highly admired composer, arranger, and jazz theorist, spends cheerfully raucous Monday nights here with his youthful, awe-filled seventeen-piece band. His arrangements, which span a thirty-year period, sound at times like big-band Monk, and other times like Gil Evans charts with bite and muscle. Music from ten.

**West Boondock**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

**West End Café**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hangout for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. The **COUNTSMEN** are enshrined through Saturday, April 22; on Sunday, April 23, clarinettist Art Miller will bring in his quintet. Music nightly, except Mondays, from nine. Student food at student prices.

**W.P.A.**, 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. **JILL MC MANUS**, an animated Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, works Tuesdays through Saturdays; **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**, another first-rate player, is at the keyboard on Sundays. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

## DISCOTHÈQUES

**Ipanema**, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music on Fridays and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Things get under way at nine. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

**New York, New York**, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

**Régine's**, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

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**Studio 54**, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Jazz Loft Festivals**—New music and new jazz in Spartan, and sometimes crowded, surroundings. Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St., near Broadway (475-9357). Wednesday, April 19: **LONNIE HILLYER**. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 20: **CHARLES SULLIVAN**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 21: **DAVID MURRAY**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22: **MICKEY BASS**. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 23: **KIANE ZAWADI**. . . . ¶ Monday, April 24: **SONNY MURRAY**. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 25: **MOHAMED YA YA**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 26: **HILTON RUIZ**. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 27: **MARVIN BLACKMAN**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 28: **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29: **RASHIED ALI**. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 30: **HAKIM JAMI & ANCESTRAL TIES**. (At 8:30 and 10:30.) . . . Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (777-8656). Friday, April 21: **DON PULLEN QUARTET**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22: **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**. . . . ¶ Friday, April 28: **GEORGE LEWIS ENSEMBLE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29: **CHICO FREEMAN QUARTET**. (Performances at 9 and 11.)

**Stanley Clarke & School Days** and **Deodato**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 21, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

**Hubert Laws and Noel Pointer**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, April 21, at 8.

**Mary Lou Williams and the Paul Motian Trio**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 9:30 and at midnight.

**Rufus (with Chaka Khan)** and **Chic**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 22, at 8.

**Richard Teitelbaum** and **George Lewis**—Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. 228-0882. Sunday, April 23, at 6 and 7:30.

**Outlaws** and **38 Special**—Palladium. Sunday, April 23, at 8.

**Interludes**—The eleventh offering in the winter/spring series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by the **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY** on Wednesday, April 26, at 5:45.

**Rod McKuen**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, April 28, at 8.

**Van Halen, Horslips,** and **Head East**—Palladium. Friday, April 28, at 8.

**Pat Metheny Group** and **the Steve Kuhn Quartet**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, at 9:30 and at midnight.

**Jorge Cafrune**—Town Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 8.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

## GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Charles Arnoldi**—Paintings of what look like multicolored straws. Through Thursday, April 27. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Peter Bardazzi**—A controlled turmoil possesses these handsome abstract paintings, into which sometimes Asiatic dragons and sometimes exuberant vegetation can be read. Through May 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**Charles Baskerville**—Paintings and drawings dated 1917 to 1977. Through Saturday, April 22. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)

**Leland Bell**—Self-portraits and other works. Through May 6. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Willard Boepple**—Abstract sculptures, ranging in size from tabletop to large free-standing floor pieces, done in welded steel plates that have been crunched together and sometimes molded with heat. Through Saturday, April 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

**Camille Bombois** (1883-1970)—This French naïf put his whole heart into these paintings, depicting a beefy girl in a mauve tutu, a wrestling match, some children and their mother fleeing an enraged cow. Through May 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Gretna Campbell**—Recent oil landscapes by an Expressionist artist who works mostly in Maine or in the Delaware Water Gap country. Through Wednesday, April 26. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**Jud Fine**—Drawings. Through May 6. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

**Lucian Freud**—Recent figurative paintings. Through Saturday, April 29. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**Klaus Fussmann**—Studio interiors, still-lifes, and strange, haunted-looking figures painted in oil, sometimes on paper. Through Saturday, April 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**John Hegarty / Dennis Clive**—Life-size figure drawings in colored pencil, plus a few portrait heads in oil. / Ceramic models of monster trucks. Through Saturday, April 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

**Paul Jenkins**—Recent abstract paintings and sculptures; among the latter are maquettes for two enormous aeolian harps. Through May 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Ida Kohlmeyer**—An abundant new crop of paintings by this New Orleans artist who makes checkerboard patterns with a neat, separate abstract in every square. Through May 6. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**David Levine**—Virtuoso watercolors and sharp pen-and-ink caricatures and satirical drawings. Through Saturday, April 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Elsie Manville**—Realist still-lifes of eggs, potatoes, and pottery in austere settings. Through Saturday, April 22. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**George and Henriette Amiard Oberteuffer**—This pair of artists met and married in Paris in 1905, where he had come from Philadelphia to paint and she had come from Le Havre to study art. This is a touching exhibition of their works. Through May 10. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Meret Oppenheim**—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the Surrealist credited with the "Fur-Lined Teacup" (1936); first solo show in New York. Through May 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

**Karl Prantl**—Small sculptures, called "Meditation Pieces," that are a delight to rub one's palm over; they are made of Vermont, Massachusetts, Canadian, Muehledorf, and Carrara marble, Swedish granite, and serpentine. Through Saturday, April 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

**George Rickey**—Indoor kinetic sculptures and the drawings for them. Through Saturday, April 29. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

**Joan Semmel**—What seem at first to be large, abstract landscapes turn out, upon closer inspection, to be paintings of the artist's own nude body. Through Thursday, April 27. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Flower paintings by a galaxy of American artists (Sheeler, Glackens, Luks, Burchfield, O'Keeffe, and so on) include a prim, straightforward bouquet Helen Frankenthaler did for her mother in 1950. Through Saturday, April 22. . . . **CARUS**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works from the twenties by Constructivists, including Moholy-Nagy, Lozowick, and El Lissitzky. Through May 13. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Sculptures—several pieces by de Kooning, Michael Heizer, and Tony Smith and a single work each by Bourgeois, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, Lichtenstein, and Henry Moore. Through June 3. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Eastman Johnson and Winslow Homer are two of the stars in an exhibition entitled "American

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Pilsner Urquell.

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The Original Pilsner.

Since 1292, when it was first brewed in the town of Pilsen, Czechoslovakia.

Today, all the beers in the world which call themselves "pilsner," "pilsener," or "lager," trace their roots to that time and place.

Yet, after nearly 7 centuries, only one is still brewed in the same place, the same way.

Urquell, the "Original."

Still brewed with the same strain of yeast kept alive and in continuous use for 684 years.

Still brewed with the lush barley, malt and hops from the same areas of Bohemia.

Still brewed with the pure, crystalline waters of the same mountain springs.

Still "lagered" for months in lightless limestone caves.

Still as it was when it began.

The completely natural product of time.

With nothing artificial added.

And no short cuts taken.

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A taste of history that can't be matched.

Or mass-produced.

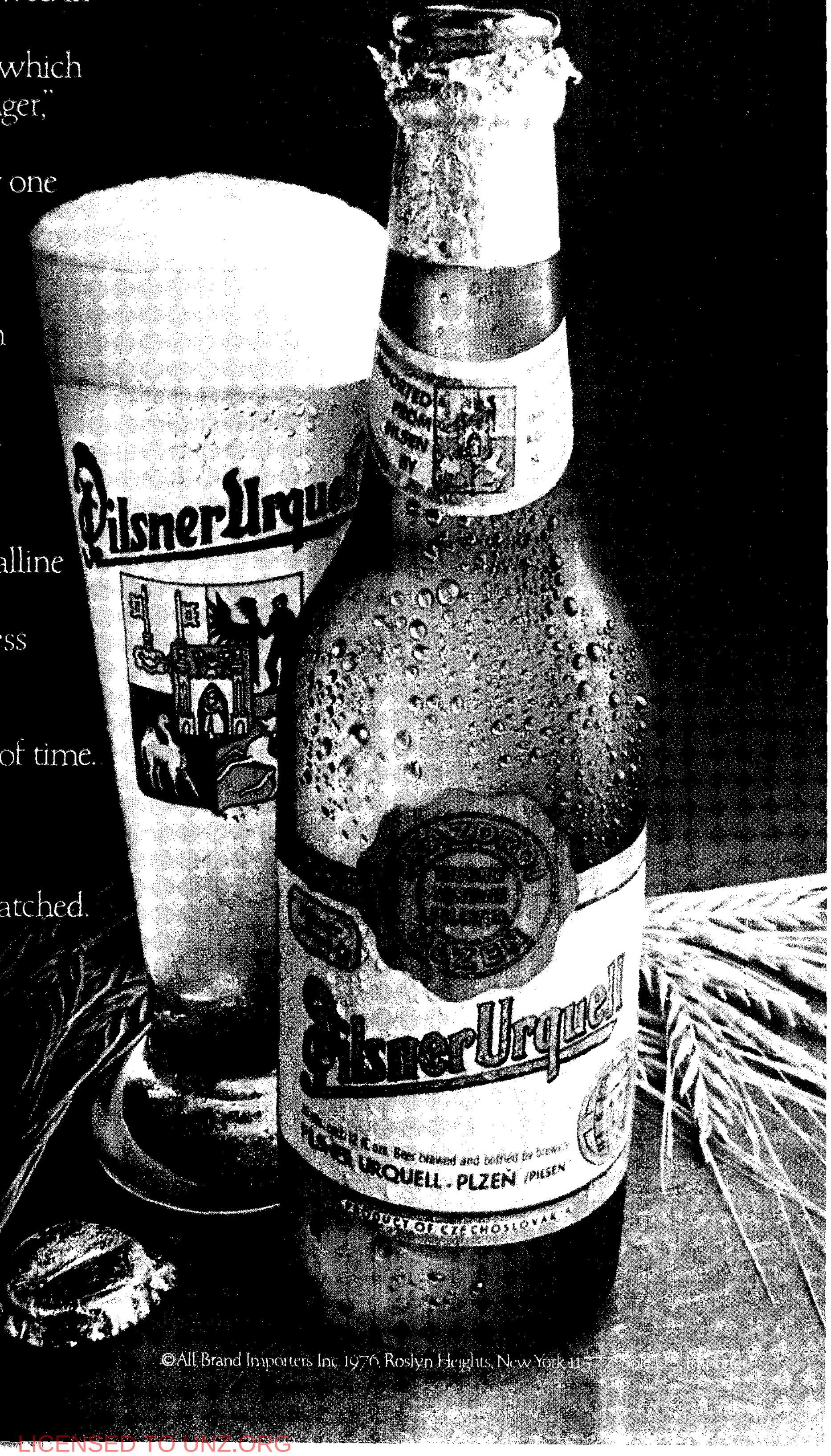
A remarkable beer. In limited supply. Ask for it by name at the finest restaurants and lounges.

Pilsner Urquell.

The only genuine Pilsner.

Now, enjoy the taste of beer as beer began.

## Pilsner Urquell.
## The Oldest Beer In The World.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Genre Painting in the Victorian Era." Several of the Homer drawings are unfamiliar ones. Through May 6. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Colorful landscape drawings by Carol Anthony, new figurative paintings by Robert Beauchamp, handmade wall hangings with lustrous encrustations by Frank Faulkner, and an outsize and incredibly detailed pencil drawing of a misty ravine by David Hendricks. Through Saturday, April 29. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St: Cartoons and illustrations by Alain, Helen Hokinson, Reginald Marsh, Mary Petty, Carl Rose, James Thurber, and others. Through May 6. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings by Diego Rivera, George Grosz, Marsden Hartley, and others. Through Saturday, April 29. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: The Chrysler Museum at Norfolk, Virginia, will benefit from a showing of highlights from its collections, among them Veronese's altarpiece "The Virgin and Child with Angels," Degas's "Danseuse aux Bouquets," and Kline's "Bleecker Street Bar." Through May 13. (Open Mondays.)

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**PAT ADAMS**—Large abstract oils, and small works on paper. Through Saturday, April 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**DON DAVID**—Abstract watercolor, pastel, and pencil drawings based on landscape. Through May 11. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

**BURGOYNE DILLER** (1906-65)—Small drawings by a leading American Constructivist. Through May 20. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

**BRUCE DORFMAN**—Vividly colored landscapes as the artist imagines they exist in, for instance, Joppa and the Negev. Through Saturday, April 29. (Nobé, 250 W. 57th St.)

**WALTER DUSENBERY**—Three massive masonry sculptures—a doorway and a nine-foot column of red travertine and a two-ton dome of rough tufa. Through Saturday, April 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

**JOHN FERREN** (1905-70)—Small, decorative abstract watercolors and etchings, all of them completed before 1940. Through May 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**LORRIE GOULET**—Small, bulbous figures carved from wood, marble, or semiprecious stone, plus preparatory drawings. Through Saturday, April 22. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**SUZANNE HODES**—Abstractions based on funerals of our recent martyrs, and sunnier themes, like seascapes and a wedding. Through Thursday, April 27. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

**RAY JOHNSON**—Painted-wood silhouettes of art-world lions and other notables—Larry Rivers, Victor Hugo, Lou Reed—each enlivened with one or more collaged elements, like two-headed snakes, horseflies, a snail, a comic-strip head, and so on. Through May 6. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

**IRVING KAUFMAN**—Broad bands of solid color extended across a canvas with a wide painted border make up these landscapes by a Minimalist artist who works mostly on Cape Cod. Through Saturday, April 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**JOSEPH KONZAL**—Compact, interlocking table-size sculpture cast in solid aluminum. Through Saturday, April 22. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

**RICHARD LINDNER**—Some new additions to his mysterious gallery of demimonde characters, nine of them portrayed in oil, eleven in watercolor, and three in pastel. Through May 6. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**MORRIS LOUIS** (1912-62)—Nine large works in styles associated with the artist—stripes, veils, and shafts of raw color soaring upward from the lower corners of the canvas. Through Wednesday, April 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**SYLVIA PLIMACK MANGOLD**—Fairly large color fields inset with more or less conventional landscapes framed in masking tape. Through Saturday, April 22. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**AGNES MARTIN**—A new series of her distinctive compositions in stripes. Through Saturday, April 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**JOSEPH B. O'SICKEY**—Impressionist paintings of flower-filled patios. Through May 6. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

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**PHILIP PEARLSTEIN**—Seven more of his huge female nudes; this time the modelling seems less patchy, and in a couple of the paintings a good deal of attention is given to complicated shadows. Through Saturday, April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

**RICHARD POUSETTE-DART**—What appear to be random pencil squiggles reveal a unified purpose as this artist spreads them over the entire surface of thick sheets of rough paper; a dark ring in the middle, or sometimes a hollow rectangle, help keep the works in focus. Through Saturday, April 29. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**GREGORIO PRESTOPINO**—Spirited oils and watercolors of stylized nymphs in stylized glades beside stylized streams. Through Saturday, April 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**KURT SCHWITTERS** (1887-1948)—More than sixty-five works dated 1919 to the year before his death by this pioneer collagist. Through Saturday, April 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**SUSAN SHATTER**—Machu Picchu, the Grand Canyon, and an aerial view of Manhattan by an artist who works in acrylics and watercolors. Through May 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

**HEDDA STERNE**—New drawings. Through May 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**BILL SULLIVAN / BRUCE MONTEITH**—Large, racy drawings, many devoted to backstage scenes at the Paris fashion shows, by an exceptional draftsman who works in oil pastels. / Nicely executed boxes containing miniature café interiors, plus tiny mysterious houses and storefronts. Through May 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

**ANTONI TÀPIES**—Works from the last three years by a leading Spanish abstract artist. Through May 19. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

**NEIL WELLIVER**—Outsize watercolors by a first-rate draftsman whose subjects include Canada geese, cold-water fish, and mountain forests strewn with boulders. Through Saturday, April 22. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**JACK WHITTEN / MICHAEL TETHEROW**—Large canvases with narrow horizontal striations, some of them laid on with a huge sort of rake that the artist created for the purpose. Through Saturday, April 22. / A series of faces that seem sunk just out of sight in these canvases, except for the eyes, which are gouged through the surface with a knife. Through May 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**JACK YOUNGERMAN**—Emblematic India-ink drawings from the sixties. Through Saturday, April 22. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**RACHEL BAS-COHAIN**—A single large fibre-glass sculpture, plus related drawings. Through May 3. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

**JANET BRAUN-REINITZ**—Boxes and collages. Through Sunday, April 23. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

**HANNE DARBOVEN**—A two-part exhibit by a German conceptual artist. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through Saturday, April 29. . . . ¶ Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St. Through Saturday, April 22.)

**AUDREY FLACK**—Three huge Photo-Realist paintings, eight feet square, in which lockets, beads, skulls, watches, and trompe-l'oeil printed matter are crowded together. Through May 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

**SANDY GELLIS**—Cement, powdered iron, and sand in an advanced, but incomplete, stage of oxidation. Through Saturday, April 22. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

**GEORGE GREENAMYER / JORGE BELANDRIA**—Large, antic steel sculptures that move on wheels. Bright-colored oil paintings by a twenty-two-year-old Venezuelan. Through Saturday, April 22. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

**ROBERT GROSVENOR**—Two rectangular coated-wood sculptures. Through Saturday, April 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

**MIYOKO ITO**—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, April 29. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

**ANATOL KOVARSKY**—*Colorful sequential paintings* depicting stripteases, prizefights, parades, and so on, in a manner reminiscent of Greek-vase decorations. Through May 31. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**LOUISE KRUGER**—Wood sculptures of jugglers and acrobats with movable limbs. Through Thursday, April 27. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

**BARRY LE VA**—An installation (wood built to suit the gallery space, and drawings) that occupies two rooms. Through Saturday, April 29. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**CYNTHIA MAILMAN**—Landscapes, most of them as seen through the rear-view window of a car, plus drawings and one large painting of a nude. Through Wednesday, April 26. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

**JOHN OKULICK**—Constructions involving such materials as charcoal-burned wood, twigs, excelsior. Through May 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

**BLINKY PALERMO** (1943-77)—Six works, each consisting of four aluminum panels painted in acrylics. Through May 13. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

**LUCIO POZZI**—Conceptual works in which, usually, a small section is cut out of a large color field and exhibited somewhere else in the room. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6. . . . ¶ Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.) All shows through Saturday, April 22.

**ROBERT SWAIN**—New paintings based on a grid. Through Saturday, April 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**SAM WIENER / PETER SAARI**—Scale-model reproductions of various art galleries. / This sculptor makes his own frescoed architectural fragments, which appear to have come from Grecian ruins. Through Saturday, April 22. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**GROUP SHOW**—A captivating film-projection show of a frieze of salmon struggling toward their spawning grounds by James Carpenter, a wall piece containing plays on words by William Childress, and some brooding color photographs of a mysterious stairway seen in various lights by Janet Rifkin. Through Wednesday, April 26. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER**—This artist leaves his mark (a big, black oblong blip) posted all over the walls and the staircases of this gallery. Through Wednesday, April 26. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**WALLACE PUTNAM**—A series of forty Expressionistic oils inspired by the writings of Carlos Castaneda. Through Friday, April 28. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

**ERIC SLOANE / BOB MCCALL**—Cloud studies. / Paintings by an artist who illustrated his and

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Isaac Asimov's book "Our World in Space." Through Friday, April 28. (Grand Central, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **glass**, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St.: Portraits in pastels by Mimi Gross Grooms, drawings and lithographs of female nudes by Raphael Soyer, and works by three others. Through May 13. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **pace university**, 41 Park Row: Small monochromatic abstract works by twenty-nine artists, among them Arakawa, Robert Kapelis, and Louise Nevelson. Through May 6. (Open Mondays.)... **roy g. biv gallery**, 245 W. 19th St.: Jack Tworkov, William King, Budd Hopkins, and Howardena Pindell are among those represented in a show called the Artists of Chelsea. Through Friday, April 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **sragow**, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.: Identical abstract patterns done in oil, acrylics, and fragmented glass by Frank Sansone, and stick-man drawings cut out of paper by Marc Eisenberg are among the works by five artists on exhibition here. Through Saturday, April 22. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **union carbide building**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: About forty works by contemporary Austrian painters and printmakers. Through Friday, April 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

**Constructions**—The Organization of Independent Artists has mounted an exhibit devoted entirely to three-dimensional wall pieces in a variety of styles and mediums. More than fifty artists have contributed one work apiece. Through May 30. (The Bleecker Renaissance, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. Opens at noon.)

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Ansel Adams**—Early works. Through May 6. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

**Edouard Denis Baldus** (1815-82)—This architectural photographer recorded Paris sites (St. Sulpice, the Louvre, the Tuileries palace before its destruction during the Commune), as well as the viaducts and cast-iron stations along the original Paris-to-Marseilles railway. Through May 13. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

**John G. Bullock** (1854-1939)—Platinum prints of landscapes and people in Pennsylvania by a founding Photo-Secessionist. Through May 20. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Harry Callahan / Joe Deal**—Clapboard houses set against cloudless blue skies figure in these color photographs made in Providence, Rhode Island. Also dye-transfer prints. / Sprawling suburban scenes by a California artist. Through Saturday, April 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Jan Groover and David Haxton**—The Whitney Museum is presenting an all-color exhibition of Miss Groover's series on Manhattan buildings and suburban scenes, and of Mr. Haxton's abstractions. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Elaine Mayes**—*Landscapes; first solo show in* New York. Through Saturday, April 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Jeanne Moutoussamy**—Forty-five prints, some in color, devoted to urban and rural South Africa. Through May 6. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Martin Munkacsi** (1896-1963)—A retrospective of works by this Hungarian photographer. Through May 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

**Eadweard Muybridge** (1830-1904)—Animal-locomotion studies. Through Friday, April 28. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

**Walter Rosenblum / Tim Gidal**—Documentary photographs of, among other places, Haiti, the Gaspé, New York City, taken over the past forty years. / Photographs of Europe in the thirties. Through May 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Michael A. Smith**—Western landscapes. Through Saturday, April 29. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

**Eve Sonneman**—More of this artist's color photographs (these made in Paris, London, and Greece) mounted in pairs. Through Saturday, April 29. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his gardens at Giverny. Starts Saturday April 22.... ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon" is an exhibit that outlines the influence of Napoleon on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30.... ¶ Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18.... ¶ Views of Rome by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and other prints and drawings constitute a small show called "Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century." Through April 30.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29.... **photography**: Group show of street photography. Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," a show of the noted artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures executed since 1963, when he moved from New York City to Long Island. Through Sunday, April 23.... ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages, and other works. Through July 9. As a complement to this exhibition, Poster Originals (924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. and 386 West Broadway) is showing more than fifteen Steinberg posters done between 1965 (for the Betty Parsons Gallery) and last year (for the Galerie Maeght). Through May 25.... **photography**: Color prints by Jan Groover and David Haxton. Through Sunday, April 23.... **composers' showcase**: On Thursday, April 20, at 8, the Cecil Taylor Unit will do some jazz composed by Mr. Taylor.... ¶ On Monday, April 24, at 7 and 9:30, John Cage will introduce two of his compositions—a world-première violin solo, performed by Paul Zukofsky, and a piano solo, performed by Grete Sultan. Tickets for all performances on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Paintings of indigenous American subjects—the Everglades, New York City playgrounds, Indian reservations—by contemporary artists commissioned by the Department of the Interior during the Bicentennial year. The painters include Richard Estes, Ellen Lanyon, and Neil Welliver. Through May 21.... ¶ More than a hundred prints (by Nevelson, Tanguy, Dali, Calder, others) made at Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, now observing its fiftieth anniversary. Through May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America, which houses a collection of archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C., is but one of a dozen major exhibitions at the museum. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, commissioned from Indian artists primarily by British and other European colonists, that portray the landscapes and customs of India between 1760 and 1880. Through June 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**China House**, 125 E. 65th St.—Album leaves, hanging scrolls, rank badges, and three dragon robes from the Sung, Ming, and Ch'ing dynasties constitute an exhibit entitled "Embroidery of Imperial China." Through May 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, except April 24, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A new exhibit of decorative objects (a Breuer chair, a Desfosse wallpaper series, Japanese screen samples) from the museum's vast permanent collection. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—Oxford University Press books, type, and type specimens in an exhibit that traces that publisher's five-hundred-year history (1478 to the present). Through May 7.... ¶ French and English flower books and drawings, most of them executed by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naturalists. Through May 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art**, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, quilts, weathervanes, furniture, and other articles either recently acquired or from the permanent collection. Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts**, 29 W. 53rd St.—An encyclopedic accounting of footwear (chopines, high-button shoes, Indian moccasins, Japanese clogs, sneakers); representations of shoes and of feet by Robert Arneson, Andy Warhol, Ann Slavit (one of her contributions is the pair of thirty-foot inflated legs that dangle from the museum's roof); shoes worn by dancers, sports figures, space explorers. Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through May 13. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, April 19, at 9: "The Saint of Bleecker Street," with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Diana Soviero, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Irwin Densen; conducted by Cal Stewart Kellogg.... ¶ Thursday, April 20, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mariana Niculescu, Sherry Zannoth, David Rendall, Richard Fredricks, Samuel Ramey, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri.... ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Esther Hinds, Diane Curry, Lando Bartolini, and Frederick Burchinal; Vincent La Selva.... ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Gwenlynn Little, Delia Wallis, Samuel Ramey, and William Justus; Eve Queler.... ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Sharon Daniels, Jerold Norman, and Richard Fredricks; David Effron.... ¶ Sunday, April 23, at 1: "La Traviata," with Heather Thomson, Kathleen Murphy, Henry Price, and Dominic Cossa; Victor DeRenzi. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 23, at 7: "The Saint of Bleecker Street," with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Diana Soviero, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Irwin Densen; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 25, at 8: "La Bohème," with Glenys Fowles, Sherry Zannoth, David Rendall, Samuel Ramey, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Samuel Ramey, Vernon Hartman, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 27, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Sharon Daniels, Elizabeth Haley, Henry Price, and Howard Hensel; Lloyd Walser. . . . ¶ Friday, April 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, David Rendall, and Dominic Cossa; Victor DeRenzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 2: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Faye Robinson, William Wildermann, and Melvyn Novick; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Norma French, David Holloway, Richard McKee, and Henry Price; John Mauceri. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 30.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, James Levine conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday, April 20, at 8:30; Friday, April 21, at 2; Saturday, April 22, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 25, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Levine as piano soloist); and Thursday, April 27, and Saturday, April 29, at 8:30, and Friday, April 28, at 2 (all with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Maria Ewing, mezzo-soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and Paul Jacobs and Mr. Levine as piano soloists).

**Boston Symphony**—Seiji Ozawa conducting the final concerts of the season here, with André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 19-20, at 8.)

**Toronto Symphony Orchestra**—Andrew Davis conducting, with Margaret Price, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8.)

**Bavarian Symphony Orchestra of Munich**—Rafael Kubelik conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 24, at 8, a Bartók-Dvořák program; and Wednesday, April 26, at 8, a performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus**—Frederic Waldman directing the last in a series of concerts, this one with Heather Harper, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel and John Aler, tenors; and Robert Briggs, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 19, at 8.)

**New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra**—Raffael Adler conducting, with William Whitehead, organ. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, April 23, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Manhattan School of Music**—Wednesday, April 26, at 8: George Manahan, Paul Price, and David Simon conducting the Manhattan Wind Symphony, with Michael Hochrun, marimba. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 25, at 8: Daniel Paget directing the Manhattan Chorus. (Borden Auditorium, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonia**—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, this one with Wilmer Wise, trumpet, and Geanie Faulkner, soprano. Composers Lucia Dlugoscewski, Ned Rorem, and Gerhard Samuels will participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, April 28, at 8.)

**Group for Contemporary Music**—Charles Wuorinen conducting the Manhattan Orchestra in Schoenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra," with commentary by Milton Babbitt. The final concert of the season. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, April 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

**Barnard-Columbia Chorus**—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Mozart's Requiem. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, April 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick**—

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Gray Rose
Colorado Springs, Colo.
Harold Grant
North Palm Beach, Fla.
Heather Sportswear Shop
Reading, Penn.
Helen Dugan Boyce
Riderwood, Md.
Hurwitch Bros.
Boston, Mass.
I. Magnin & Co.
San Francisco, Calif.
Joel's
West Chester, Penn.
Junior Dress Shop
Harrisburg, Penn.
La Maisonette, Inc.
Osterville, Mass.
Lake Forest Sports Shop
Lake Forest, Ill.
L.S. Ayres & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Laura Martin
Indianapolis, Ind.
Lewins
Wichita, Kansas
Lintons
Pittsburgh, Penn.
Lucy Baltzell Shop
Hartford, Conn.
Maison Mendessolle
San Francisco, Calif.
Margaret D. McCaffrey
Wilmington, Del.
Miss Nellie
Summit, N.J.
Nan Duskin
Philadelphia, Penn.
Neiman-Marcus
Dallas, Texas
Nettie Milgrim
Pompano Beach, Fla.
Peck's
Charleston, W.V.
Roderick P. Miller
Quincy, Ill.
Towne House Fashions, Inc.
Albuquerque, N.M.
The Triangle Shop
Wellesley, Mass.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8.)

**Schola Antiqua**—R. John Blackley directing a program of chants for the Paschal vigil. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, April 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

**Westminster Festival**—Dennis Shrock directing the Westminster Symphonic and Oratorio Choirs, with woodwinds, brass, and organ. (St. Paul the Apostle Church, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Sunday, April 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 758-4881.) . . . ¶ Wilhelm Ehmann directing the Westminster Choir in the complete six motets of Bach, with the Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 27, at 8.)

**Mannes Chorus**—Amy Kayser directing. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Wednesday, April 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Celebrating the Life and Work of Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)**—Lyndon Woodside and John Pritchard directing the Oratorio Society of New York in a Britten-Mozart benefit concert, with Benita Valente, soprano; Janet Baker and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-sopranos; Peter Pears, tenor; Richard Cross, bass-baritone; the Boys of St. Thomas Church; and members of the American Symphony Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 879-2236.)

**Cleveland State University Collegium Musicum**—Marilyn Carlson directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, April 29, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

**Collegiate Chorale**—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 8.)

## RECITALS

**New Hungarian Quartet**—The second of two recitals presenting the Bartók cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 19, at 8.)

**Charles Bressler**—Tenor, in a repeat performance of a benefit recital on Feb. 6. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Thursday, April 20, at 8.)

**Judit Jaimes**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 20, at 8.)

**David Soyer and Rudolf Firkusny**—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 20, at 8.)

**New York Baroque Ensemble**—The last in a series of concerts, this one with John Aler, tenor. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, April 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4087.)

**David Ward**—Piano, in an all-Mozart recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 2:30.)

**Lynn Harrell and Friends**—The cellist in the last in a series of recitals, this one with Misha Dichter, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 3.)

**William Mount**—Baritone. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, April 23, at 4. For information about tickets, call 874-1371.)

**Music Project**—An all-Schubert program. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Sunday, April 23, at 7:30. For tickets, call 222-9190.)

**Pierre Cochereau**—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 8.)

**David Hollander**—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, April 24, at 8.)

**Janet Baker**—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 25, at 8.)

**Jay Rothman**—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 25, at 8.)

**American String Quartet**—The last in a series of recitals, this one with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, April 25, at 8.)

**Chilingirian String Quartet**—With Steven De Groote, piano, and Robert Routch, horn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 25, at 8.)

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**Daniel Epstein**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 26, at 8. For free tickets, call 787-6262.)

**Viktor Friedman**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 26, at 8.)

**Music from Marlboro**—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Isidore Cohen, violin, and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 27, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Hermann Prey**—Baritone, in Schubert's "Winterreise." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 28, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Columbia University Faculty Concert**—The Composers String Quartet and Ronald Roseman, oboe, with Seymour Barab, cello, in an all-Boccherini program. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Composers' Forum**—A program of works by Jude Quintiere and John Heineman. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, April 28, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

**Da Capo Chamber Players**—A program of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 2:30.)

**Kenneth Bell**—Bass, in a program of serenades, with, among others, Andrew Appel, harpsichord; Mark Shuman, cello; and Daniel Shulman, conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 8.)

**Prospective Encounters**—Gunther Schuller directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the second of two programs of contemporary chamber music. The performance will take place between eight and ten, with periods after each selection devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Saturday, April 29. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

**Chamber-Music Concert**—Scott Nickrenz, viola; Lee Luvisi, piano; Sharon Robinson, cello; Benita Valente, soprano; and Jaime Laredo, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 30, at 2.)

## MISCELLANY

**Remembering Goddard Lieberson (1911-1977)**—Participating in this benefit concert will be Leonard Bernstein, Lukas Foss, Donald Gramm, Peter Lieberson, Isaac Stern, Vera Zorina, the Musica Sacra Chorus, and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 751-7790.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Baseball**—**Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Friday, April 21, at 8 and Saturday and Sunday, April 22-23, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball), Thursday, April 27, at 8. . . . **Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Monday through Wednesday, April 24-26, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, April 28, at 8:05, and Saturday, April 29, at 2:05.

**Professional Basketball**—National Basketball Association Eastern Conference quarterfinal playoffs, Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 20, at 7:30; Sunday, April 23, at 1:30; and, if necessary, Friday, April 28, at 7:30.)

**Boxing**—Roberto Duran vs. Adolpho Viruet, lightweights, 10 rounds; and Vito Antuoferno vs. Willie Classen, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 27, at about 10; preliminary bouts start at 8:30.)

**Crew**—Childs Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 29.)

**Hockey**—Stanley Cup quarterfinal playoffs, Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, April 19, at 8:05, and, if necessary, Tuesday, April 25, at 8:05.)

**Racing**—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, May 22. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 22, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 29.

**Soccer**—Cosmos vs. Dallas. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, April 23, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

**Pro Tennis**—World Team Tennis at Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden: Apples vs. Anaheim, Friday, April 21. . . . ¶ Apples vs. New Orleans, Tuesday, April 25. . . . ¶ Apples vs. Indiana, Thursday, April 27. (Matches begin at 7:30.)

**Track**—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 27-29.)

**Trotting**—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 29. . . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, from Thursday, April 20, through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . **Meadowlands Racetrack**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

**Poetry and Prose Readings**—David Ignatow reading from his own works. (Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St. Wednesday, April 19, at 12:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Kathleen Fraser and Carl Rakosi reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, April 19, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ Rosellen Brown and Louise Glück reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, April 20, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Katherine Kane, Gilbert Sorrentino, and Paul Violi reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, April 25, at 8.) . . . ¶ Alfred Kazin reading from his new autobiographical work "New York Jew." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 26, at 8.)

**Flower Show**—The April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Wednesday and Thursday, April 19-20, noon to 8.

**Auctions**—At **Sotheby Parke Bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, April 21, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, William Wetmore Story, Maxfield Parrish, and Andrew Wyeth; from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25-26, at 10:15 and 2: English, American, and Continental silver, paperweights, and *objets de vertu*; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 21. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 10:15 and 2: American historical manuscripts and autographs, from the collection of the Elsie O. and Philip D. Sang Foundation. Exhibition starts Friday, April 21. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, April 27-29, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including paintings, pottery, furniture, tinware, and pewter; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, April 21. . . . **Christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 19, at 10:30: French and other Continental furniture, sculptures, and tapestries; the property of Mrs. Norman Harrower and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 27, at 10:30 and 2: Wedgwood and other English porcelains and pottery; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, April 21.

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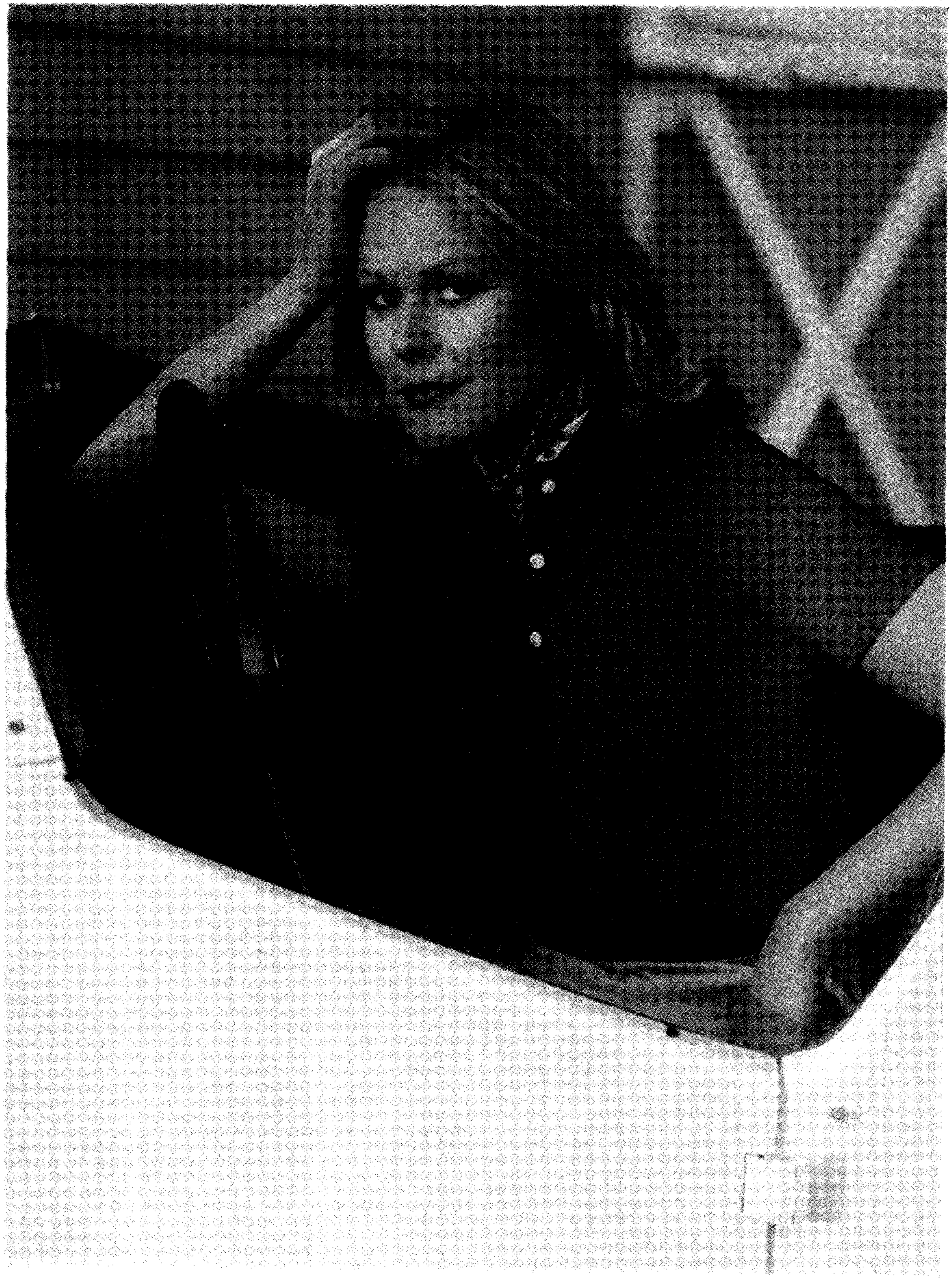

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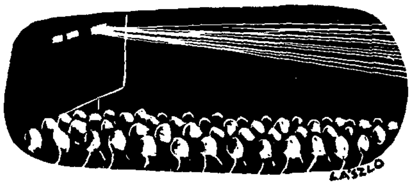
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 25: "That Obscure Object of Desire."
From April 26: To be announced.

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 20: "Coma" and "The Hospital."
From April 21: "Coma" and "Demon Seed."

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 25: "The Turning Point."
From April 26: "The Goodbye Girl."

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 20: "Straight Time."
April 21-25: "Rabbit Test."
From April 26: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 20: "Rabbit Test."
From April 21: "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 25: "Word Is Out."
From April 26: "F.I.S.T."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through April 23: "High Anxiety."
From April 24: "Dear Detective."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through April 20: "The Goodbye Girl."
From April 21: "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 25: "Casey's Shadow."
From April 26: "High Street."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

**59th St. East,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Saturday Night Fever."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Coming Home."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"September 30, 1955."

**Columbia I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Annie Hall."

**Columbia II,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through April 23: "Julia."
From April 24: Theatre temporarily closed.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"House Calls."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 25: "The Lacemaker."
From April 26: "The Turning Point."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 25: "The Goodbye Girl."
From April 26: "The Gentleman Tramp."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 20: "Julia."
From April 21: "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Rabbit Test."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Fury."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 25: "Straight Time."
From April 26: "F.I.S.T."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through April 20: "Annie Hall."
From April 21: "Silver Bears."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through April 25: "The Turning Point."
From April 26: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through April 25: "Joseph Andrews."
From April 26: "The Gentleman Tramp."

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 20: "The Medusa Touch."
From April 21: "Blue Country."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 2: Through April 25: "Julia." From April 26: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 3: Through April 25: "The Goodbye Girl." From April 26: "Word Is Out."
Theatre 4: Through April 25: "A Little Night Music." From April 26: "High Anxiety."

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Goodbye Girl."

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through April 26: "Crossed Swords."
From April 27: "The Sea Gypsies."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 25: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
From April 26: "The Last Waltz."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Joseph Andrews."

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 25: "The Goodbye Girl."
From April 26: To be announced.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through April 23: "The Turning Point."
From April 24: "The Rubber Gun."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

**Cinema Studio,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Woman of Paris."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Annie Hall."

**Loews 83rd Triplex,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Straight Time."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 25: "Blue Country."
From April 26: "The Gentleman Tramp."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 25: "The Goodbye Girl" and "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."
From April 26: "The Turning Point."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 19: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.; and "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau.
April 20: "Lucia" (1974), in Spanish, directed by Humberto Solas.
April 21-22: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day.
April 23: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow; and "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow.
April 24: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Dreams." (†)
April 25: "Harlan County, U. S. A." (1977), a documentary about the coal miner's strike in Kentucky in 1973, directed by Barbara Kopple; and "Black Fury" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Paul Muni, Karen Morley, William Gargan, Barton MacLane, and John Qualen.
April 26: "La Rupture" (1970), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet; and "The NADA Gang" (1974), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Fabio Testi.
April 27: "Invitation to the Dance" (†); and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Mr. Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagan.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 19: "Blithe Spirit" (1945), directed by David Lean, with Constance Cummings, Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Margaret Rutherford; and "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Noël Coward.
April 20: "This Sporting Life" (1963), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts; and "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.
April 21: "The Damned" (†) and "The Blue Angel." (†)
April 22: "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray; and "The Bad and the Beautiful." (†)
April 23: "Camille" (†) and "Waterloo Bridge." (†)
April 24: "Los Olvidados" (1950; "The Young and the Damned"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; and "Shoe-Shine" (1946), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
April 25: "Marjorie Morningstar" (1958), directed by Irving Rapper, with Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood, Claire Trevor, and Ed Wynn; and "Summer Stock." (†)
April 26: "Private Lives" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "Bitter Sweet" (1940), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and George Sanders.
April 27: "Merry-Go-Round" (1922), a silent film, directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Norman Kerry, Dorothy Wallace, and Mary Philbin; and "The Struggle." (†)

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 20: "Carrie" (1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt; and "Pretty Poison" (1968), directed by Noel Black, with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld.
April 21-22: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll" (1956), directed by Elia Kazan, with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock.
April 23-24: "Outrageous!" (1977), directed by Richard Benner, with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren; and "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.
April 25: "3 Women" (†) and "Images." (†)
April 26-27: "Barbara Broadcast" (1978) and "Misty Beethoven" (1976), both X-rated films.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 19: "The Big Sky" (1952), directed by Howard Hawks, with Kirk Douglas, Dewey Martin, and Elizabeth Threatt; and "Wagonmaster" (1950), directed by John Ford, with Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru, Harry Carey, Jr., and Ward Bond.
April 20-22: "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker,

Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson; and "Vivacious Lady" (1938), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, James Stewart, Beulah Bondi, and Charles Coburn.

April 23-24: "Murder, My Sweet" (†) and "The Set-Up." (†)

April 25-26: "The Thing" (†) and "I Walked with a Zombie." (†)

From April 27: "The Gay Divorcée" (1934), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; and "Follow the Fleet" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard.

**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through April 20: "The Big Combo" (1955), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace, Richard Conte, and Brian Donlevy; and "Screaming Mimi" (1958), directed by Gerd Oswald, with Anita Ekberg, Phil Carey, and Gypsy Rose Lee.

April 21-22: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin, and Mary Murphy.

April 23-24: "Cabin in the Sky" (†) and "The Member of the Wedding." (†)

April 25: "The Soft Skin" (†) and "Casque d'Or." (†)

April 26-27: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (†); and "Thelma Jordon" (1950), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Barbara Stanwyck and Wendell Corey.

**THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 19: "Kitty" (1946), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Patrick Knowles, Reginald Owen, and Constance Collier; and "Arise, My Love" (1940), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Walter Abel, and Dennis O'Keefe.

April 20: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.

April 21: "The Whistler" (1944), directed by William Castle, with Richard Dix, Gloria Stuart, Alan Dinehart, and J. Carrol Naish; and "Meet Boston Blackie" (1941), directed by Robert Florey, with Chester Morris, Rochelle Hudson, and Constance Worth.

April 22: "Phantom Lady" (†); and "Night Has a Thousand Eyes" (1948), directed by John Farrow, with Edward G. Robinson, John Lund, Gail Russell, and William Demarest.

April 23-24: "Dark Journey" (1937), directed by Victor Saville, with Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh, Robert Newton, and Joan Gardner; and "Sidewalks of London." (†)

April 25: "Brief Moment" (1933), directed by David Burton, with Carole Lombard, Gene Raymond, and Donald Cook; and "If You Could Only Cook." (†)

April 26: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, and William Gargan; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

April 27: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM**, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 20 at 2:30: "Casual Relations" (1973), directed by Mark Rappaport.... ¶ April 20 at 6: "A Minor Altercation" (1977), directed by Jackie Shearer, Mary Tiseo, and Terry Signaio; and "Busing: A Rough Ride in Southie" (1977), directed by Sam Kauffmann and Ellen Boyca.... ¶ April 20 at 8:30: "Dodsworth" (1936), directed by William Wyler, with Walter Huston, Mary Astor, and Ruth Chatterton.... ¶ April 21 at 2:30 and 6: "The Gold Rush" (1925), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.... ¶ April 22 at noon: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941), directed by John Ford, with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Donald Crisp, and Roddy McDowall.... ¶ April 22 at 2:30: "The Bowery" (1933), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Wallace Beery, George Raft, and Fay Wray.... ¶ April 22 at 5: "On the Bowery" (1957), directed by Lionel Rogosin; and "Lonely Boy" (1962), directed by Wolk Koenig and Roman Kroiter, with Paul Anka.... ¶ April 23 at noon: "How Green Was My Valley."... ¶ April 23 at 2:30: "In a Rehearsal Room" (1975), directed by David Hahn; "Testament" (1974), directed by James Broughton; "Warner Pathe News" (1953); and "Crossroads" (1976), directed by Bruce Conner.... ¶ April 23 at 5: "The Stars Look Down" (1939), directed by Carol Reed, with Michael Redgrave, Margaret Lockwood, and Emlyn Williams.... ¶ April 24 at noon: "Dorothea Lange" (1965), directed by Richard Moore.... ¶ April 24 at 2:30: "The Bowery."... ¶ April 24 at 6: A program of films by Bill Brand.... ¶ April 25 at 2:30: "On the Bowery" and "Lonely Boy."... ¶ April 25 at 6: "Rebirth of a Palace" (1976), directed by Michael Matcovich, Jr.; "On Ocean Front Walk" (1977), directed by Mark Rosner; and "Hyde Park" (1977), directed by Ralph Arlyck.... ¶ April 27 at 2:30: A program of early Danish films, 1907-11.... ¶ April 27 at 6: A program of early Danish films, 1914-15.... ¶ April 27 at 8:30: A program of early Danish films, 1911-13. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 23: "Running Fence" (1978), directed by David Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin, and Albert Maysles. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/17/78.) Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30.... ¶ Starting April 25: "The Foreigner" (1977), directed by Armos Poe, with Eric Mitchell, Patti Astor, Deborah Harry, and Terens Severine. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Genr, Frampton, Eisenstein, Dreyer, Hill, Raban, Wiegand, Jordan, Kubelka, Landow, Menken, Mekas, and others. Showings April 19-21 at 7 and 9; April 22 at 2:30, 7, and 9; April 23 at 8; April 25-26 at 7 and 9; and April 27 at 8.

**FILM FORUM**, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Italianamerican" (1975), directed by Martin Scorsese; and four short films. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

**LITTLE THEATRE**, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"Bad Company" (1972), directed by Robert Benton, with Jeff Bridges, Barry Brown, and David Huddleston. Showings Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:15; and Sundays at 3, 6:30, and 8:30.

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—A series of international full-length films made in 1935, together with short features, newsreels, animated films, documentaries, and experimental films of that year. April 19: "Sisters of the Gion," directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese with English subtitles.... ¶ April 20: "Mad Love," directed by Karl Freund, with Peter Lorre, Frances Drake, and Colin Clive.... ¶ April 25: "Liliom," directed by Fritz Lang, with Charles Boyer and Madeleine Ozeray; in French with English subtitles.... ¶ April 26: "Mississippi," directed by A. Edward Sutherland, with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, and Joan Bennett.... ¶ April 27: "Aerograd," directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; in Russian with English subtitles. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**ANNIE HALL**—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Columbia I, and Embassy 72nd St.... ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through April 20.)

**THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ** (1974)—A longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school; Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Mordecai Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (Olympia; through April 25.)

**THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (1953)—This glossy melodrama about a "bad" megalomaniac Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas) and a "beautiful" alcoholic star (Lana Turner) is one of those movies that set out to explain what Hollywood is *really* like. It's a piquant example of what it purports to expose—luxurious exhibitionism—and the course of what is described as a rat race to success is the softest turf ever. The structure is reminiscent of "Citizen Kane," and there is the "Rosebud" of Douglas's ill-defined Oedipal confusion, but there are good scenes and, for those who enjoy gossip, incidents derived from a number of famous careers. With Dick Powell as an author; Gloria Grahame as his Southern wife; Walter Pidgeon as a studio head; Barry Sullivan as a director; Gilbert Roland as Gaucho, the actor; Elaine Stewart as a starlet; and Leo G. Carroll. Vincente Minnelli directed. Five Academy Awards, including best supporting actress (Grahame) and best screenplay (Charles Schnee). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 22.)

**THE BLUE ANGEL** (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 21.)

**BLUE COUNTRY**—With Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (Greenwich; starting April 21.... ¶ New Yorker; through April 25.)

**CABIN IN THE SKY** (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Thalia; April 23-24.)

**CAMILLE** (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 23.)

**CASEY'S SHADOW**—Walter Matthau, full of his usual wit and humor, and with his appealing crumpled face, in a horse movie that is one of the nicest things in a long time to take a child to. And he isn't overshadowed even by the horses. (Baronet; through April 25.)

**CASQUE D'OR** (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Thalia; April 25.)

**CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND**—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld; through April 25. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting April 26.)

**Coma**—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (St. Marks Cinema.)

**Coming Home**—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to medodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Cinema I.)

**Cousin, Cousine** (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Crossed Swords**—With Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Mark Lester, Ernest Borgnine, George C. Scott, Rex Harrison, David Hemmings, and Charlton Heston; directed by Richard Fleischer. (Music Hall; through April 26.)

**The Damned** (1969)—Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. Directed by Luchino Visconti; with Ingrid Thulin, Dirk Bogarde, and Helmut Berger. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 21.)

**Dear Detective**—With Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret, directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Sutton; starting April 24.)

**Demon Seed** (1977)—With Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver, directed by Donald Cammell. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 21.)

**Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands**—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

**Dreams** (1954)—Bergman on the battles of the sexes, with Eva Dahlbeck as a fashion editor and Harriet Andersson as a young model. The editor visits a former lover (Ulf Palme); the model gives an old goat (Gunnar Björnstrand) a run for his money. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 24.)

**F.I.S.T.**—With Sylvester Stallone, Rod Steiger, and Peter Boyle; directed by Norman Jewison. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East; starting April 26.)

**The Fury**—Brian De Palma's visionary, science-fiction thriller. The script (John Farris's adaption of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (Loews Ciné.)

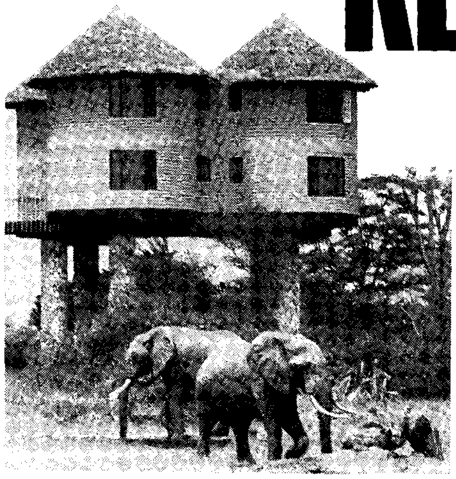
**The Gentleman Tramp**—A documentary on Charlie Chaplin, narrated by Walter Matthau, Laurence Olivier, and Jack Lemmon. Directed by Richard Patterson. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and New Yorker; starting April 26.)

**The Goodbye Girl**—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Guild. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through April 20. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; through April 25. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting April 26.)

**High Anxiety**—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton; through April 23. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 26.)

**High Street**—With Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman, directed by André Ernotte. In French. (Baronet; starting April 26.)

**The Hospital** (1971)—That great spangled ham



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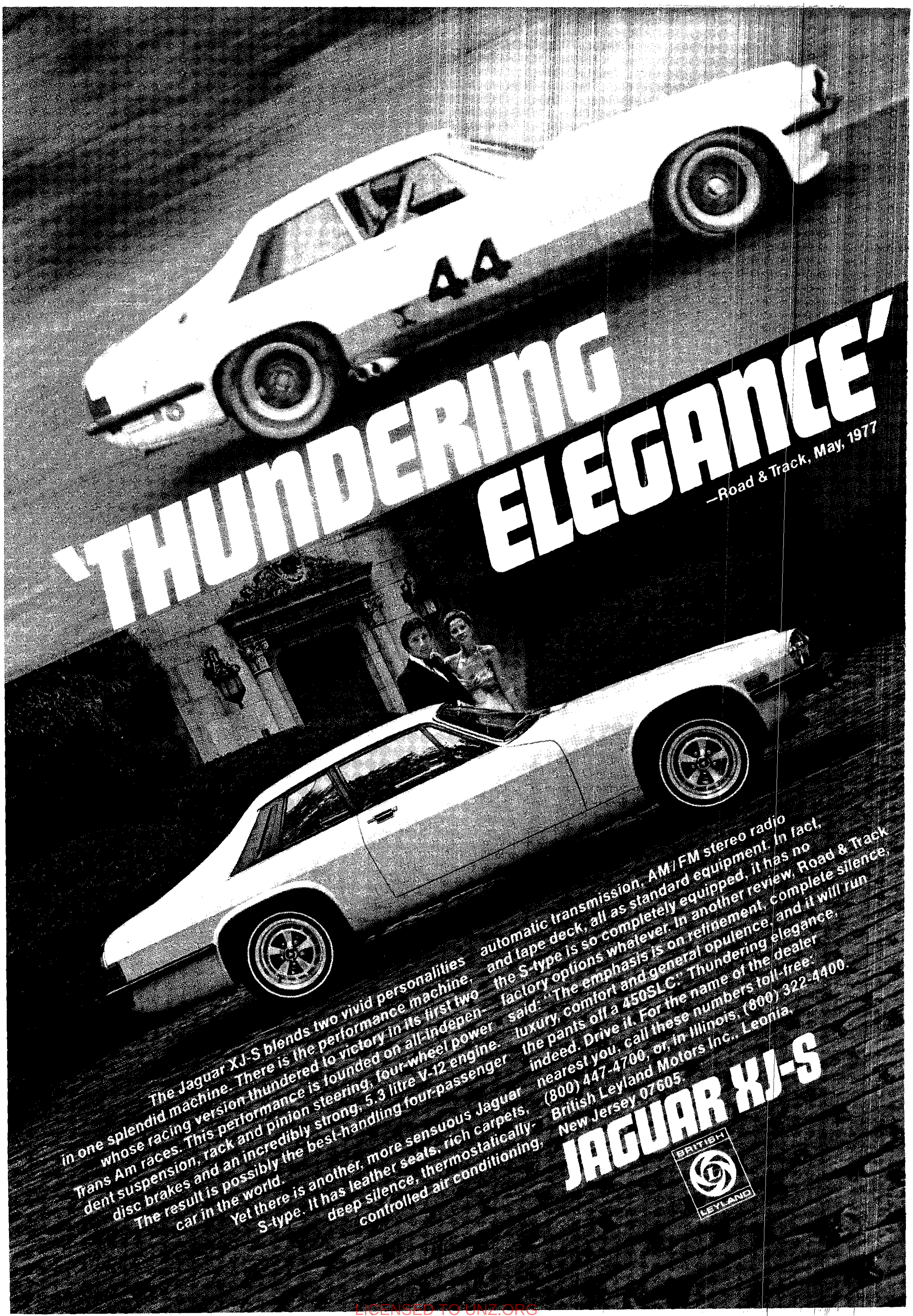
of dancing."

Eduard Strauss



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 20.)

**House Calls**—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Loews Tower East.)

**If You Could Only Cook** (1935)—This eminently watchable romantic comedy has a neatly contrived thirties-style opening. An automobile engineer and tycoon (Herbert Marshall) becomes impatient with his board of directors and walks out on them. He goes to the park to cool off and meets a girl (Jean Arthur) who's perusing the want ads. She thinks that he's unemployed, too, and proposes that they hire out as cook and butler. There are some gracefully conceived sequences: the test on the use of garlic that she has to pass at the home of a gourmet (Leo Carrillo), a retired racketeer; the tycoon asking his own butler tricks of the butling trade. There are some silly melodramatic moments, but the film is remarkably good-natured and fresh. Jean Arthur brings out the best in Marshall—or maybe the director, William Seiter, livened him up. With Lionel Stander and cello-voiced Frieda Inescort. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 25.)

**Images** (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Cinema Village; April 25.)

**Invitation to the Dance** (1956)—This picture bollixed the career of Gene Kelly, who directed and choreographed it, and probably broke his heart as well: practically nobody saw it. The film consists of three ballets, with some pantomime and also some animated-cartoon work. "Circus," set to Jacques Ibert music, features Igor Youskevitch as a high-wire artist, Claire Sombert as a bareback rider in love with him, and Kelly as a clown in love with her; "Ring Around the Rosy," about a bracelet that goes through various hands, has an André Previn score, and the dancers include Youskevitch, Tamara Toumanova, Tommy Rall, and Kelly; "Sinbad the Sailor" features Carol Haney as Scheherazade and Kelly as Sinbad. The film was beset by difficulties. It had to be made in England because that's where M-G-M had frozen funds, and, with interruptions for Kelly to do other jobs, the work spread over three years. He was further hampered by front-office directives—for example, the second ballet was danced to a score that the M-G-M brass didn't like, so Previn had to write a new score to the already filmed dancing. Then the studio put the film on the shelf for another year. There should be an ironic kicker: the picture should be a neglected marvel. But it isn't. It's merely a labor of love gone wrong. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 27.)

**I Walked with a Zombie** (1943)—Horror picture, directed by Jacques Tourneur, about witchcraft and voodoo running wild in Haiti. The script was derived from, of all things, "Jane Eyre." The heroine is the victim of a mysterious malady that has left her a speechless catatonic. (Regency; April 25-26.)

**I Wanna Hold Your Hand**—Directed by Robert Zemeckis. (34th St. East, Trans-Lux East, and U.A. East; starting April 21.)

**Joseph Andrews**—With Ann-Margret and Peter Firth, directed by Tony Richardson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Festival. . . . ¶ Waverly; through April 25.)

**Julia**—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through April 20. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through April 23. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 25.)

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**The Lacemaker**—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (72nd Street East; through April 25.)

**The Last Waltz**—The final concert of the rock group The Band, directed by Martin Scorsese. (Ziegfeld; starting April 26.)

**A Little Night Music**—An adaptation of the Broadway show, which was a reworking, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Hugh Wheeler, of Ingmar Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." What was lyrical farce in the Bergman film has now become clodhopping operetta. This picture has been made as if the director (Harold Prince) had never *seen* a movie. With Diana Rigg and Lesley-Anne Down, who manage to get a performance rhythm going in some of their scenes, and with Elizabeth Taylor and Len Cariou. (3/20/78) (Quad Cinema; through April 25.)

**Madame Rosa**—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

**The Medusa Touch**—An absurd thriller about a lonely writer endowed with telekinesis—the apparent ability to move, or even destroy, through psychic powers. Sometimes hilariously silly, but worth seeing for Richard Burton, a clap of thunder that still resounds around the acting world. Directed by Jack Gold, with a cast including Michael Hordern, Lee Remick, and Lino Ventura. (Greenwich; through April 20.)

**The Member of the Wedding** (1952)—The Carson McCullers dialogue is one of the high points of literacy in American films: sharp and full of wit, yet lyrical. Scrawny, cracked-voiced Julie Harris (she was twenty-six at the time) plays Frankie, the motherless, fiercely lonely twelve-year-old tomboy, caught between childhood and adolescence, and fighting them both. Ethel Waters plays Berenice, the cook who looks after her, and Brandon deWilde is Frankie's owlish little playmate and whipping boy. The setting is a small Georgia town; the time is the summer when these three characters, who have been clinging to each other, are torn apart. Adapted from McCullers' 1950 stage success (with the same cast), the film is weak when it tries to "open up" the material, but fortunately Fred Zinnemann's direction respects Carson McCullers' intensity and humor. This remarkable film failed commercially, perhaps for want of a conventional "story;" it is said in some towns viewers didn't understand the material and, for most of the film, thought that Frankie was a boy. The movie company then cut a crucial twenty-minute segment (which included Ethel Waters' finest scene) and tossed the film into the lower half of double bills. (Thalia; April 23-24.)

**Murder, My Sweet** (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed, in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Regency; April 23-24.)

**Phantom Lady** (1944)—Its mood and its pacing lift this low-budget thriller out of its class, but the ideas, the dialogue, and the ending that the studio insisted on prevent it from being a first-rate B picture. Ella Raines is the girl in danger, Franchot Tone is the psychopathic killer, Alan Curtis is the man wrongly convicted of murder, Thomas Gomez is the police inspector, and Elisha Cook, Jr., is the drummer who is featured in the jam session that is the film's high point of excitement. Robert Siodmak directed, and the producer was Joan Harrison, who had worked as an assistant to Hitchcock. From a William Irish novel, adapted by Bernard C. Schoenfeld; with Fay Helm, Regis Toomey, Virginia Brissac, and Doris Lloyd. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 22.)

**Pretty Baby**—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent new picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district of America is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). The film is astute in its understanding of the familiarity between blacks and whites that existed in the South. Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet.)

**Rabbit Test**—With Billy Crystal, directed by Joan Rivers. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through April 20. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; April 21-25.)

**The Rubber Gun**—With Steve Lack, directed by Allan Moyle. (Little Carnegie; starting April 24.)

**Saturday Night Fever**—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**The Savage Is Loose** (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

**The Sea Gypsies**—With Robert Logan and Mikki Jamison-Olsen, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Music Hall; starting April 27.)

**September 30, 1955**—With Richard Thomas, directed by James Bridges. (Cinema II.)

**The Set-Up** (1949)—This intelligently modest,

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low-budget film about a shabby, aging prizefighter (Robert Ryan) is generally considered a classic. It's not a great movie, or even a very good one (it's rather mechanical), but it touches one's experience in a way that makes it hard to forget. (Maybe that's why so many movies have imitated it, even though it wasn't a commercial success.) Based on a narrative poem by Joseph Moncure March and written by Art Cohn, it was directed by Robert Wise and shot in actual locations. Ryan—his face never more craggily heroic than in defeat—raised the picture above its poetry-of-realism aspirations. With Audrey Totter as the fighter's perceptive, harried wife, George Tobias, Wallace Ford, and Alan Baxter. (Regency; April 23-24.)

**Sidewalks of London** (1938)—Vivien Leigh in her pre-Scarlett O'Hara days, as a lovely young sidewalk entertainer who rises in the world and lands a Hollywood contract. The star of this draggy piece is Charles Laughton, as a busker. It is not one of his major—or even engaging—performances, and toward the end he turns to whining. Directed by Tim Whelan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 23-24.)

**Silver Bears**—With Michael Caine, Cybill Shepherd, and Louis Jourdan; directed by Ivan Passer. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting April 21.)

**The Soft Skin** (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Thalia; April 25.)

**Sorry, Wrong Number** (1948)—Lucille Fletcher wrote this overextended treatment of her radio play about a bedridden hypochondriac who calls her husband at his office, overhears a couple of men arranging a murder, and slowly comes to realize that she is to be the victim. Barbara Stanwyck is the terrified and, finally, whimpering woman; Burt Lancaster is her morose husband. The director, Anatole Litvak, seems to be defeated by the extravagantly jumbled, shallow script. With Ann Richards. (Thalia; April 26-27.)

**Straight Time**—Dustin Hoffman as a newly released convict with six years of San Quentin behind him, a long history of juvenile delinquency, and a strong wish to get back into jail. Under Ulu Grosbard's direction, Hoffman's performance is as sharp as a diamond cutter. His eyes generally wander from meeting anyone else's; when they do meet, it is generally in hatred, during one of the wild thieveries he embarks on in his unconscious wish to be re-imprisoned. The wish is abetted by the unbearable complacency of a parole officer, admirably played by M. Emmet Walsh. There is a bow to sentimentality in the casting of an improbably credulous and improbably posh girl who goes along with the Hoffman character and asks no questions; she is played by Theresa Russell, a good actress who seems to belong to a different picture. (4/3/78) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through April 20. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through April 25.)

**The Struggle** (1931)—This sound film was the last film D. W. Griffith directed. It was a disaster with the public; audiences laughed, and Griffith hid in his hotel room. It's not all that bad; there are some fine sequences shot on location in the Bronx and at a factory in Connecticut, but the script has enough idiocies to have triggered the laughter. Griffith meant the film to be an attack on both alcoholism and Prohibition, but the polemical ideas didn't work out right. Hal Skelly is the man struggling against the temptations of booze. With Zita Johann and Helen Mack. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 27.)

**Summer Stock** (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the story materials, which are far from fresh; it's the old gimmick about staging a show in a barn, and the whole thing is corny and simple-minded, but Garland and Kelly make their scenes new. The cast includes Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken, and Marjorie Main; the songs include "You Wonderful You." Charles Walters directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 25.)

**That Obscure Object of Desire**—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning; perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Art; through April 25.)

**The Thing** (1951)—Written by Charles Lederer and directed by Christian Nyby, about a belligerent and extremely brainy visitor from another planet who arrives at the North Pole in a flying saucer. The interplanetary guest is absolutely colossal, vegetable in anatomy, and hard to put up, let alone put up with. Quite well acted, and written in a funny pseudo-scientific style that sends up laboratory jargon. (Regency; April 25-26.)

**3 Women** (1977)—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's overheards and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Cinema Village; April 25.)

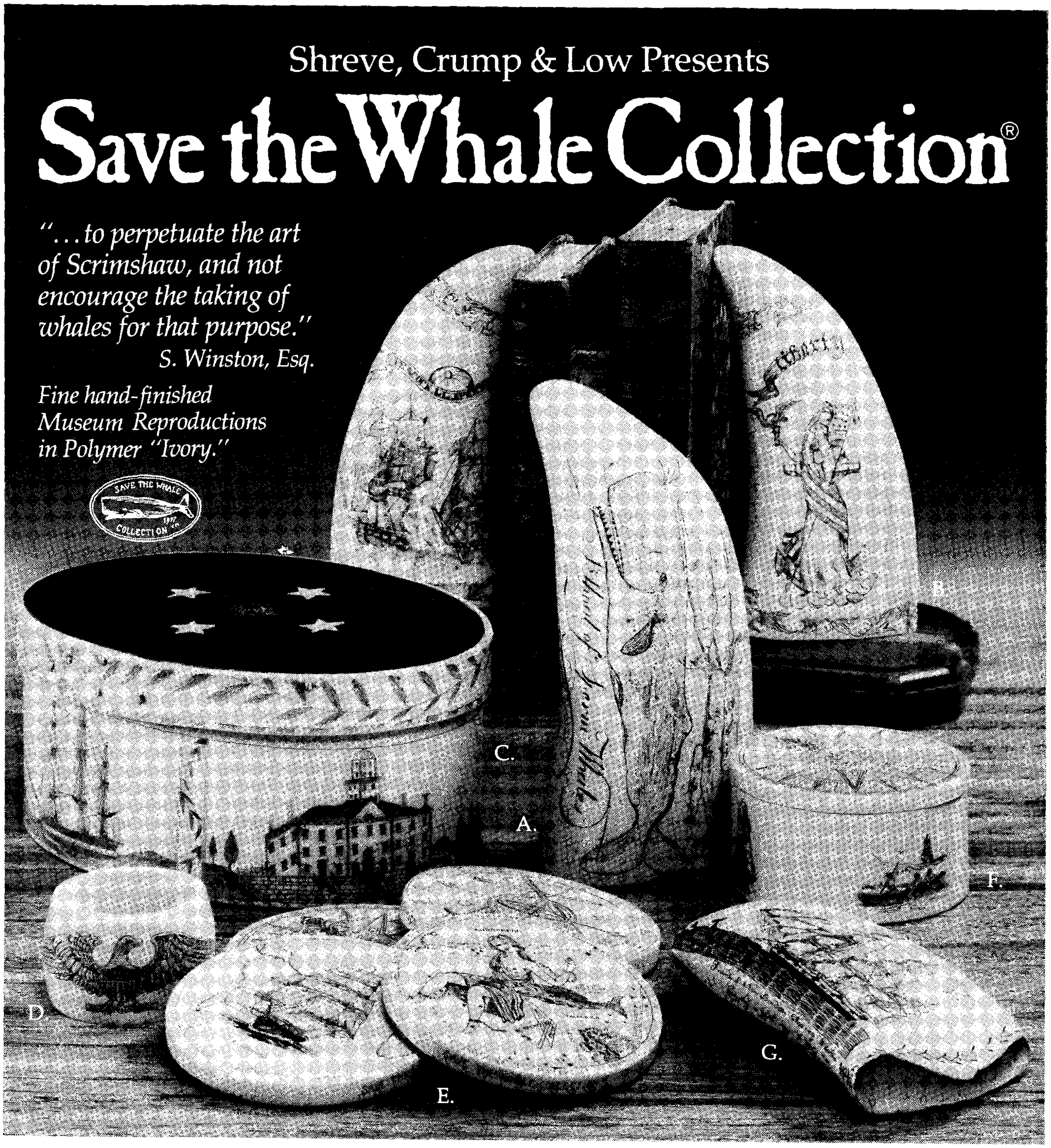
**The Turning Point**—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Little Carnegie; through April 23. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through April 25. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting April 26.)

**An Unmarried Woman**—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

**Waterloo Bridge** (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 23.)

**A Woman of Paris** (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefiting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The characterization makes it seem as though Chaplin toyed with—perhaps feared—the idea that he himself was this dandy. The film was greatly to influence Lubitsch, among others. It has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (4/17/78) (Cinema Studio.)

**Word Is Out**—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (Eastside Cinema; through April 25. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 26.)



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# THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

A YOUNG woman writes:

New Yorkers spend as much time as nineteenth-century pioneers waiting for things they've sent away for to arrive. Now I am waiting for my subscription tickets to the New York City Ballet, which opens on May 2nd. I sent away for the tickets in February—not just to be sure of getting good ones but for the enjoyment of it. First, I put on my new record of Hindemith's "The Four Temperaments," the music for one of my favorite Balanchine ballets, and then I studied the spring schedule, like someone arranging a complicated series of assignations with two dozen lovers: all of them good-looking, some of them intimate friends, others known from descriptions and photographs, a favored few to be seen more than once, and each available at certain times only. After this exercise in the tactics of pleasure, I Xeroxed the seating plans of the New York State Theatre from the Stubs book and marked off the areas where I would be willing to sit (getting to know the theatre and the ballets has made me crotchety about my seats); then I Xeroxed my check, my order form, and the marked-up Stubs Xeroxes, in case of a mixup, and mailed the originals; then I entered the dates of the performances and the names of the ballets in my appointment book. Now I'm waiting, and listening to the Stravinsky Violin Concerto, the music for another Balanchine favorite of mine. I saw Peter Martins and Heather Watts at a movie last week: the company must be back in town.

New York City Ballet tickets are always very attractive. Last season, mine were green (Fourth Ring) and pencil yellow (Second Ring), and came in a small folder decorated with a drawing by Edward Gorey. There are few objects that it gives me so much pleasure to possess for a very short time. Maybe old-fashioned engraved invitations to parties, or steamship tickets, used to make people feel this way; certainly airplane tickets don't—they're as ugly as credit-card receipts and have unpleasant legal disclaimers on the back. I've never been strong on owning things, but ordering my ballet tickets has made me realize that I like temporarily owning things that promise a future intangible pleasure. I think it would be nice if people could take all the things they've bought that they hoped would give them everlasting happiness but that didn't—the silver flatware, the premium car, the satinwood credenza made with the craftsmanship of yesteryear—and trade them in for transitory exaltation. I have a friend who told me that in the town where he grew up, in the Midwest, children could go to the movies at Christmastime by "paying" with a can of soup. "I remember the first time I did this," he said. "I saw two cartoons—'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow' and a scary thing about a fox in a gristmill. They were the best movies I've ever seen."

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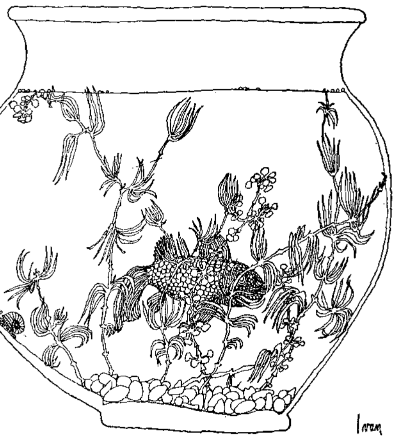
## *Space*

THE big thing in the art world these days is the alternative space. Galleries are out, museums are sort of out, but alternative spaces—nonprofit exhibition areas with an eclectic approach to the newest art—are definitely in, if you don't mind climbing stairs.



The 112 Workshop, at 112 Greene Street, in SoHo, is the pioneer; it opened in 1970. Other well-established alternatives include The Kitchen, at 484 Broome Street, and The Drawing Center, at 137 Greene. New ones keep popping up all the time, though, not only here but in Boston and San Francisco and Chicago and all the other really *serious* cities; the National Endowment for the Arts, which helps to fund most of them, received applications from more than a hundred alternative spaces last year, and made grants to fifty-nine. And then there is Alanna Heiss, from whose resourceful brain alternative spaces seem to spring, full-grown, on the order of about one a month. Alanna Heiss is something else.

We spent a day with her last week, and we'll start by saying that she is slim, fair of hair, blue of eye, and inclined to frequent small explosions of silent laughter. We found her in her office at The Clocktower, an alternative space on the thirteenth floor of a downtown building, 108 Leonard Street, whose twelve other floors are given over to municipal offices and courtrooms. (This one is a walkup only from the twelfth to the thirteenth floor.) "You can't imagine what it was like when we moved in," she told us. "This whole end of the floor was being used to store emergency supplies for the Third World War. *Huge* boxes filled with crackers that had been going to dust for fifteen years. You can see how the military mind works. I made a mortal enemy of the building superintendent by surreptitiously moving some of the boxes down to his end. He really *hated* me." This was said in a tone of wondering admiration. "He did everything he could for nearly three years to get us kicked out. He automatically associated the idea of artists with sex and dope. Once, he made copies of a few pages of the guestbook to prove that the place was being used as a 'convenience,' because men and women with different last names had signed in together! It used to be that every few months we were threatened with eviction."

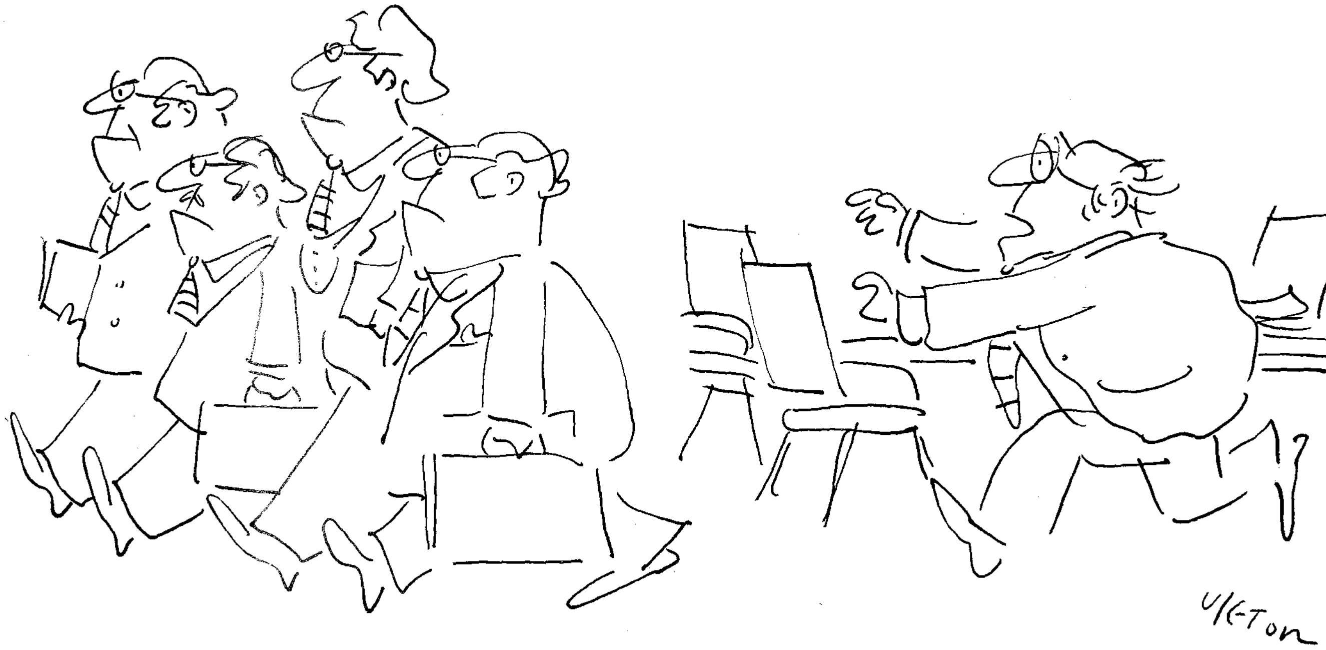
A little quick background on Alanna Heiss: Born in Louisville, Kentucky, but brought up mostly in Jacksonville, Illinois. Planned to become a concert pianist until she went to college—a conservatory—where she decided she would never be good enough. Married a sculptor, Jene Highstein, in 1966 (they are now divorced), and moved to New York, where she worked for a while as the city's first female parole officer for male offenders. Moved to London, where her husband was attending the Royal Academy of Art, and got a part-time job working for S.P.A.C.E., a congeries of artists' studios in a vast warehouse on St. Katharine Dock. Also became a used-car dealer, although she has never learned to drive a car. Back in New York in 1970, she went around to various museums, to the New York State Council on the Arts, and to other public bodies proposing projects for artists—for instance, a series of earthworks to be built alongside highways that were under construction, using road-building equipment already on the site. The only person who was interested was Joan Davidson, the founder of Westbeth, who was on the board of the Municipal Art Society—a group that up to that time had concerned itself mainly with sponsoring architectural and art tours and securing landmark status for old buildings. Its new director, Kent Barwick, wanted to enlarge its program, and when Joan Davidson sent Alanna Heiss to him, he hired her as project director.

Within a year, Ms. Heiss had conceived and bodied forth the Institute for Art and Urban Resources, whose threefold purpose, somewhat muffled by that resounding title, was to find studio space for artists, to put on exhibitions, and to sponsor short-term and long-term art projects—all to be accomplished by using, for the most part, space in buildings that were currently (if only temporarily) unoccupied. During 1971, when the institute was still being warmed by the protective wing of the Municipal Art Society, its major activity was a three-day art exhibition on some old pilings and docks under the Brooklyn Bridge. Soon after this, Ms. Heiss located a seven-story building at 10 Bleecker Street that wasn't being used, and set about converting the rooms on several floors into studios and the street-level space into an exhibition area. The Bleecker Street space served for a number of shows and concerts in 1972 and 1973. But what Ms. Heiss really wanted to find was an unoccupied tower on one of the big office buildings downtown, and after scouting rooftops for a year or so she found just what she was looking for at 108 Leonard Street. The building there dates from about 1912, when it was designed by McKim, Mead & White for the New York Life Insurance Company. It has two towers, one of which houses a very large, four-faced, no-longer-operating clock. Directly below the clock is a square, high-ceilinged room from whose four highly placed windows the light seems to float serenely down the walls, without casting shadows.

The Clocktower (as Ms. Heiss decided to call it) put on the first of a succession of innovative and influential exhibitions in the spring of 1973 (sculptures by Joel Shapiro), and quickly established itself as one of the most stunning exhibition spaces in New York. By that time, the Institute for Art and Urban Resources was an independent, nonprofit organization, and Ms. Heiss, its executive director, was off and running. She had learned a lot about dealing with the New York City Department of Real Estate, and she was reconciled to being judged insane by municipal bureaucrats. The Sculpture Warehouse—working and exhibition space in a building beside the Cropsey Canal, in Coney Island—came into being in the fall of 1973. The Idea Warehouse was next—a large loft space at 22 Reade Street, where groups of musicians or other performing artists could work for a month at a time and then perform. Philip Glass and his ensemble opened the warehouse with his "Music in Twelve Parts," and the Mabou Mines troupe put on its theatre piece "Red Horse Animation."

The institute's most ambitious project—and, for that matter, the world's largest alternative space—burst on the scene in June, 1976, with the reopening of P.S. 1 in Long Island City. Having been closed down as a public school in 1963, the place—a massive red brick Romanesque-revival building (circa 1890)—was a ruin when the institute people first saw it, in 1975: plaster crumbling, half the roof gone, rubble

*"Roland is a creature of the military, Hugo is a creature of the establishment, and Mulholland is a creature of the media."*



*"Wait a minute, you guys—I've decided to make it unanimous after all."*

• •

and broken glass everywhere. They succeeded in getting a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar loan from the Chemical Bank to fix it up, and then, in exactly one month, an institute task force did all the necessary clearing out, roofing, wiring, plumbing, painting, and flooring. Subsequently, ten thousand square feet of space on the ground floor was transformed into eight white-walled exhibition rooms and a third-floor assembly hall was turned into a performance arena. The remaining classrooms became instant studios for several dozen artists, each of whom was invited to work there for a year at an average rent of fifty dollars a month. Renamed Project Studios One, the old school opened with a seventy-eight-artist group show that drew some rapturous notices in the art press and persuaded any number of people that it was O.K. to go to Queens. The program there now includes about eight group exhibitions a year (one-person shows are at The Clocktower), performances in the auditorium every second weekend, and all kinds of special projects by individual artists—there were over sixty last year. What we liked best, when Ms. Heiss took us through, was the entrance to the building. Once inside a forbiddingly functional steel door, we found ourself in a golden stairwell: walls, ceiling, floor, stairs, bannisters, pipes—even a coin telephone on the wall—had been gilded by an artist named Zadik Zadikian. It looked very expensive and Tutankhamun, and set us up for hours.

Strolling with us through the pristine exhibition rooms and the not so pristine studios of Project Studios One, Ms. Heiss conceded that its acquisition, on a twenty-year lease from the Department of Real Estate, at a thousand dollars a year, had made life more difficult for the institute. The Chemical Bank loan doesn't come due for a year, but a Ford Foundation matching grant for half of it has to be met by this June, and major fund-raising efforts are in progress to meet it. The institute is totally dependent on outside funds—a large proportion of which have so far come from the National Endowment and the New York State Council on the Arts. For a time, Ms. Heiss thought that the artists might contribute ten per cent of the purchase price of any works sold from an institute-sponsored exhibition, but that hasn't happened, and probably wouldn't have helped very much if it had, since a good deal of the new art shown in alternative spaces is not really salable. "We've had to come to terms with the realities," she told us. "Balancing budgets is not my natural state. I hate to plan a year in advance. But P.S. 1 is bigger than the Whitney Museum. We run it much more cheaply, of course, but in order to run it in an interesting way we've got to raise a lot of money. What I really want to achieve is an enlightened, tightly run, efficient bureaucracy that's flexible enough to deal with government people and foundation people, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, with artists. The real trick is to run a bureaucracy and yet to leave slots for the interesting things to happen."

Back in midtown Manhattan, Ms. Heiss had our taxi stop at the corner of Fifty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue. We got out, and found ourself contemplating an abandoned, really down-at-the-heels commercial building. Through grimy windows we peered in on the detritus of a coffee shop. "I've been working on this for a year and a half, for a new project I'm calling Twentieth Century Ruins," said Ms. Heiss. "The city owns the building, and I'm trying to persuade it not to sell for a year. Then we'll invite five artists to move in and take over, turn it into five different environments. I've already asked George Segal to do the coffee shop, naturally. All the viewing would be from the street—from outside. And the terrific thing is that it's right across the street from Studio 54!" She directed our attention to the new mecca of the discothèque crowd. "Every night, they line up over there to get in, all those rich, beautiful people. And we're here. Can't you just see it?"

## Good Show

E. M. Frimbo, our railway friend, recently delivered the following dissertation:

You really need a loose-leaf dictionary these days. Definitions that used to be hard-and-fast now dissolve into practically anything. I was brought up to think that "diner" meant a restaurant car attached to the express train on which your father was buying you breakfast on your way to your first day at school. Mine was in the English countryside, near Reading, some thirty miles west of London. Later, when I became acclimated to American ways, I discovered that "diner" also meant a dining car that at the end of its career on the rails had been bought by an enterprising restaurant man and set up, often still on its own wheels, alongside the town square. Still later, I discovered that, in addition, "diner" could mean a restaurant on wheels which had been purposely built to resemble a railway dining car—at least on the exterior—and could be put wherever the owner wanted it. Most of the vehicles in all three of these categories have now disappeared from the railways and the town squares of this country. Now when I suffer a yearning for one more meal in one of these relics of my long, long lifetime I have to go down to Pennsylvania Station and get aboard the club car of the Senator, which departs eastbound at five-fifteen in the evening. The Senator has no diner, but it puts me in Providence in mid-evening, and there I simply walk down along the green that slopes away from the station and climb aboard one of two diners of the third variety which can be found there at night. There's no point in leaving New York any earlier, for during the daytime they are hidden away, gypsy fashion, in some downtown recess. One of them has a good chef, the other does not. I leave that up to you.

One of the parties I went to during a busy, busy week in town was, I was told, to be held in a diner in this city, called the Market Diner, way out West on Eleventh Avenue at Forty-third Street. What is a Market Diner? Here I add a new entry to my loose-leaf dictionary. A Market Diner brings evolution about as far as it can go. From the outside, you get a vague suggestion of diner, but once you have ascended the steps and gone indoors you find that you are on the top level of what can only be called a triplex. Off in the northwest corner, at ground level, is a bar. On the top level is a restaurant large enough to seat the population of the two Providence diners ten times over. And in a basement there are party rooms, one of them with a dance floor. Inside, the only resemblance to the old town-square diners is the menu—fast food, and plenty of it.

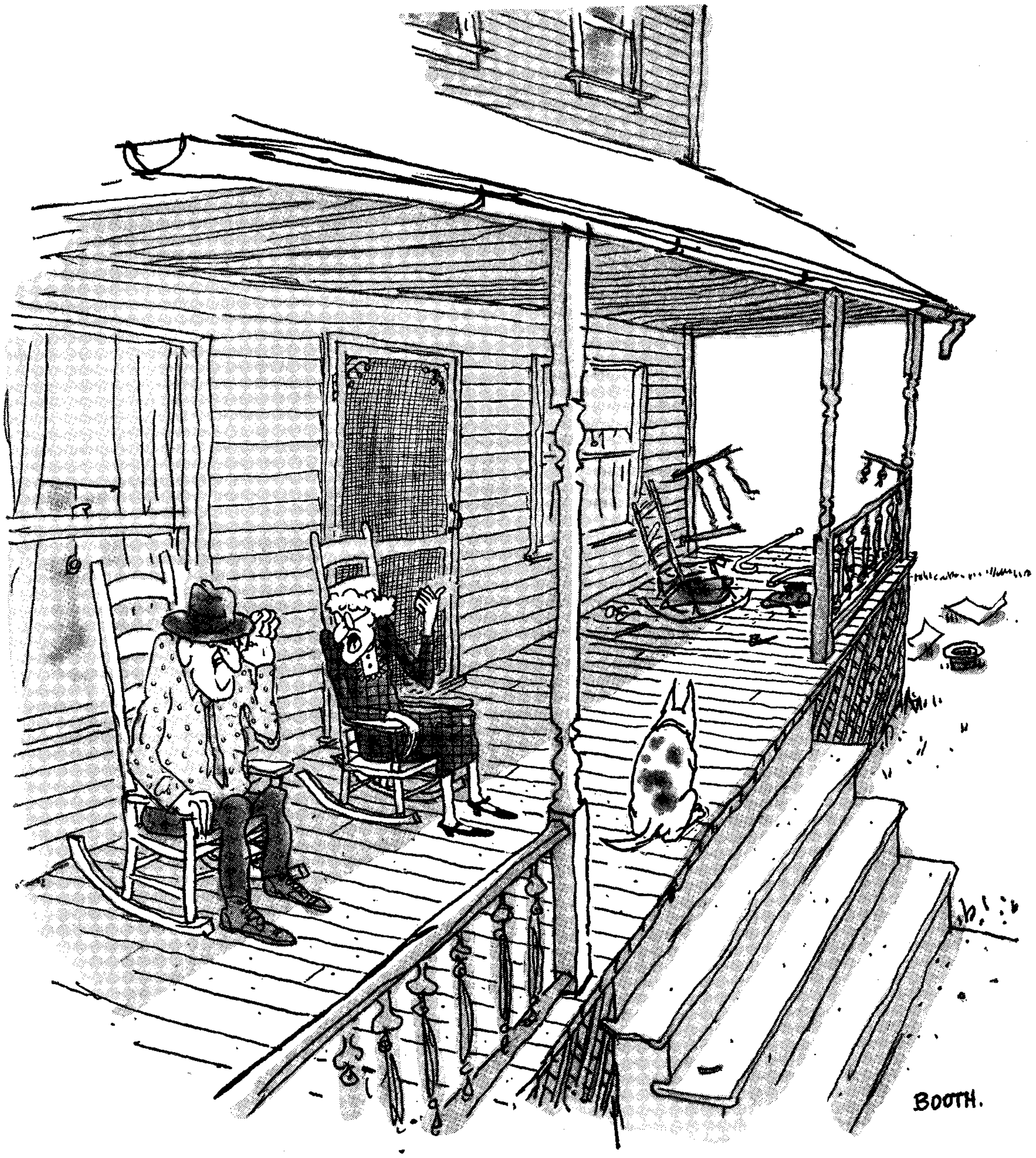
Or let us consider what has happened to "motel." A motel began as an outskirts or semi-countryside sort of one-story hotel or cluster of cabins—sometimes with a restaurant, which almost always should have been called the Captive Audience Room. The idea was that you could park your car just outside your bedroom window and didn't need a bellhop to hustle your luggage. And it provided a scene dear to all Americans: a traveller could sit up all night and contemplate his car. Now a motel is, as often as not, in the midst of downtown, twenty stories high, and still without bellhops. You understand why I keep thinking about loose-leaf dictionaries.

But let's get to the question of why I was going to a supper party in a diner at eleven o'clock at night in what is definitely a rather rudimentary part of Manhattan. There is on Broadway a musical, "I Love My Wife," that begins in the old-fashioned kind of town-square diner I've been talking about, and Joe Kipness and Terry Allen Kramer and Harry Rigby, who put the show together, had been thinking about where to hold a festival for the cast and the backers to celebrate an occasion almost unique in my memory: a Broadway musical's having paid off all its backers in considerably less than a year. Most seasons, of course, three-quarters of the shows produced on Broadway never pay the backers any profit at all, nor are there parties, except for the opening-night parties—and I have been to plenty of them—that end up with the reading of the newspaper notices (or should I say the obituary?) and the declaration by the producer that he intends to fix up the show and keep it running despite the odds. You've seen it all if you saw the Fred Astaire movie of "The Band Wagon."

ENTERING
NEW JERSEY
THE GAMBLING STATE

Lots of cast parties are given at Gallagher's Steak House, and why not? It's in the theatre district, and it is accustomed to staying open—and cheerfully—late at night. Some happen in little East Side restaurants, some at Sardi's, and some in private houses. But there is always someone involved who would like to augment the repertory. And so it was that "I Love My Wife" ended up in what might be called its natural habitat, a diner—a diner that was for that particular night a private nesting place, with a dance band and probably the most enormous fast-food menu in the United States. This was a menu that, like the one presented to guests at such an establishment as Lutèce, bore not a shred of price—a special Kipness-Kramer-Rigby menu born to flower but a single eve. Unaccustomed though I am to commanding a brandy Alexander even in the best of diners, I commanded one, and it arrived in perfect order. The wheatcakes that shortly followed were as thin as crêpes, and the syrup was maple-y. The full resources of the Market Diner were being put to the test by everyone else by the time I arrived. Everyone else, I might add, came early and stayed late. Sign of a good party. After all, no one is happier than a requited Broadway backer.

I settled in for a while at a table of fellow-Princetonians—yes, they get out West, too—whose principal ornament was Joshua Logan, first of the Princeton Triangle Club, next of Broadway, and now on a lecture tour. I moved on to the table of a decorator who with his American partner had recently finished redoing some rooms at the Barclay in Philadelphia. "Frimbo!" he shouted as I approached. "I've just come back from my native Japan, and I've ridden the Bullet Trains there. Now I'm even with you at last." I hailed Ann Miller, a tall spectacular in a shimmery, slithery dress; she looked as though she could still outfoot any competition in one of those great movie do-or-die dance routines. I hailed the pianist and leader of the dance band—Lee Evans, who had presided for quite some years over one of our best hotel dance bands and in his time had produced some of the best arrangements for some of the worst girl singers in this country. "Freedom at last!" I shouted to him as he broke into a bewitching samba. "Now, finally, I have time to take my doctorate!" he shouted back. Our conversation was interrupted when the waitress who had kept my glass filled all evening suddenly bumped me, and, turning around, I discovered that she was converting the samba into her own version of the Hustle. Behind her, two more waitresses were putting down their trays and beginning to hoof, too. The wife of one of the three partners who run the Market Diner came around the bend, frowned for a bare moment, and then joined in the dance. Around the bend came her husband, who quickly entered upon *his* version of the Hustle. A man whose dress and manner labelled him "co-owner" came around the bend, yelling at his partner, "Hey! What the hell's going on?" His confrere turned about, put his arms around the man, and slowly moved him out of earshot, then resumed his capers. By this time, nearly everyone else roundabout had signed up, too. The samba ended. Lee Evans stood up and said, "Sorry, it's two o'clock. That's all. Good night." It had been a long time since I hadn't kept wishing a party would end.



*"I'm sitting here going over all my troubles in my mind, and there's Ferguson over yonder, a man utterly at peace with himself. Then suddenly—whack! whoopty-do!—his rocker snaps, and it's off the north end of the porch with him! How about that?"*

• •

## *Dinosaurs*

THIS is one of the nicest things to do in New York on a Sunday afternoon: Have a good late breakfast (something like a bowl of porridge, some scrambled eggs, some smoked herring, toast with raspberry jam would be just fine), and then put on some comfortable clothes and some comfortable shoes and go over to the American Museum of Natural History. If there are children in your family, by all means take them along. While you are there, don't miss the redwood-tree exhibit in the Hall of North American Forests, the worm exhibit in the Hall of the Biology of Invertebrates, the early-man exhibit in the Hall of the Biology of Man, the Mbuti Pygmies of the Ituri Forest in the Hall of Man in Africa, and the bird-watching exhibit in the Akeley Gallery. This is just what we did on a recent Sunday afternoon. We saw all the things we liked best and then a few of the things that are interesting anyway. It was while we were looking at a few of the things that are interesting anyway that we came across, in progress, a lecture on dinosaurs. The lecture was being given by Sidney Horenstein, a paleontologist on the museum's staff, and was sponsored by the New York Paleontological Society. Sitting on some yellow petroleum-by-product chairs, listening closely to him, and watching some slides he showed to accompany his chat were lots of moms and dads and their little children. Some other little children were in strollers. Mr. Horenstein said that dinosaurs were around two hundred and ten million years ago; that at

*"May we?"*

• •

that time the earth's atmosphere was warm; that as a group they lasted for one hundred and fifty million years, compared to our (man's) measly two million; that most dinosaurs were plant-eaters except a few, like the great *Tyrannosaurus rex*, which apparently ate smaller dinosaurs; that one bite for a *T. rex* could probably feed a human family of four for one month; that the *Megalosaurus* was the first dinosaur to be described scientifically; that the word "dinosaur" means "terrible lizard;" that dinosaurs that had lost their teeth stole dinosaur eggs and ate them; that *T. rex* had small hands, and no one knows what purpose its hands served except that maybe after it slept its hands helped it get up; that one genus with a bony crest on its head was called *Kritosaurus*, which means "chosen lizard;" that maybe dinosaurs became extinct because an interstellar explosion caused the earth's atmosphere to cool and the dinosaurs died of exposure, but then again maybe their extinction was caused by something else; that no one has ever seen a dinosaur or knows what dinosaurs really did. While Mr. Horenstein talked, he showed slides of dinosaurs doing things, and almost always the dinosaurs were in a swamp or near a swamp. He showed slides of dinosaurs with long, swanlike necks. He showed slides of baby dinosaurs just emerging from eggs the size of large avocados. He showed slides of dinosaurs attacking egg-stealing dinosaurs. He showed slides of dinosaurs eating no-longer-alive dinosaurs. He showed slides of dinosaurs with big teeth and slides of dinosaurs with little teeth. He showed slides of dinosaurs whose mouths looked like duck bills, and said that these dinosaurs were called hadrosaurs (meaning "bulky lizards"). He showed slides of dinosaurs with two horns and slides of dinosaurs with just one horn. He showed a slide of two dinosaurs battering their heads together. He showed slides of pink dinosaurs, blue dinosaurs, and green dinosaurs. Mr. Horenstein made it clear that it would be just wonderful to be one of these creatures, standing around in a gooey, warm swamp with your friends.

# THE SNOW

THE night sea heaves at the base of the dark walls of stone, bearing us up and dropping us as we edge in closer. Behind us are the waters where the famous battle took place, starting at dawn, one day many lives ago.

The swell is gentle, for this coast, or we could not approach the cliffs here, and the damp breeze, from the south, off the sea, is so light that we seem to lose it, from moment to moment, but it moves us steadily. We cannot make out the forms of the cliffs, in the darkness and the dark shadowy spray. There is only the looming up near us, the night solid to one side of us, the sound of the sea booming and seething and echoing along some massive presence. A continually unfurling rumble. The water is deep here, all the way in. It is good to remember that.

We cannot be said to be groping, for we are touching nothing. We are listening. Then we see the light, where it is supposed to be, waved by an unseen hand, and we follow the signals, and bring the old fishing boat around the spur of towering stone, into the deep cove behind it, and drift along to the jetty, where the light has stopped and is waiting for us. We can distinguish folds and projections of red stone behind and above the light, but cannot see to the top, or far around the cove, or across it. Once in from the sea, the night seems quiet, yet the sound of the water against the stone still muffles all the others, so that we can follow the figures of the older man and the boy on the jetty, and are almost there, before we can hear their voices. It is surprising that they do not echo.

As a child, at about the age of that boy, perhaps, I sailed, for a few summers, with the fishermen, along this coast, and knew that man, but I have no way of telling what he may remember. A shapeless felt hat pulled down onto his ears. A dark jacket, hanging loose. A boathook held lightly as a staff. Smiling. How young he looks! Is it the light?

He greets me warmly, receives me as a close friend who has been away for no more than a season. His manner is quiet; gentle but assured; indeed, courtly. He introduces the boy, who smiles at me as though he knew me.

All of us together make the boat fast to the jetty. The two fishermen with whom I have come pick up their bundles. We say good night to them, and they take a path over the rocks, leading around the cove, and are lost in the darkness. The man and the boy and I climb by a different path, cut into the cliff, the boy going first, the man coming last, shining the light ahead for us. A long climb. The path winds and twists, until the only bearing that is left is the sound of the sea, gradually falling away, and at times that too seems to come from both sides at once, or cannot be heard clearly at all. There is nothing but the patch of light moving upward through the rocks, and the feet of the boy, under the night ahead of me, climbing, with the rest of him already in the dark.

At last the path levels off. We must have come to the top. The breeze is stronger, smelling of the summer sea. The man comes up beside us, and we stand still, looking out together into the night over the sea. I hear him laugh quietly, and he says "Look," and shines the light onto a small tree, gnarled and bent shoreward by the sea wind. He puts his hand on it, and I do the same. The rough bark feels human. It is hard to imagine how that one tree ever contrived to grow there. No way of telling how old it may be. I wonder whether he thinks I may remember it. I wonder whether I do. I try to discover whether it is familiar at all, try to imagine how it must look by daylight. All these years it has been growing there, until this moment. I ask him about the village along the coast, built on the cliffs out of the red stone, centuries ago, and already more than half abandoned when I knew it: the houses on the edge, year by year, stone by stone, subsiding, collapsing, slipping hundreds of feet into the sea. He says that it is still there. The cliff is still being eaten away from beneath, but houses standing some distance from the edge are still inhabited. As he talks he seems younger than ever: amused, and easy with his words. He says I will recognize the house. His house. On the rolling pastures inland from the cliffs. Not much has changed, he says. As he speaks, I remember it: the low roof set into the hill. Faint smoke whipping from the gray stone chimney in the glassy light—a memory from some bright windy evening. Voices of hunting swallows emerge from it, high and urgent. The boy is watching me. I wonder whether I am here.

Where we are standing (the man tells me, as though I would know the spot if I could see it) is the narrow place above the cove, where the cliff falls away on both sides. "Look," he says again, and taking my arm he leads me to the edge above the sea, and points downward with his light. "That's where the snow blows through the clefts from the north side, in the winter, and builds up on the ledges, so you can't tell which is snow and which are the nests of the gannets." I look over the edge. The sound of the swells suddenly is much louder, but the sea itself is out of sight, far below. Splashes of white gleam and tail away down the cliffs. Why does he want me to see the gannets' nests as though they might be snow? How could I ever have seen the snow there? It comes to me, as something that I had forgotten, that I have never been here in winter.

Having shown me, he turns the light back to the path, and we go on.

—W. S. MERWIN

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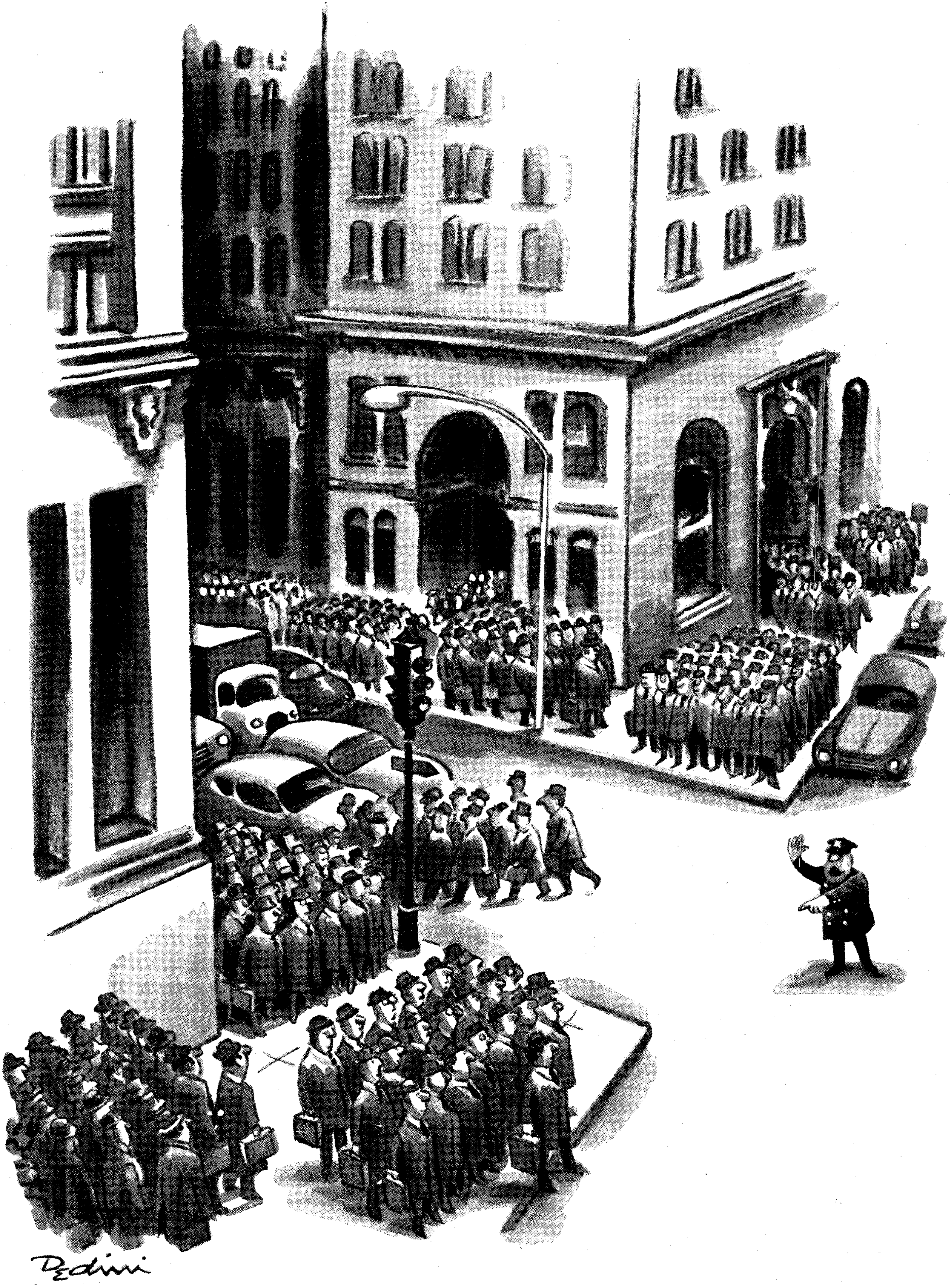
Q. I know the cost of electricity is high, but is it a good idea to let food cool completely before storing it in a refrigerator? Does the heat from uncooled food cause too much use of electrical energy otherwise? My mother-in-law tells me to cool food completely before refrigerating it, as something also happens to food put in the refrigerator when not cool. Which is the right method?

A. If you read my answer again, as it was quoted from a case history reported in the NFPA Fire Journal—the cause of the fire was the accidental contact of a blanket in that closet with the lighted electric bulb. But I have a report of a warehouse fire that was started because the lighted bulbs overheated the air in the top of the warehouse where certain flammable items were stored. The items proved to be self-igniting in a temperature above a certain degree—and the heat from the burning light bulbs caused the temperature to exceed that degree. It is simply a safe precaution—not to mention an economical practice—to not leave a light burning in any untended storage facility.—"*The Consumer's Question Box*" *in the Waco (Texas) Tribune-Herald.*

Next question.



*"O.K., now Reed, Bruno, Parker & Van Patten, Inc., followed by Hanover, Norris, Upham, Wallace & Peck."*

# OBSTRUCTION

I STEP into the elevator. It is an old elevator. One of the great old elevators. Bands of aggressive metal binding in pastels. The ascent is not quite smooth, but then in *those days* there was no emphasis on ascent itself—the novelty was enough. And the decoration. That incredible care. Smooth bands of chrome turning the corners (smoothing the angles into curves), providing just that *frisson* of claustrophobia sufficient to draw one's mind to the experience. None of that now, of course. None of that care. No understanding of the heavy colors. And all the trash asked to all the parties.

The elevator stops. By pulling apart the doors with all my force, I can see a reception area. The doors fly open. A receptionist is startled. She fingers her throat. She is wearing one of the new medic-alert necklaces. It spells out "Diabetes" in electroplate script. She recognizes me and smiles.

I enter the office of Morgan Aspair, the daughter of the legendary producer Hemming Aspair and herself a film entrepreneur. I just slip in and sit in the corner and don't say a word. Sometimes when I interview people, I go to the door and ring the bell and take out my pad and sit in an obvious chair and ask questions like "In trying to reach an opinion about the word 'feminine' versus the word 'feminist,' is there any contradiction in the fact that in your last film you play a very feminine woman—in the sense that she gives up her job in Legal Aid to go travelling around the country looking for a man—while in your personal life you continue to be identified with radical feminist causes?" Sometimes I do more in-depth work. On the tape recorder. Staying close to get the atmosphere, going through the open drawers, looking through the stubs. Sometimes I make a special arrangement.

Morgan, at this moment, is having trouble catching her breath. The feeling, I know, is of a small obstruction. Small in that she cannot be sure exactly where it is. Small in that she may be imagining it. She uses short, rapid intakes of breath. Into a rhythm, and then the obstruction (or the *sense* of the obstruction) lessens. Her left hand goes to her throat to feel the pulse there, and the rhythm of breathing. The charm bracelet on her left wrist makes small noises. I know that bracelet, from many days of slipping into this office and watching. Different charms from different times. A tiny gold cocktail shaker. A mustard seed encased in crystal. A replica of her father's house at the beach, done to scale. "The good times, the big times—the times with a gloss on them," as Morgan has said. Morgan takes one charm between the thumb and forefinger of her right hand: a tiny gold woman and tiny gold man. Morgan says, as though to herself, "Look. The woman has rolled stockings. The man has anklets. Who would have the fineness to understand that now? The subtlety?" She pauses. Possibly so that I can catch up, although she pretends not to notice that I am taking notes. Morgan and I have one of the special arrangements.

Morgan drops the charm and brings the index finger of her right hand to the telephone on her desk. The telephone dial makes little *skew* sounds under the pressure of her finger. It is a familiar pattern of sounds—evidence of a call to Vanessa, her sister, in New York. Morgan holds the receiver in the air—perhaps so I can hear. Vanessa's phone rings and rings.

I put my right hand into the right front pocket of my trousers. Making almost no sound, I touch a newspaper clipping I have placed there. With only a slight rustle, I bring the clipping from my pocket. It is a clipping from the "Billy Whisper" column:

"*Vanessa Aspair* sits by her phone, lets it ring and ring, *just won't take her sister's calls*. Billy Whisper didn't want to tell. . . . Billy Whisper tried to keep it quiet. . . . Billy Whisper *couldn't like it more*."

Then Morgan says, "Billy Whisper is such a vicious, vicious liar. Billy Whisper is such filthy, filthy scum. I could see Billy Whisper with his teeth pushed down his throat." I replace the clipping in my pocket. Immediately Morgan is less tense, experiences less stress. Our communication is that close. "Columnists used to have such style," she says. "All my little birthday parties. All the people who came. In the columns, *always*." I notice a little hesitation in Morgan's voice. This means that she wants to know if I am in the mood to have her talk about all the old columns, all those great old items. I keep a certain silence, and Morgan senses that we should talk less about the great old columns and more about Vanessa just at this moment.

She takes a little pause, time enough for a small shift in emphasis, time enough to evade the obstruction in her throat. Then she says, "Vanessa was in the columns, naturally. But *less often*. Mentioned in the *lists*. Filling out the room. Coming in later. It wasn't her fault, of course. At least, not at first. But she *was* stingy in her affections—Daddy thought so, too—and resentful. Because I won the Dream Search when I was fourteen. Because I had blond hair falling straight down my back. Because I said 'You and what army?' to Jimmy Cagney in such a cute way when I was six that he gave me a whole little army of marzipan soldiers—which were *lead*, actually, with a thin layer of marzipan over the metal, *which I knew*, but which came as a surprise to Vanessa when she tried to steal some of my soldiers and *bit into them* and ended up in a situation where she had to have a lot of work done in her mouth. And resentful because I was so close to Daddy. Always so close to Daddy."

Morgan turns back to the work on her desk. There are some scripts on her desk, and three manila folders. She works with the scripts, arranging them in a way I understand. All at once she takes a piece of paper from one of the folders and places it *on top of* the folder. Sometimes when Morgan does this, it means that she wants me to look at the piece of paper in-

volved if I can do it without her catching me. I move forward in my chair. After a few moments, I stand up. I take one step. I can read the word "Daddy" on the folder tab. I take two steps. I can read every word on the paper. It is a letter from Alice Rice:

> Your father was a terribly attractive man. Terribly attractive to women. If he spilled wine on your dress, or pinched you till you bruised, or did anything difficult, he sent flowers the next day, *always*. He was a gentleman. One is shy about saying that nowadays, but that was the truth of it. I remember once at my house (it was Bel Air, I think, before we moved to the beach—I don't know where you were, but not there—maybe away at school?) I was a little upset. I was upset, frankly, because I lost the lead in "Designing Woman" to Betty Bacall, who was fabulous in the part and who had a name that rhymed in the way the *promotion people* wanted—I don't know if you remember the slogan but it was "Peck and Bacall, and That's Not All!"—and, of course, now I'm thrilled that she got to play it, but *then*, to be honest, I was a little upset. And your father just looked at me—that *look* of his, all those disfigurements momentarily effaced—and he looked straight at me—I remember it perfectly—and he said, "Hell, Mouse, I'll get you the part." That tough-guy voice, you see. Hiding the real manners. Very attractive. Of course, he never did a thing about it. Not even a phone call. But the *gesture*, you see. And, of course, he adored you. All those lots on Melrose Avenue he gave you. And the airplane hangar, or *what was that?*

Morgan twists her body to the right, away from me, using her left elbow as a pivot. Then she slides her elbow and lower arm very slightly in my direction. Morgan has moved another letter toward me, *as though by accident*. Once the letter is within my view, Morgan lifts her arm and turns her back. The letter is from Jimmy Boam:

> Your father was a very charming person despite some problems. Your father was terrified, certainly, but he had great style. I remember once when he was coming back from Honolulu (this was before he became so terrified of travel) and we were together on one of those big Matson Line steamers that used to have so much style, and he began to cry and cry and cry in the little ship's library (which was done in blond veneer, the kind we used to think was so attractive!—which I threw out of the Brentwood house, finally, six or seven years ago, the blond veneer stuff that I had, just before it came back in style!) and I thought, Here we go again, but he pulled himself together in time for drinks. That was just before I did "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" with Jimmy Stewart.

Morgan turns around in her seat. She faces me directly, which is rarely done under the terms of our special arrangement. "We had it all," she says violently. "All that *style*."

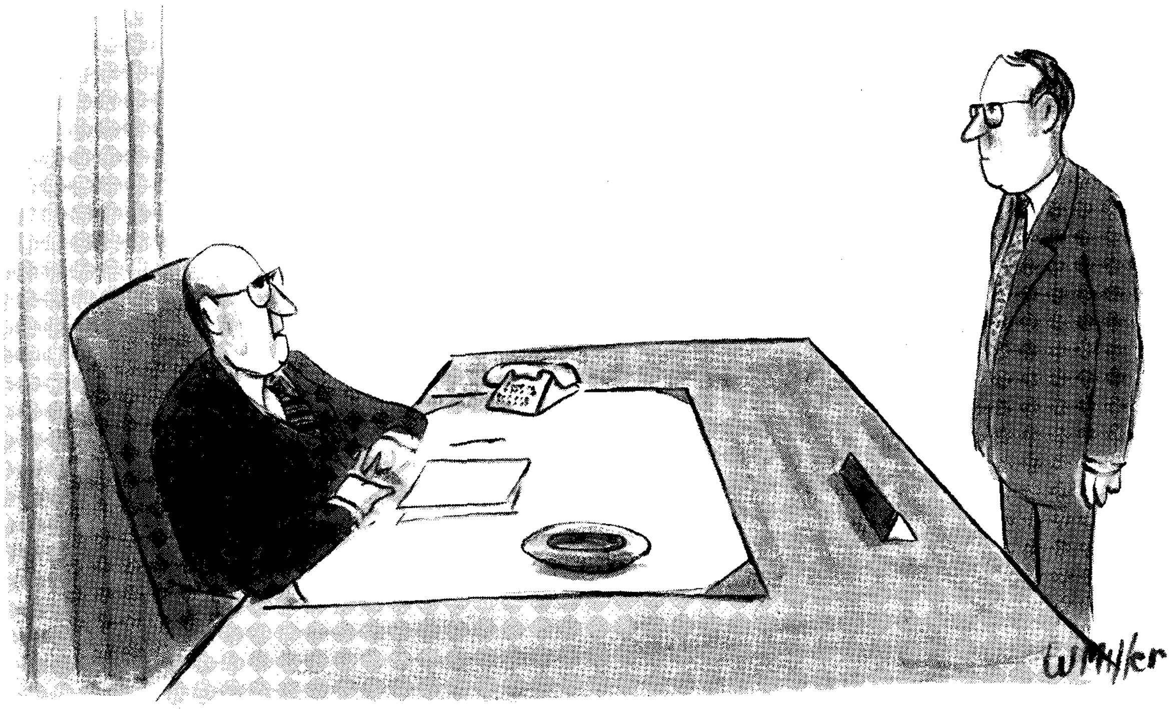
As she turns away, I notice a crumpled piece of paper on the floor. I pick it up. Taking infinite pains, I open it, smoothing one wrinkle at a time, doing the loud parts during those moments when Morgan herself has made a noise. It is the last page of a handwritten letter. At the top of the page there is a simple engraved line: "From the Desk of Mr. Romino." Underneath this there is a vivacious logo, reading "Paul Romino's Vine Room." I know that logo—of course I do. It spread all over the Vine Room: on those giant menus, on the individual signs at each table, which were meant to be stolen and the cost of which was figured into the cover charge, which was stiff. I read the writing on the page:

> Later, perhaps, not so good. But you remember the birthday party—was it perhaps for *you*? In *your* honor? When he put your head in the cake and held it down until the Turkish men who kept the towels in the bathroom grabbed his arms and pinned them behind his back? Was this, perhaps, about the time "So Glad" was such a large success? That amusing show about competition among resorts?

MORGAN leaves the building. I follow at a distance. On the street, I see her in her new Buick, parked at the curb. I take a newspaper from a dispensing machine at the corner and move casually down the street past Morgan's Buick. I notice that the rear door on the curb side has been left unlocked. I open the door and enter the car. The car pulls into traffic. Morgan drives with great energy and distinction. She slips an eight-track tape into the machine. For a few moments there is music: snippets of "If You Need Me," by Wilson Pickett, and "Funny," by Maxine Brown, for instance. Making as little noise as possible, I open the newspaper to the "Billy Whisper" column. The third item says:

"*Vanessa Aspair* won't pick up her sister's calls, and will make her own deal at Paramount, taking her mastectomy script with her. Billy Whisper

*Spring Rite*



*"Burmeister, I understand you wear a jaunty hat. I'm considering purchasing something along those lines, and I wonder if you'd be kind enough to fetch yours and put it on for me."*

ought to keep it quiet. . . . Billy Whisper ought to look the other way. . . . But Billy Whisper *couldn't like it more.*"

Morgan has the sense of a small obstruction in her throat. She puts her left hand to the top of her throat and tries to establish a rhythm of breathing. Then she brings her left hand down to the steering wheel, and with the index finger of her right hand she changes the program on the tape. I hear her voice on the new program—something she has recorded. At the same time, I hear the small gasps she makes, live, as she seeks to establish a helpful rhythm of breathing. On the tape, the voice of Morgan says, "*That day*." There is a pause. I sit silently in my seat. We drive past Costello's, which was the first drive-in restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard. In that great nineteen-fifties style.

"*That day*," Morgan's voice says again on the tape. "Daddy picked me up at school, in the Buick. 'Up for a spin, Doll?' was the way he put it. Jaunty, always.

"The Buick was a Roadmaster convertible, with four portholes on the side. Daddy pointed to the portholes. Daddy said, 'Did you ever notice that when you buy the cheapest Buick, you get only three? Did you notice that when you move up to the next class, you still get only three? And in the next class, still only three? *You got to go all the way to the top of the line to get that fourth porthole, Doll.*'

"*That day*. We stopped at a roadside restaurant, Daddy and I. Inside, it was all red. Red checked oilcloth had been glued to the hatch doors where the different flavors of ice cream were kept. Beverages were served in big tumblers of red glass. We sat in a booth. What did we talk about that day? Daddy had a million plans. 'Rendez-Vous' was a smash hit, and he wanted to take it on tour—not with Minnah Murray, who was the star, but with Alice Rice. He wanted Minnah to stay in New York and go into rehearsal with 'Gale Force Winds,' a calypso musical. On the personal side there were some problems. I think we talked about my brother, Mike, who had run away from the Sledge School to join Castro in Cuba but who had had an attack of poor nerves in Florida and was resting in Orlando. I think we talked about Mother, who had been arrested for 'lawning'—driving her powerful Chevrolet station wagon deep into the newly planted lawns of twenty or thirty suburban homes. Daddy was full of energy and wit and affection. What Vanessa has called 'the magic of Daddy.'

"Unfortunately, I got carried away and brought up the troublesome issue of spending Christmas and New Year's at home instead of under supervision. Daddy just looked at me. 'You know that's my pet peeve, Doll—all that stuff,' he said. I smiled and slipped one of the big red tumblers into my lap."

Morgan changes the program on the tape:

"*Mother*. Mother in red. Mother whipping the red checked cloth off the table in the Bel Air 'Play House' to play like a bandit. Just her eyes peeking over the cloth. Flashing eyes—like a bandit. No one could amuse like Mother. But forgetful, sometimes. Tying Mike up and putting him in the sports closet (where there was every kind of thing—the big croquet mallets from England, those wickets made from the good heavy wire, the *good* birdies for badminton) and leaving him there for the weekend when she meant it to be just until the end of a screening. And *aggressive*. When she walked into the tack room and saw Daddy with Lilly Landa, when she saw that Daddy had his tongue in Lilly Landa's ear, she got into the Chevrolet and drove to West Hollywood, where Lilly lived, and killed all of Lilly Landa's dogs. Twelve of them. Those cocker spaniels people used to have. Beautiful. But high-strung. So different from the Mother the public knew in 'Pleasure Craft' and 'Signal Me' and 'The Roentgen Story.' "

This is new material. Morgan has held my interest. She turns off the machine so I can catch up.

THE car stops for a traffic light. I notice a man in a vulgar car. After the light changes, the vulgar car keeps pace with our Buick. Morgan looks straight ahead. I look straight ahead. Then the vulgar car *squeezes left* so that we are forced to stop. I look straight ahead. However, I sense that the man has approached our car. "May I see your license and registration?" the man asks. Morgan looks over at him. I look over. I see that the man is Johnny Taffe, new head of production at Universal, where Morgan was going to have her own deal. Quickly, I turn away and look straight ahead. Morgan continues to look at Johnny Taffe. He has tricked her. In terms of body movement and eye contact, and in terms of modifying another person's response to conform with one's expectations and interests, he has won. At the moment of his maximum energy output he throws three scripts through the front window of the Buick on the passenger side.

"Sorry, sweetie, I have to pass on these," he says. "The one in the green cover didn't have a hook; the one in the red cover didn't have a part; the one in the brown cover just didn't get me off." He goes back to his car and calls over his shoulder, "Not that I have to give my reasons."

## ODE TO LANDSCAPE

"O beautiful for specious skies," you
Sang, as if to laugh off what is so
Serious about space
Of this kind: that in it

There occur evidences which clouds
Come to witness, gathering with more
Than curiosity
To read their own shadows

Mottling tawny acres of stubble
With purpling tones, but staying to see
More than they had crowded
Into a picture for—

The whole reasonable world, the wide
Kingdom of all middle distances.
The Dutch who depicted
Their dinners against a

Sacramental black background had sky
Enough to give away; but their gray
Hopeful clouds seemed to catch
Doubt from the ground's places,

Where nothing much happens but shadows.
But that is right, in a world whose heights
Are joined to their baseness
Like sky glued to the ground

Here in this picture, or that picture.
The matter of the starry skies and
The great Word they entail,
As eyes lower in praise

Toward textural ground, or turn inward,
Is not at issue in painted clouds.
No: the lesson learned is
An introduction to

Radiance, the early paradigms
Of the distinct, whether brushed up from
Surroundings, or ruled by
Stern lines, no matter how

Bending. And, the lesson learned, we move
Beyond the picture plain to fancy
Spaces and colors that
Inhere in things, not light

—And therefore I should come
Down to your raw countryside of corn
And stone barns to see you,
I think, in a few days.

—JOHN HOLLANDER

* * *

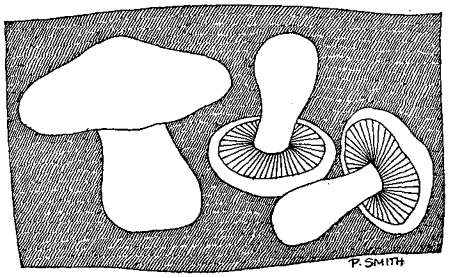
SOMETIMES when Morgan is a little upset, she drives past her lots. Morgan owns land on Melrose Avenue. She drives past her lots now. She toots her horn as we go by. Then she stops the car, gets out, and goes to a telephone booth. Out of respect for her privacy I stay in the car.

Morgan has turned the eight-track tape machine back on, out of consideration for me. But it is an old program. One I know by heart. About the columns. About the winter of 1955, when Hemming Aspair took her off sedation. Took her out on the town for two months and then dropped her cold. "That blonde that Hemming Aspair took nightclubbing—to the Blue Boat, to the Big Ball Club, to Jamey Torey Fortune's—was *me*," Morgan's voice says. "Morgan, just ten, took his calls, sipped from his drink, checked his new gray hat."

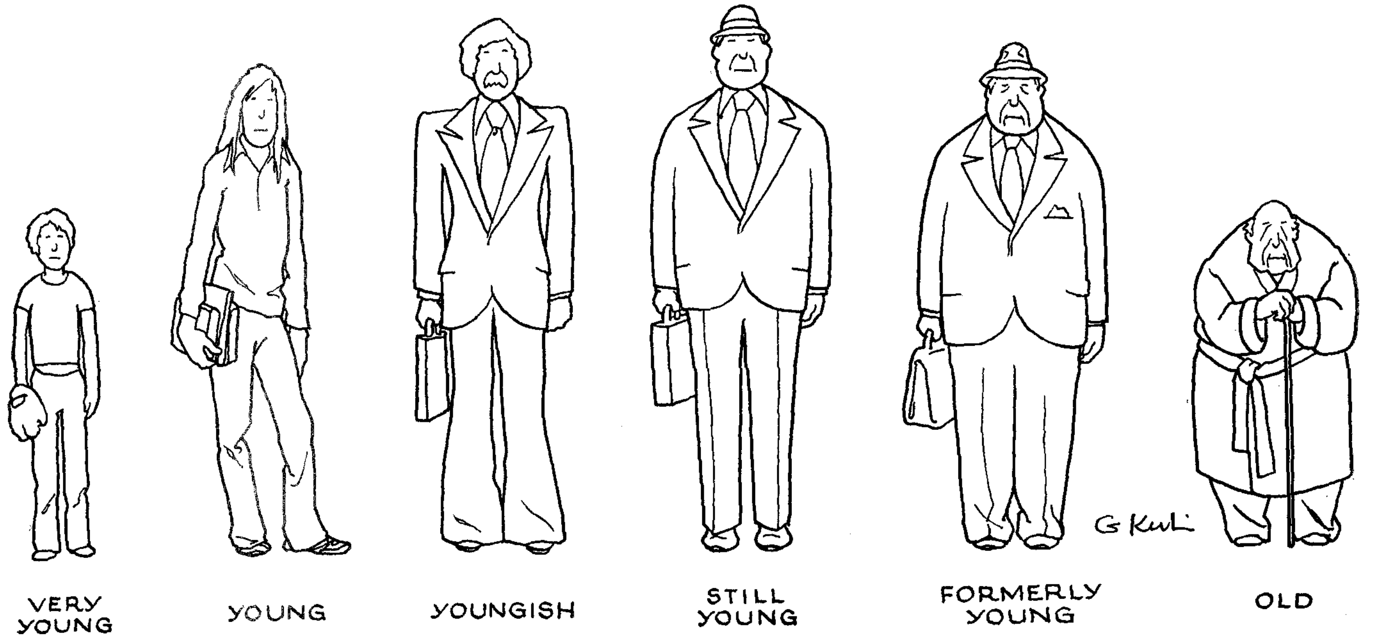
Reaching over the front seat, I hit the program button and interrupt Morgan's voice. Sometimes when Morgan begins to talk *too much* (live or on tape)—about the great old night clubs, the columns, and so forth—I get a little edgy and we have to switch topics.

The topic on the new program has to do with real estate, which suits my mood better. "Daddy gave me different kinds of property for tax reasons sometimes," Morgan's voice says on the tape. "Mary Ann, Daddy's secretary, would call and say could I sign some papers, and I'd go into the office, and Mary Ann would say, 'Here and here and here,' and I'd sign. Then she'd tell me what it was. I got the lots on Melrose that way, and an antique shop, and a percentage of 'Pleasure Craft,' and part ownership of an airplane hangar. One time I tried to take a few friends from my Attention Group to see the airplane hangar, but we couldn't find it, so I took them by the lots on Melrose Avenue instead. That was a bad time, because it frightened Daddy when I mentioned it and he wouldn't speak to me for several months. Some years later, over drinks, he explained that the airplane hangar was more of an airplane hangar *on paper* than it was an actual building. I said I was sorry that I had done something to frighten him, but that just made him angry."

I watch Morgan in the telephone booth. I can tell that the sense of obstruction has become more powerful. Her mouth is open, but her lips do not move. My reading of her total physical stance is that she is gasping, not having a telephone conversation. When she returns to the car, she is shaking very slightly. She takes the car into traffic and with her right index finger changes the program on the tape machine.



"*That day*," says her voice on tape. "That day, in the roadside restaurant, Daddy got very excited and made promise after promise. He promised me a spot on 'Wisecrack Alley'—a popular television show during the nineteen-fifties, where precocious children tried to 'top' professional entertainers. He promised to let me wear more suggestive clothing. I was very happy. The waitress saw that we were having a good time and said that we looked nice together. The afternoon sun was coming in through the windows, which had red curtains. Two very fat people were sitting together, laughing and laughing. I looked at them. Daddy said something I didn't hear, and I said, 'What?' Then Daddy got angry and said the whole day was spoiled. I said I was very sorry. When I said that, Daddy got madder, because what I had said seemed to be an implied criticism. The fat people looked over. Then the waitress came up and said not to worry, because Daddy was always teasing but he meant well. Daddy was silent almost all the way back to school. The only thing he said was 'You can forget about "Wisecrack Alley," Doll,



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embarrassing me that way in front of strangers.' "

Morgan changes the program on the tape. The next program is Bad Charley singing "Turn to the Ladies." She changes the program again.

"My charm bracelet," Morgan's voice says on the tape. "The top hat and the mustard seed. Daddy gave me the mustard seed—'For good luck, Doll,' he said. I stole the top hat from Van Cleef's on a spree with Jimmy Furdar, Kay Triyn, and Marty Rupp at a time when the Hollywood crowd cared about nothing but shoplifting."

Morgan turns off the tape machine. She looks at me in the rearview mirror. Eye contact is unusual under the terms of our special arrangement.

"I called Vanessa," Morgan says. "She didn't pick up. I called her service, and they said she's at home but isn't picking up. Then I called my service, and they said that Vanessa left a message not to bother to call, because she has her own deal with Paramount."

Morgan lowers her eyes and turns the tape machine back on. She drives with great intensity.

"*Daddy*," Morgan's voice says on the tape. "The night he told me that he and Mother were getting a divorce, he pulled out a pistol. He aimed right at me and pulled the trigger, but all it did was go *click*. 'Just another misfire, Doll,' Daddy said."

WE head toward Pasadena. Sometimes when Morgan is very upset, she takes us to Pasadena to see "Dolly" Madison, her father's best friend and for years the top gossip columnist in the country—not just for the Hollywood trash but for the real social crowd. Dolly comes from a very fine family and grew up in a famous house on the North Shore of Long Island, but when the zoning was overthrown, he moved West. He gave up his daily column when he moved, but he continues to write a monthly roundup for *SnoWest Leisure*, a very influential magazine distributed free at ski resorts. In some ways, Morgan is closer to Dolly Madison than to anyone else, maybe because he seems to belong to another world—her father's world, where style and class counted for something.

The tires of our Buick make a noise on the bluestone of Dolly's driveway. Dolly has the *good* bluestone, and the noise is luxurious. The door is opened by an impeccable Irish maid in a starched uniform trimmed with lace. I look just below her lace collar (because I know to look there), and I see the tiny legend "Property of Universal Players." It is Dolly's whim that his servants should come from cancelled television series. He pays close attention to the ratings and hovers around marginal shows in a way that producers find unnerving.

The maid shows us to the patio, where Dolly is sitting in a little wrought-iron chair in front of a wrought-iron table, upon which tea things have been laid. Dolly is the last person in Los Angeles to have tea every afternoon. On the table there is an arrangement of the most delicious-looking cakes and cookies. Pastries stuffed with the richest cream and chocolate, tiny shells filled with fresh, fresh berries, and scones made with the finest ingredients. This is terribly generous of Dolly, because he can't keep a thing down, himself, and lives on artificial nutrients.

"Now, darling, I want *all* your news," Dolly says, his small hand on Morgan's sleeve. Morgan does not bring up Vanessa's deal with Paramount. She tells him about one or two problems her daughter, Clarke, thirteen, is having keeping her hands to herself, and about a project that is very important to her—a remake of "Rampant," her father's picture about alcoholism in the legal profession, updated to encompass drug abuse.

"But, of course, 'Rampant' was not a success," Dolly says. "I mean, when your father did it. Have one of those delicious little chocolate cakes."

Morgan takes a chocolate cake and explains that she wants to do her "Rampant" remake as a *tribute* to her father.

"Now, *that's* sweet," Dolly says. He looks closely at her chocolate cake. "Maybe I'll just have a small bite," he says.

"What went wrong, Dolly?" Morgan asks suddenly. "We had everything."

"Wrong?" Dolly says. "Nothing went wrong. It's just the same as ever. You *still* have everything." He makes a small sound and removes the bite of cake from his mouth. "The truth of it is," he says, "I can't keep a thing down."

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

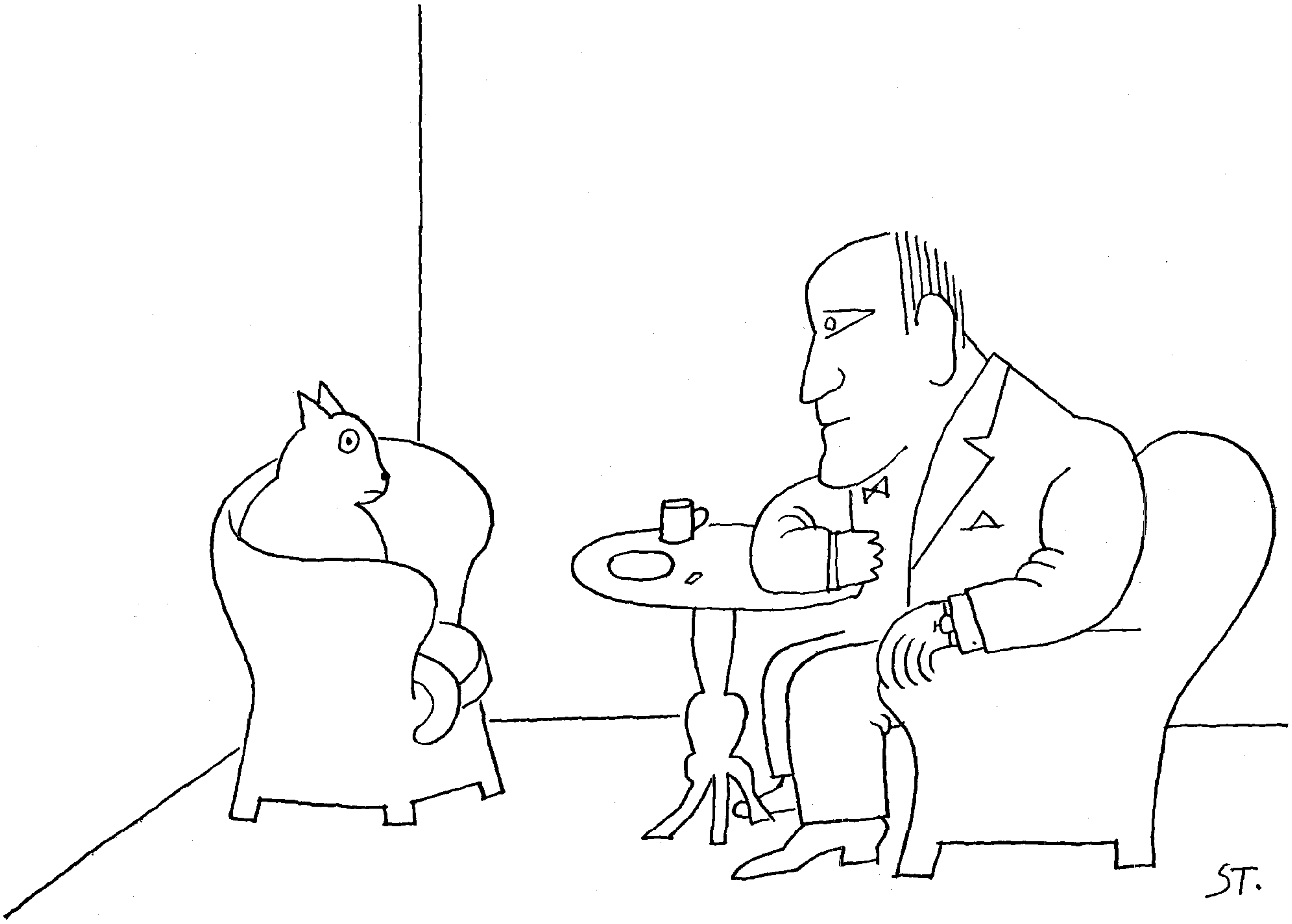
•

LARGE dog needs home fixed, free.
—*Adv. in the West Los Angeles Independent.*

Let him ask for a second mortgage, like anyone else.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## GETTING THROUGH TO THE OTHERS—II



IN Petoskey, Michigan, one early-winter day a number of months ago, I found David McKelvey and his family in an unexpected flurry of packing, for they had just heard that they were going to the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, for two years.

"It suddenly came up," said McKelvey, a tall, rangy man with a beard, which did little to make him look older than his age—thirty-six. McKelvey had been described to me as a man with an incredible talent for talking with birds and animals, and, in the course of research I was doing on communication by and among various species, I had tracked him down through pet shops, Humane Society offices, and zoos where he had worked in the past few years. Now it looked as if I might have been too late. In a downstairs room of his house, while he talked with me, his wife, Linda, and their small daughter, Jessica, took over the task of packing.

"The World Wildlife people, the International Council for Bird Preservation, and the New York Zoological Society have jointly asked me to try to save two species of birds in Mauritius which are threatened with extinction," McKelvey explained to me. "It's the most critical endangered-species program for birds that's ever been undertaken: the captive breeding and, we hope, successful restoration to the wild of the very small remnant population of the Mauritius kestrel, which is a small falcon indigenous to the island of Mauritius—a beautiful little tan-and-black-spotted bird that looks very much like the kestrel of North America, what we call a sparrow hawk—and the Mauritian pink pigeon. That's a large, beautiful pink bird. There are reported to be only twelve of them left."

Our talk was nearly drowned out at times by bursts of song from a small purplish bird with an orange belly who hopped and fluttered in a cage that took up almost the entire wall along the window side of the room. Inside the cage was a tree of respectable size.

"What kind of bird is that in the cage?" I asked. "It sounds like a blue jay, but it doesn't look like one."

McKelvey said proudly, "Oh, Sam can sing any song he wants. He's a shama thrush, from India—a species that's very good at picking up sounds, just like our mockingbirds. In fact, this thrush and the lyrebird of Australia are the best mimics we have in the bird world. Sam will imitate anything he hears if he likes it. We have a couple of young wild dogs from Southeast Asia, and when they were pups he picked up their sounds, so accurately sometimes you'd swear there was a dog in the house. Would you like to see the dogs?" He hurried out through the back door and headed for a maze of barns and outhouses, and meanwhile Mrs. McKelvey and I discussed the school prospects for their daughter in Mauritius. Two small grayish, rough-coated dogs came rushing in and greeted me with unusual ebullience, leaping as high as my face, over and over.

McKelvey followed them in and stood watching them proudly. "They want you to regurgitate food," he explained. "That's the way they nourish themselves, like wolf cubs. Come on." And he swept the dogs out again, then returned carrying a bird. "Here, come over here where we still have somewhere to sit," he said to me.

I had just settled on the sofa with notebook and pencil when he put the bird, a vividly colored diminutive rooster, down on the notebook. It immediately flapped its wings and crowed. "There," said McKelvey. "Isn't he something? That's an Indian jungle fowl, which is to say, the ancestor of all the barnyard fowl you've ever known or seen anywhere in the world. Beautiful, isn't he?"

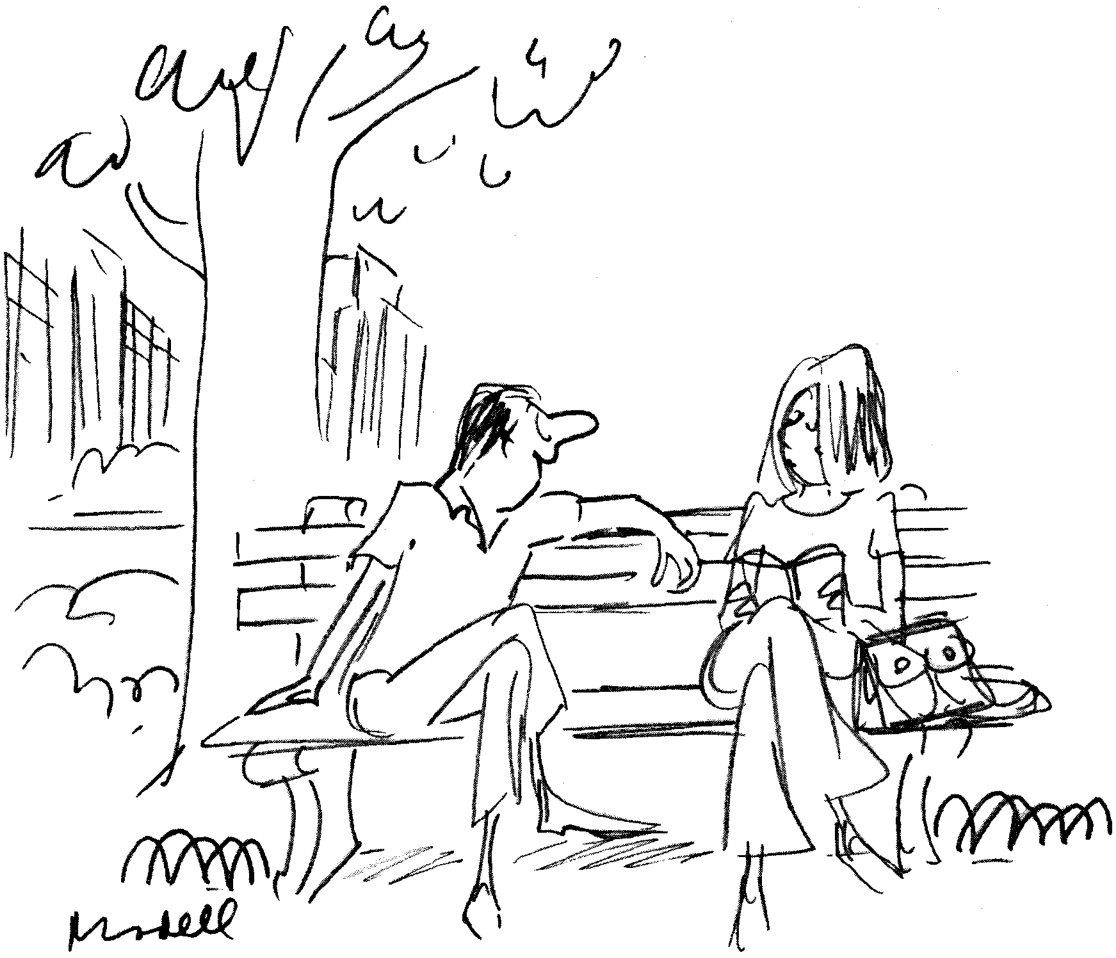
The rooster crowed, and crowed again, then flapped over to a nearby table, where McKelvey captured him and carried him out. The room was quiet until the thrush began to sing again—a new song, which bubbled and ran like a brook, and continued until McKelvey returned.

His interest in natural history began, he said, when he was a boy in Youngstown, Ohio, and spent a lot of time in his grandmother's front yard—a jungly sort of place, full of flowers and plants she loved. David liked to study the insects and pond life he found there. His grandmother was shocked and disgusted by the larvae and snails and slugs he collected and boasted about, but his grandfather contributed to his training by taking him fishing. Once, his grandfather helped him rescue and cure and release a crippled baby marten. When David's parents moved to Cleveland, his grandfather presented him with a pair of bantam chickens, and he has descendants of those bantams today.

"Grandfather was always the one to help me see what was under a rotten log, or explore a bird's nest," he said. "His primary interest, as far as animals went, was in hunting and eating them, but he helped me to develop. I've always been interested in animals, and even before I knew what it was called, I cared about behavior. I would spend hours and days lying hidden to watch a pair of pigeons building a nest, copulating, raising their young. I was always asking questions, some of which my mother didn't approve of, about why animals do what they do. I loved to communicate with animals, not from the Alice in Wonderland or Bambi standpoint but by actually eliciting responses from them by mimicking their vocal or physical actions. As I grew up, to the consternation of my teachers I spent more time in the woods and fields studying the animals than in the classroom or at home doing my schoolwork, and I didn't have many friendships with the students except for one boy who shared my interest in animals—he works at the Smithsonian now."

After McKelvey had spent one year at Kent State University, he was offered a job as gamekeeper—or, rather, aviculturist—for a millionaire who had a collection of wild waterfowl and was much interested in the conservation of these birds. The work could not have been more to McKelvey's taste. He was able to study and breed a large number of species, including the paradise shelduck, the European shelduck, and the mandarin duck as well as some of the more common species, including mallards. Then McKelvey moved on to an Ohio wildlife center, where he was the staff naturalist—a lovely place, he said, with acres of forest trail and a number of animals, both local and imported. He learned there to give lectures to visitors, especially school and Audubon groups, on the flora and fauna. Military service now intervened, but as soon as McKelvey's tour of duty was over he became assistant curator of birds at the Columbus Zoological Gardens, developing, cataloguing, and breeding what he called a very nice collection of birds until, as only too often happens in American zoos, a political upheaval unseated a number of employees. McKelvey was one of those who suffered. He moved on to the Cleveland Museum of Natural History, where he had reasonable success in making a collection of owls, and had a nice lot of waterfowl.

"I was with them for almost three years, and in that time I became somewhat known as a lecturer," McKelvey said. "I appeared on the 'Today Show' with Hugh Downs about seven times in eight months. I was on the Johnny Carson 'Tonight Show,' too. I gave up my work at the Cleveland Museum to talk here and there about animal behavior, primarily bird behavior. But I got awfully tired of trying to find accommodations where I could keep with me a Canada goose, a dingo, and a great horned owl, all in one room, and after about three years I decided to get out of that line of work. Temporarily, I took a job in Naples, Florida, as a trainer of performing birds, and then I went to Elgin, Illinois, as foreman of the Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation Game Farm. Around then, I was about to have my own first hatchling in



*"What a coincidence! I couldn't help noticing you're reading a book I was thinking of reading myself."*

# WISH GRANTED

You said, I will go to another land, I will go to another sea.—*Cavafy.*

Far city, agora and games and temple
seen clear and whole only from this distance,
what figure threads your gleaming maze
foreshortened in strong sunlight?

In the guise of an office worker
I took the bus back to the coast each evening.
Darkness rose from the Royal Gardens
lit in flares by peanut venders' fires;
couples spooned in the gloom;
gardeners resembled monkeys under palm trees.

Now the mask falls. Cloud shadows mark these hills.
Green, green:
back in the treeland I want sea again.

In any landscape you will be the same,
life-size, a woman using this place up.
You say you're tired of azure skies?
So be it. Roll of thunder!
Subaqueous light. Racing over a hayfield
you skid on wet grass, kick the bales downhill.
It may not all get in before the sky cracks.
Over a dead elm, lightning.
Wide, cool, sweet smell after weeks of drought.

It is not the rain, it is the idea of home.
Let it end here if it has to,
the pattern be lopped off with one hot jolt,
scorching silence,
and the wide hayfield tilting.

—RACHEL HADAS

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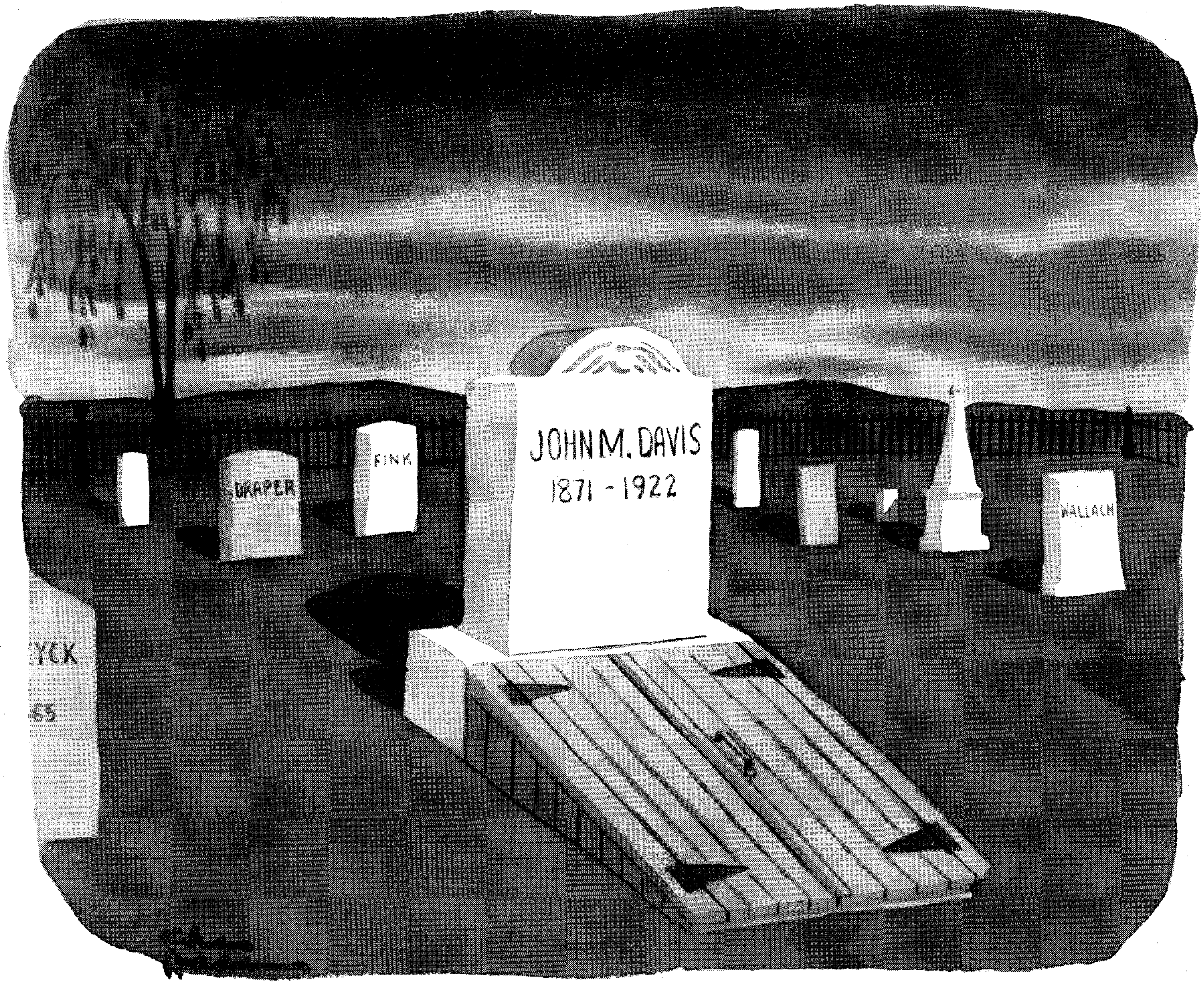
the nest, and there wasn't really much time to devote to being a family man when I had been asked to be on twenty-four-hour duty or find another job. Much as I liked that group of birds, I found another job. But, luckily, that job was with birds, too, at the Sedgwick Studio, in Chicago, an establishment that deals in rare birds from around the world. I stayed with Sedgwick for a while. Then the old spirit of adventure got the better of me again. Some rich ad-agency types—I called them rich hippies—decided they would like to develop a commune farm in Wisconsin. They would grubstake me to the farm, and they would use it as a weekend crash pad, where they could come and stare groggily into the distance. It really made a nice place to visit, but I didn't want to live there, because we became a kind of way station for all the hippies in the country on their way to and from California."

Sam was singing something new. I wanted to ask what it was, but McKelvey continued, on a fresh breath, "From Wisconsin, I went back to the Chicago area, much as I disliked the idea, to work for Noah's Ark Pet Center, the largest pet store in the country, at Elk Grove Village. My job was to take charge of the birds and also to keep an eye on the smaller animals, such as the reptiles. The experience, with the tremendous waste of animal life, especially among birds and reptiles being shipped from abroad, became so intolerable to me that after a two-year stint I decided to do some penance for my sins and came here to Petoskey as director of the Emmet County Humane Society, which is what I've been doing lately. And now I'm embarking on the pink pigeon and the Mauritius kestrel. Which brings me pretty well up to date. Now, what did you want to ask me about?"

"Interspecific communication," I said, referring to instances I had heard about when animals of one species became confused in their communications, and hence their relations, with other creatures not of their kind.

He repeated the phrase "interspecific communication" thoughtfully, then said, "Yes, it happens, especially in extraordinary circumstances. You see, a lot of times the specific releaser mechanisms that normally prevent hybridization will actually forward hybridization possibilities when birds are raised in isolation from their own kind, or even in mixed broods. One of the things the waterfowl-propagation people found out years ago is that even though it's easier to take some young Canada geese and young snow geese and young wood ducks and young teal, say, and put them all in one brooder and bring them up together, they may grow up to be perfectly healthy animals, but they don't necessarily identify with the proper species at mating time." He continued, "With isolation, you can do very strange things to the mating processes of a bird. There was a time I had a European greylag goose. I was very busy, and there was nowhere to raise the gosling, so I kept it in a wire cage, with a coffee can for food and another coffee can for water. As the bird matured, I put the food and water into galvanized pails, and added a large galvanized washtub for the bird to swim in. I didn't have much time to spend with him, just saw that he had food and water and a clean cage, and he was a loner for his first three years. When he was three years old and it was time to choose a mate, he ignored another greylag goose that I had provided him with, a very willing and attractive young female, and decided that he would pair up with his washtub. I took the washtub and got rid of it, and buried a wading pool in his cage, and the only other galvanized lover he could find was the garbage can. He paired up with the garbage can and remained mated to it for three years. He would defend it during the mating season, and run back to it and display in the triumph ceremony (a sort of mating dance of the greylag goose) and cackle to it, and when it was time for mating he would climb on it. Whenever the garbage men came to take it out and empty it, he would fly at them and attack them until they brought it back. Finally, I left a note on the garbage can asking the men to carry it off, as it had outlived its usefulness. When the goose saw his garbage can loaded on the truck and flattened in the crusher, he was so irate that he slipped out and followed the truck down the street for a couple of blocks, until he was killed in the traffic.



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It goes to show how you can radically change an animal's behavior during the early period of its growth and development. He would never react to greylag calls or even to females, but if you'd just rattle a piece of metal he would immediately act as if there were another greylag calling him in the distance.

"If you raise snow geese with mallards, sooner or later one of the snow ganders will mate with a mallard, female *or* male, because once a goose gets into its head that an object of its affection is to be its mate, nothing deflects it. Satisfaction of its sexual desires has nothing to do with it. For six years, a male snow goose I had considered himself mated to a mallard male and followed him around, even though the mallard had no use for him and always repulsed his advances, and, for that matter, had a female mate of his own. It was as if a cord held the snow goose to the mallard. The female mallard had no objection to this snow-goose uncle, because he defended the mating site with such vigor that no raccoons or cows or rats would dare to disturb it. And the snow goose got the added stimulus every year of helping to raise a brood. When he was penned for six months with a female snow goose, completely out of sight and hearing of mallard ducks, he got along with her beautifully, but on his release he immediately went to the side of his mallard mate of the year before. Sentiment and sexual gratification have nothing in common—at least, in geese. Jack Miner, of the Jack Miner Migratory Bird Sanctuary, in Kingsville, Ontario, used to tell of a Canada gander who was mated to a female and had raised young for several years. She was mortally wounded by a volley of shot and fell into a cow pasture, and Miner picked her up and carried her under his arm to a cowshed, where he was going to do an autopsy later. The gander followed, watching carefully to see what was going to happen to his mate. Miner went into the cowshed and shut the gander out, then later he went out by another door. Later, he came back to let out the cow, and the gander was still waiting. The gander immediately paired up with the cow, and remained faithful to her until the cow was sent to the butcher, some ten years later. The cow tolerated the gander, and even seemed to look for him when he wasn't there, but, of course, there was no sexual gratification going on. The gander was very, very protective of the cow every time she calved, and acted just as he would have about a goose when she had goslings.

"There are even records of an Egyptian goose—which, of course, isn't really a true goose but is more closely related to the shelduck—who paired up with a human child, and defended that child against the attack of a savage dog, losing its own life in the act. It's interesting to what lengths this imprinting will go. Naturally, young snow geese, say, if they're brought up by their parents and with the brood, all their lives are attached only to other snow geese. I had a snow gander who refused for two years—when I had no other snow geese around—to mate with a white domestic goose called an Embden, until I painted her primary feathers black and put a black grin patch on her bill. Suddenly, she was transformed from the ugly cleaning lady into a beautiful goddess, and he took her immediately and remained mated with her even though she molted back into her everyday plumage within a few months. It took that releasing mechanism to remind him that she was indeed a goose.

"I had a pair of swing pouter pigeons that wouldn't mate; he was dark and she was white. The male had a gay relationship with his brother, and would pay no attention to the female until I took her and washed her with Ivory Snow to get the natural oil off her feathers, and, with India ink, painted the ends of her feathers black, in the pattern of his brother. He took to her within a few hours then, and they remained together even when she returned to her original color. These animals have instilled in their heads by early training a predetermined image of what their annual or life partners should be. Until quite recently, I had a pair of Jacobin pigeons, father and son, and the father became so enamored of the son that he left his mate to live with him, and they behaved like any mated couple. Of course, they didn't have eggs, but if I gave eggs to them they would incubate them, develop pigeon's milk, feed them, and raise them to maturity. They took turns copulating with each other. Other male pairs that I have kept spend an inordinate amount of time building and maintaining their nests; they keep highly decorated nests. An ordinarily mated pair will just build a nest and put eggs in it, but the male pair don't do that, of course, and instead keep building the nest—adding grass, and putting fancy upturns on it, and lining it beautifully. They don't have the specific release mechanism of laying eggs to block that behavior, so they just go on and on.

"Bird breeders know that they have to be careful if they give Gouldian-finch eggs to society finches to raise, because when the infants reach maturity they will try to find mates that look like Mum and Dad—that is, society finches, not Gouldian. To pair shaft-tailed finches successfully when they had been raised by society finches, I had to be careful to keep them in cages out of sight and hearing of their foster parents. If I didn't, they would mate with society finches every time, and produce offspring that were sterile but very interesting hybrids, exactly halfway between the two species."

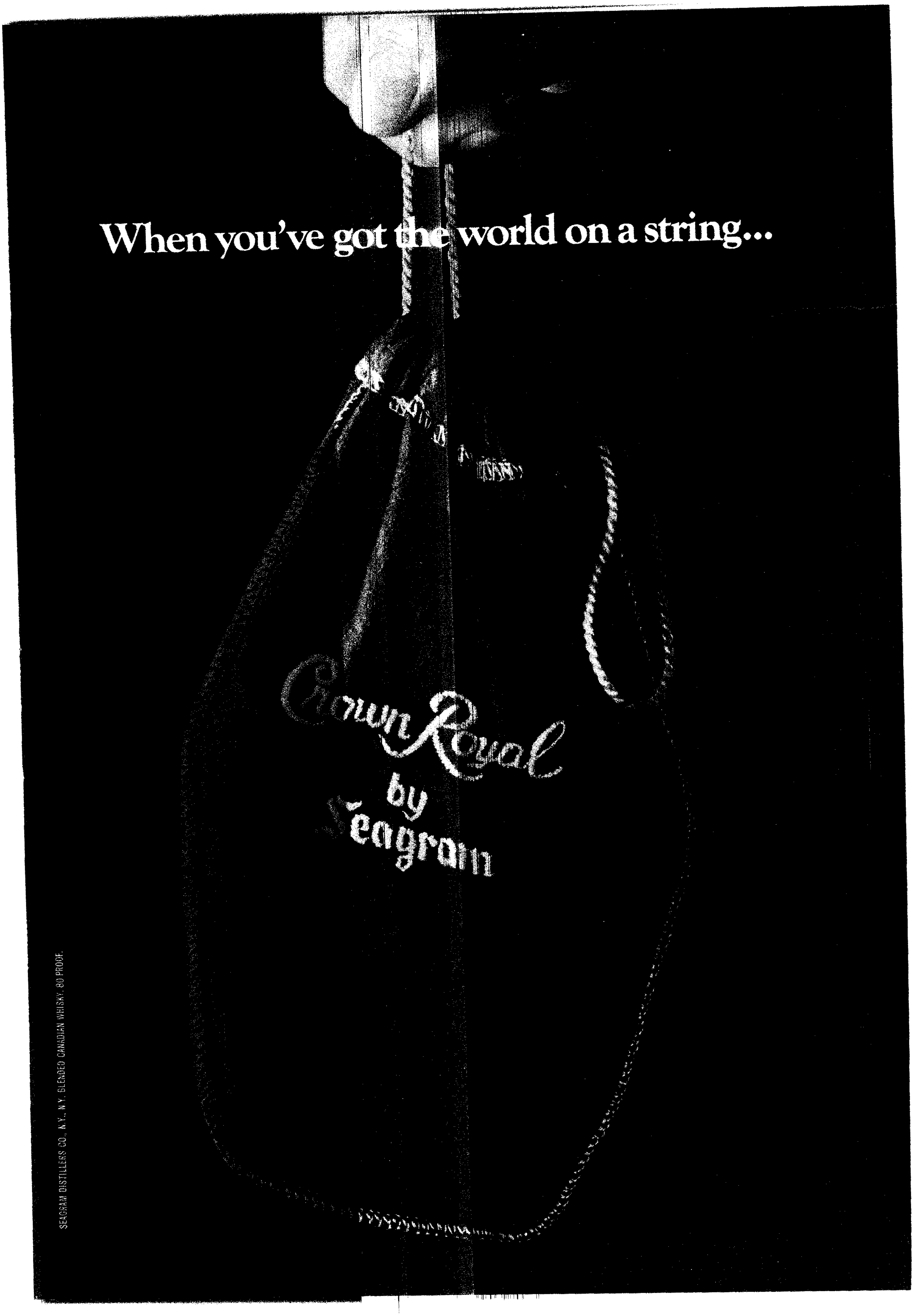
McKelvey suddenly broke off and addressed the thrush. "Come on, Sam, give us something in the way of imitations, will you?" Then he addressed me, to explain, "He's feeling very stagefrighty today. He tends to stand staring into his food bowl and vocalizing—that's his way of communicating to me that he'd like something more in the way of breakfast. You ask him to say something and he shuts up, just like a lot of conditioned animals." McKelvey laughed. "Another interesting thing about interspecific communication is that some birdcalls mean the same thing to several species. These are alarm calls, mostly. A robin calling in distress because somebody is handling its nest will bring blue jays, Baltimore orioles, and catbirds to help drive away the predator—and that's not out of altruistic interest on their part but only because they're attracted by these distress calls. The sounds trigger a defense mechanism in them. Territoriality is forgotten during such stress periods, and several birds from adjoining territories will get together to drive off the cock or cat or snake that is disturbing the nest site, as soon as one parent gives the distress call."

I asked if this had to do with what is called "mobbing."

"This is not exactly mobbing, though the two have elements in common," he said. "Ordinary mobbing takes place when, say, a number of chickadees become aware of, say, a screech owl. They will immediately begin to scold and display and fly around the place where the owl is hiding, making themselves very evident, and they will attract purple finches, nuthatches, woodpeckers, and so on, who will then go through the mobbing rituals and dis-

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"Robert? Oh, he's out somewhere chasing a buck."*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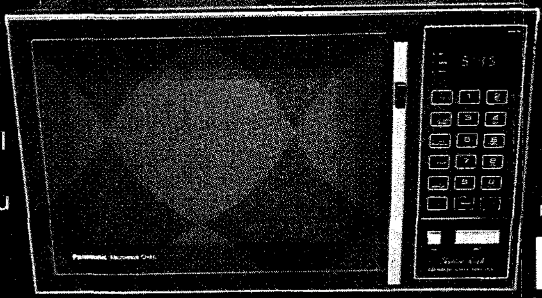

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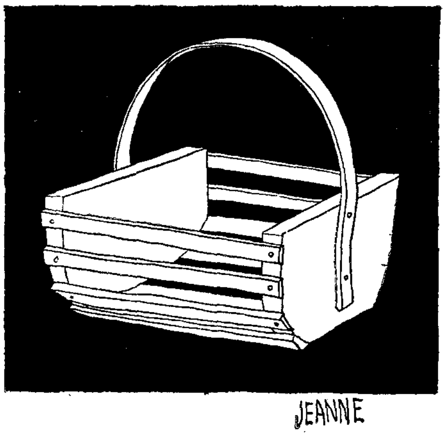
plays with them. What they are interested in is identifying the predator and pointing out to all the birds in the area where he is. That's what mobbing is. It establishes in the consciousness of all the other birds where the predator is at any given time. Here in Michigan, when redwing blackbirds are feeding in a field or flying over a territory, if they sight a sharp-shinned or Cooper's hawk flying around they will give a—" Here McKelvey made a bird noise, a kind of sorrowful "teer, teer," so lifelike that inadvertently I looked over toward the shama thrush's cage. McKelvey continued, "This will cause the meadowlarks, the mourning doves, and the bobolinks to go on the alert. Even an imitation of this call will cause them to freeze or bolt for cover. Interestingly, if mourning doves and rock doves are feeding in the same field, when they hear this sound the mourning doves will fly away, but frequently the rock doves will not, because it's not part of their built-in program."

Sam suddenly uttered a cry, which McKelvey said was that of a killdeer. "He's going into his routine," he said. "I'll list the calls as they come out. . . . That's a button quail now. There are some chickadees out at the feeder—can we do a chickadee, Sam? . . . Those are normal shama-thrush songs he's singing now. . . . That's a European goldfinch, that one. You probably know that one important quality of birdsong is not being heard by certain other species. The great horned owl, for instance, has a very deep voice." The room was suddenly full of McKelvey's rendition of the call of the great horned owl. "This is below the range of hearing of most of his prey—flying squirrels and rabbits and deer mice—so he can call back and forth in the woods and they can't hear him. You'll notice in the woods that birds that nest very high in the trees, like the wood warblers and vireos, have a very thin, whispering type of song." He whispered a tiny bird noise. "Little whispering reedy calls like that wood warbler's. Farther down in the trees, you find nesting birds like cardinals, grosbeaks, and tanagers, and they have a more melodious, flute-like sound. This rule holds true all over the world." He paused to give a beautiful rendition of full-throated birdsong, then continued, "And down near the forest floor, among the thrushes—"

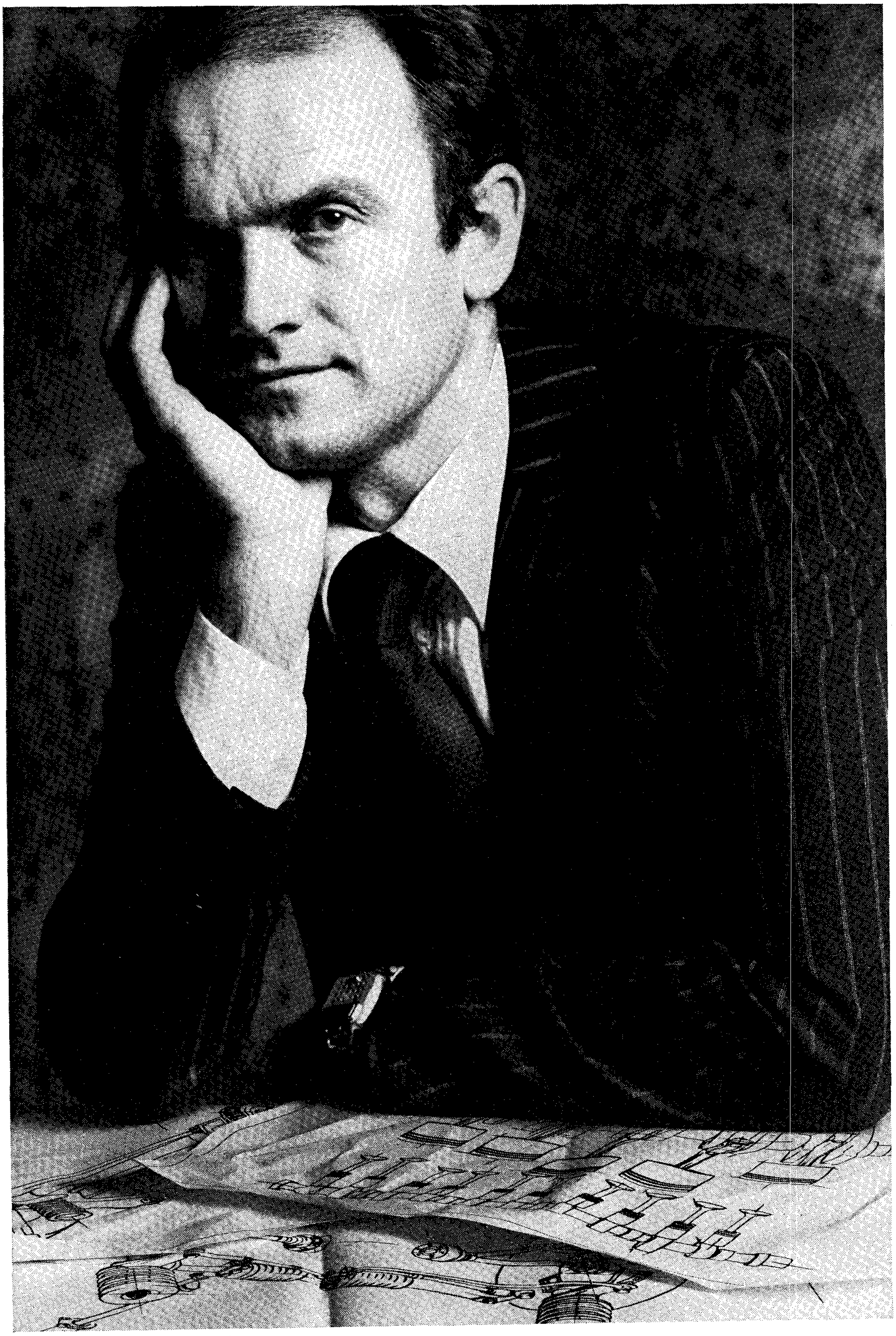
Sam interrupted with a burst of noise, and we turned toward the cage to give him our full attention. "He's imitating a budgie now," said McKelvey. "And now it's an Indian chanting shrike. He'll get on to that sometimes and sing and sing, and he also does the silly-sounding African brain-fever bird. That 'tink' sound he just made is a peach-faced lovebird." Sam suddenly burst into a call that needed no interpretation: the comfortable cluck of a domestic hen—"Kut-kut-*aw*kut."

The clucking gave way abruptly to a puppy's distressed, hungry yelping, and McKelvey laughed. "Bird communication isn't always vocal," he said. "There's a lot said by posture. If the sky is full of gulls and one of them pulls his wings in out of the flying position and drops his legs, every other gull will immediately start watching him—at least cock an eye at him—and if he starts to descend the other gulls will try to see what line he's descending along and they'll all descend along the same line and try to get to whatever he's descending to first. You'll also notice a pigeon who's advertising the fact that he is the tenant of this particular territory and is looking for a mate. When other pigeons are flying overhead, he will hold his wings open to expose the white rump patch and the two black bars on the wings. He's literally flagging down a prospective mate, who looks down and says, 'Wow! That fellow's nicely marked,' and alights there. We find this same signalling behavior in many species. The drumming of the jungle cock as he flies to his perch at night is another example. He doesn't crow but drums with his wings"—McKelvey made a drumming sound—"which announces to the other birds that he's going to roost now, and any of his flock that want to can follow him. We find mechanical signalling, too, in the rattling of the wings of the prairie grouse and the drumming of the ruffed grouse. Some birds use parts of their anatomy instead of calls. A snipe, for example, has no song at all but makes a beautiful winnowing sound by stiffening his tail feathers against the flow of air from his wings. Look at the shama thrush: he's doing a little dance now, like a lyrebird's. To get back to the snipe, he'll fly back and forth over his territory, turning his body so the wind flows back across his tail, making an artificial sound like—" A stream of rippling, liquid noises came from his lips. "The snipe has a lot of calls that he uses on the ground, but they're rather discordant." He uttered a series of grating cries. "Also, the mourning dove can use the primaries on his wings for making a piping sound when he wants to. When he wants to be silent, he simply holds those feathers close against the others, and then he flies very quietly. Goldeneye ducks, flying through the fog and mist of open sea, keep together by making a sound with their wings, like that"—a soft whistle—"as they pass by. It's the sound of their wings that keeps them together.


JEANNE

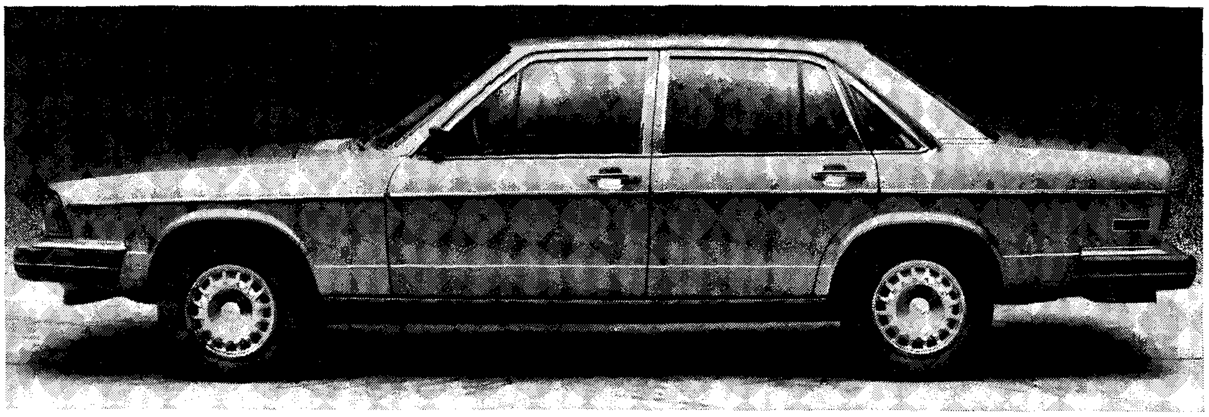
"The sound of the ankles of caribou keeps the herd together in snow. As the herd moves, the ankles make a clicking sound, just the way the ankles of gnus do, and the wildebeest in Africa. Wildebeest instinctively go 'Ugh, ugh, ugh' vocally, and their ankles at the same time go 'Click, click' as they put their feet down. This keeps the herd together in dust and at night. A lot of these herd animals unconsciously make noise to maintain contact.

"I'm very much interested currently in the behavior and behavior modification that go with mimicking in birds, but not your typical parrots and myna birds. The Indian shama thrush is, as I said, the most accomplished mimic, along with the Australian lyrebird, that you'll ever run across. Sam can imitate thirty-three species of birds, two species of mammals, and two amphibians. He was not taught to do any of these; it's just stuff he's picked up in his five years of life. And he is able to put two and two together as far as identification of what he's mimicking is concerned, because when he sees a chicken he cackles like a chicken; he will see a cat or a puppy and meow like a cat or cry like a puppy; and he will see a catbird outside and mew like a catbird. He imitates a killdeer family in distress perfectly. You can even show him a picture of a cockatiel and he'll imitate a pair of cockatiels calling back and forth. I'm not saying that Sam is communicating with me, or even with others of his kind, but he *is* able to make a relationship between the sight of an animal—or even a picture of it—and the sound of it. He was badly confused the first time he saw a Pekinese dog; he thought it was a cat, so he



# "I USED TO DESIGN RACING CARS. BUT THE AUDI 5000 WAS A BIGGER CHALLENGE."

AN INTERVIEW WITH FERDINAND PIËCH, AUDI 5000 PROJECT DIRECTOR



**Sir, how long did you design racing cars?**

Piëch: Ten years in all. I brought six cars from the drawing board to the race track and all six went on to win world championships. It was all very exciting.

**And you say designing a passenger car was more of a challenge?**

Piëch: It was for me. A racing car can be designed to last for a few races only. But a passenger car obviously has to be designed to do much more and to last much longer. In addition to excellent performance and handling I had to consider things like room, comfort and price.

**What about the price?**

Piëch: I was determined from the beginning to prove that a large German luxury sedan could be produced for under $9,000.*

**Well, you succeeded with price, but did that mean you had to compromise a lot?**

Piëch: No. I don't think so. It was a question of eliminating unnecessary things. The greatest example of that is our five-cylinder engine. Five cylinders, because a four was too small for the weight of the car, and a six was too extreme. Designing the perfect engine for the vehicle can hardly be called making a compromise.

**Your racing background? Did it come in handy?**

Piëch: Yes, yes. Very much so. The way the Audi 5000 handles, for instance. The ride is not in the least bit mushy. Our suspension, our rack-and-pinion steering and our weight distribution have a lot to do with that. Which is why we suggest that people pick a rainy or snowy day to take a test drive. This car is at its best when the weather is at its worst.

**Is it possible to build a car with a soft, mushy ride, and still retain great responsive handling?**

Piëch: No, not at all. They are exactly opposite. Some people feel that a soft, mushy ride is luxurious. We, the engineers at Audi, do not. We think it's tiring because you seem to be correcting the car's handling so often. We believe that a truly luxurious car is one that does what you want it to do when you want it to do it. That's why we engineered the Audi 5000 to be so precise and responsive.

**What do you think of American cars?**

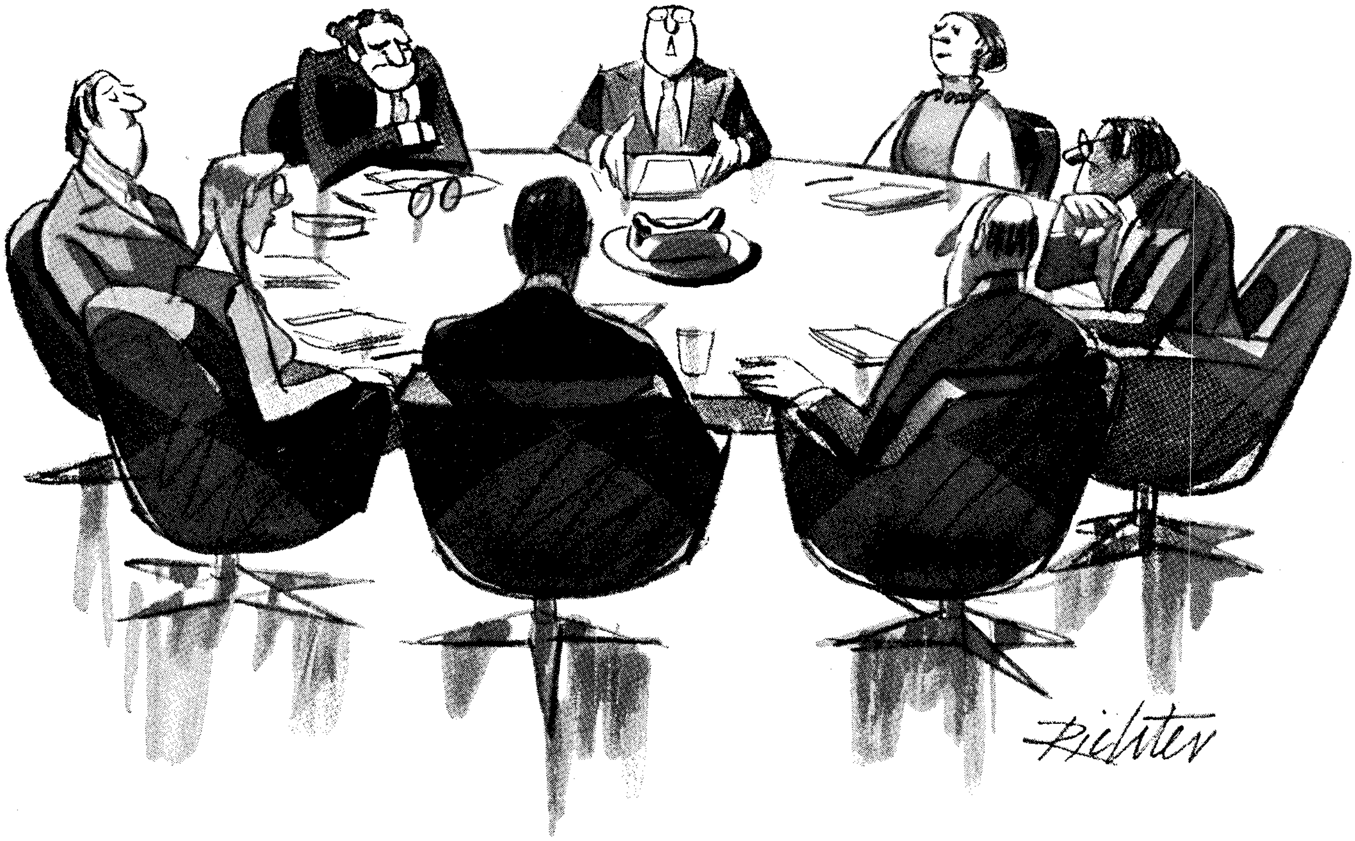
Piëch: Like everything else, there are good things and bad things. The good things we tried to incorporate in the Audi 5000. More comfort. More room. To be quiet. To give it cruise control as standard equipment. And you can order a powerful, American type air conditioning system for your places like Florida.

**Quickly, what would you say to convince Americans to buy an Audi 5000?**

Piëch: I would say they can now buy a European car that was designed with American needs in mind. What we have tried to build is the one car that's the best of both worlds. I hope that doesn't sound, ah, what do you say...corny?

---

*Suggested 1978 retail price under $9,000 P.O.E., transp., local taxes, and dealer delivery charges, additional. Come test-drive the Audi 5000 at your local Porsche+Audi dealer.



*"Granted the public has a right to know what's in a hot dog, but does the public really want to know what's in a hot dog?"*

• •

meowed and gave a distress call and continued to peer at the Pekinese until it barked. Then Sam sat around fluffed up and looking quite morose, and after that he addressed the Pekinese only by barking.

"This bird is not imprinted; he was captured as an adult. He relishes the meals I provide, but I've made no effort to train him. In the summer, I let him out. We're surrounded, as you see, by cedars and spreading maples, which make a wonderful wooded area. Sam can use his mimicking powers to advantage. He will sit in a tree and wait until one of my jungle hens comes along. The hen will be scratching in the ground beneath the tree and unearth a worm. Then the thrush gives the call of a red-shouldered hawk, a long-drawn-out wail, like this"—McKelvey gave a long-drawn-out wail—"and the hen will break for cover, dropping the worm, which the thrush grabs and eats with relish. Then he flies back to the tree to wait until another hen comes along for him to fool. So these birds put mimicry to use. Once, Sam was courting a female catbird—catbirds are quite similar to shama thrushes and fill the same ecological niche here that shama thrushes fill in India. He would follow her around, alternately doing the shama-thrush songs and call notes, until the male catbird approached, when he would sing full voice like a catbird and fly at him. He evidently thought he could scare the catbird off by expressing himself in the catbird vocabulary, but the male catbird always gave him a licking, while the female looked at him aghast, as one might look at a Martian floating around. After a week or so of this, he came back to the house sadder and wiser, ready to behave himself again.

"I had a starling for thirteen years—he was finally killed by the family cat. His name was Reggie, and he learned to pronounce the name of his genus and species, *Sturnus vulgaris*. When he saw the cat, he would say, 'Kitty, kitty,' with the alarm note, 'Aaahh, aaahh,' interspersed, then go back to 'Kitty, kitty, kitty,' thus saying, if you want to interpret it, 'I am alarmed by the cat.' He would also say, if I showed him a mealworm, 'Want a mealworm, Reg?'—after which I threw it to him. Only after he had said it would I throw it, so he learned to speak for his food. Of course, I could have taught him to say 'Would you like a fried egg?' and given him the mealworm just the same—it wouldn't have made any difference to him. Starlings are an excellent source of pet stock, because they're free; no laws govern the keeping of them; they'll eat canned or dried dog food, and they learn to talk as well as any myna or African gray parrot. They're common in America now, but originally they were European. Man has taken and introduced species wherever he has gone; for instance, Europeans introduced many into Australia, New Zealand, North America. *Sturnus vulgaris* seems to follow man around, because man has always sort of liked him."

With a trace of regret, David McKelvey listed the many birds he had been playing host to until the impending Mauritius trip caused him to disperse them. Then he took me to a part of the woods where he knew there were mallards. It was not a deserted, wild place; we stood near the front lawn of a cottage at the edge of the trees, where a rivulet ran through the snowy ground. He gave a loud call, waited a few seconds, and repeated it. Suddenly, we were besieged by birds, flying low through the air and landing near us, crowding about, looking eagerly and without the slightest trace of fear for the mallard that had called them. We watched for a while how they lined up behind their leader to dive into

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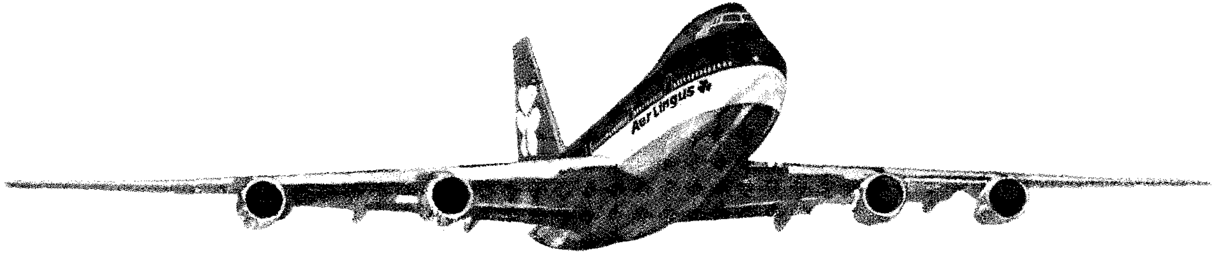

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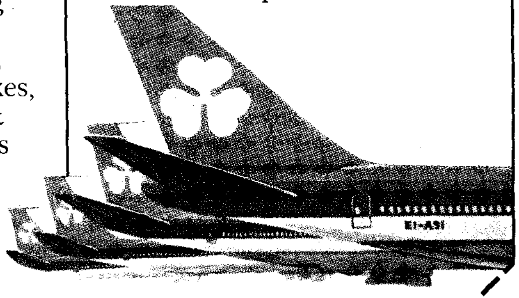

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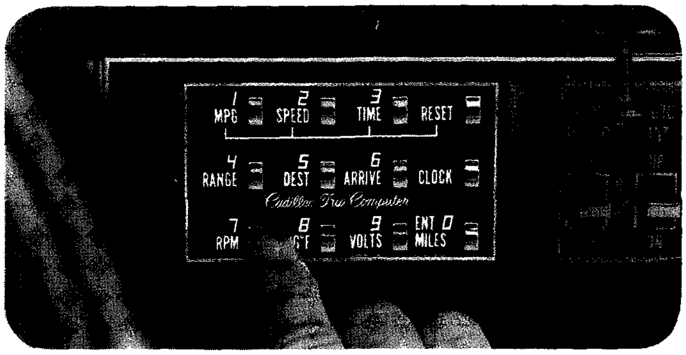

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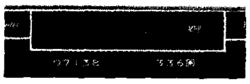

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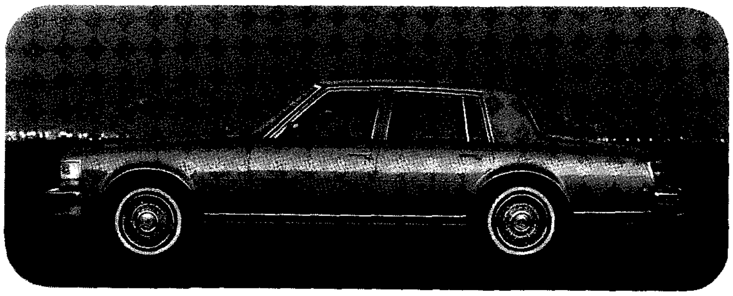

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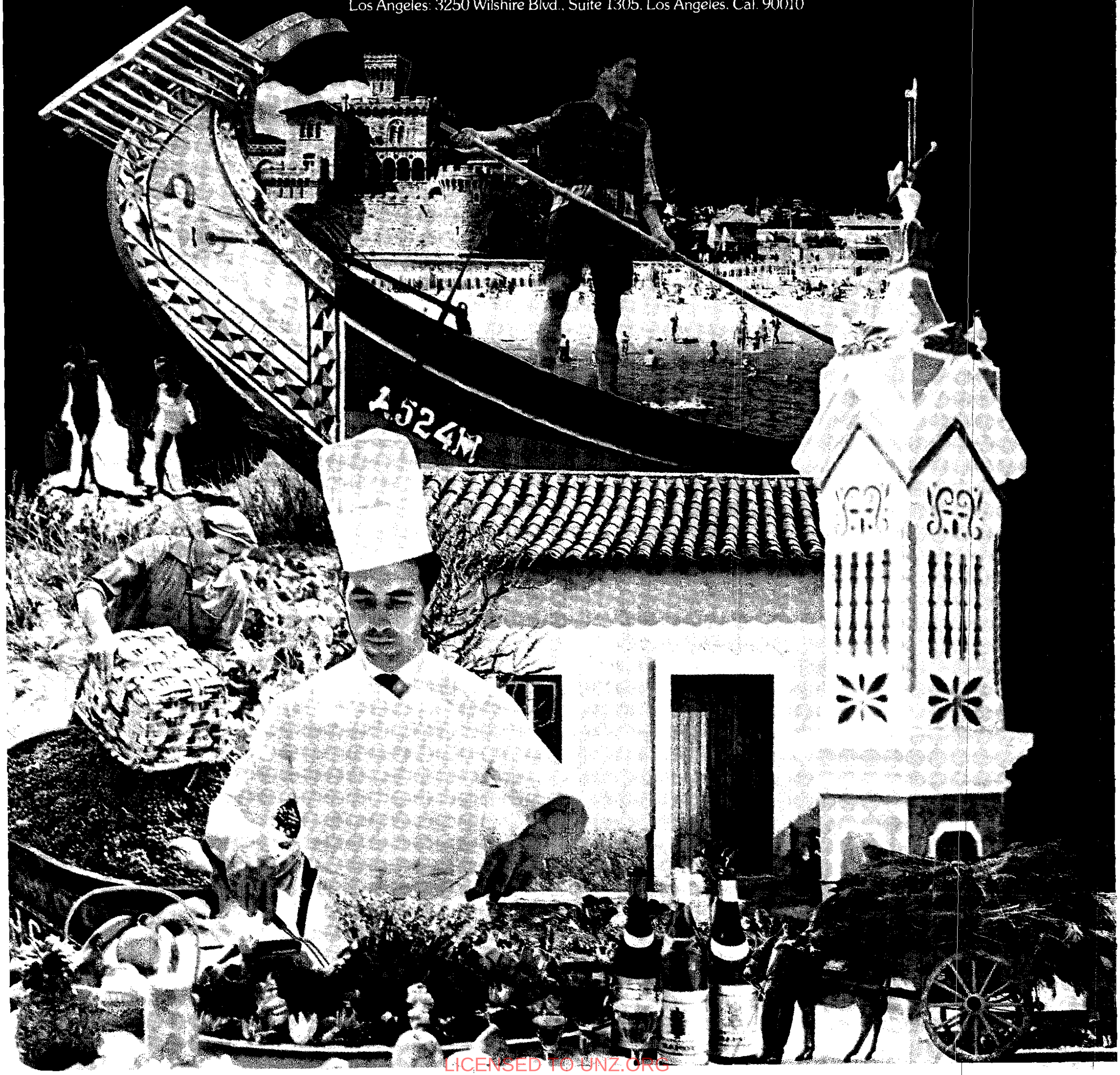


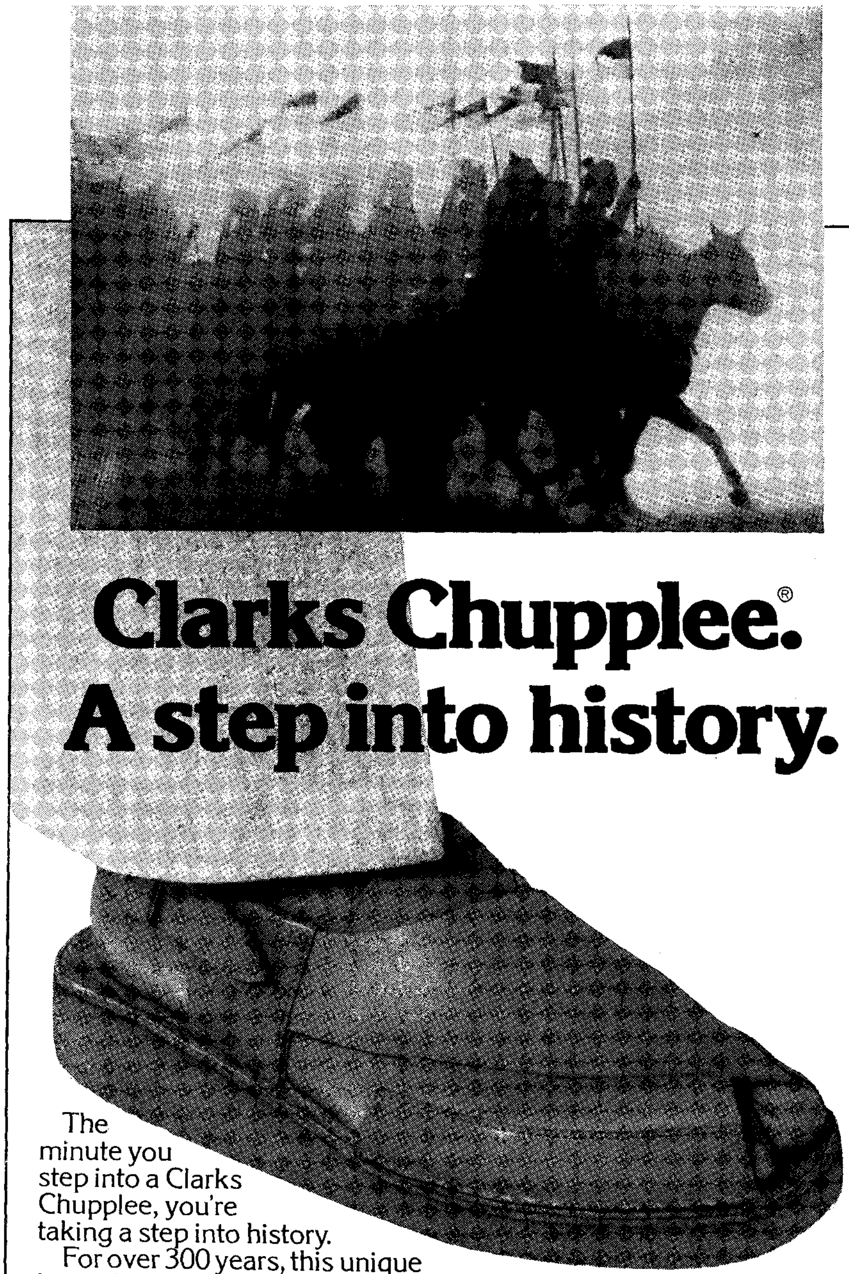
the water and generally sport around. Then McKelvey gave another call—a warning, this time—and they fled precipitately, whirring in the air, even scrambling on their feet to get out of the way. In a very short time, we stood on deserted land, in the quiet of late afternoon.

A few months later, I received a letter from Mauritius, written by Linda McKelvey. "I enclose a photo of David 'communicating' with a pink pigeon," she wrote, and I studied the picture carefully. In it, McKelvey fixedly regards a perching bird in a sort of shelter. The bird's face happens to be turned away from him, but it is clearly at ease, not objecting at all to his proximity.

FOR a long time, I had wanted to meet and talk with Dr. Michael W. Fox, of whom I had heard when I visited zoos in Tucson and in St. Louis. At that time he lived in St. Louis, holding the position of associate professor of psychology at Washington University. (He has subsequently become the director of the Institute for the Study of Animal Problems, in Washington, a division of the Humane Society of the United States.) He was studying the various animals of the dog family—the Canidae—at a center in the Missouri countryside. He has written a number of books on animal behavior and developmental psychobiology, several of which, such as "Understanding Your Dog" and "Understanding Your Cat," are popular reading, much consulted by pet owners. His "Behavior of Wolves, Dogs and Related Canids," however, is a volume aimed at a more knowledgeable audience, and in its pages I had found a passage that interested me very much:

> The wolf is clearly an acute observer, able to detect subtle nuances in the behavior of its companions, and also of people if it has been raised with human beings from early on in life. This ability is based on the fact that much of wolf communication is nonverbal. Subtle changes in body, ear and tail posture and in facial expression can simultaneously or successively communicate fear and submission, fear and aggression. The eyes of the wolf also communicate a great deal (as in the domesticated dog, but perhaps more so). Subordinates are constantly attentive to the leader, and as soon as eye contact is made, they submissively avert their eyes. This looking away may be exaggerated when the wolf is signalling submission. A direct stare is a threat between rivals, alternate looking forward and away denotes ambivalent feelings of apprehension.

Some people who have raised wolves, or have at least closely observed them, believe that the animals possess extra-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sensory perception, wrote Dr. Fox, because a wolf seems to know what the handler is going to do next, and to be aware of exactly how the man feels that day. Besides, an observer can see a "subtle rapport" not only between wolf and wolf but between himself and a wolf, especially when the wolf is accustomed to human company. The animal can pick out his owner from a crowd, and when he sees the owner coming he will howl and jump around like a joyful excited dog. Dr. Fox does not interpret these reactions as extrasensory perception but, rather, as reflecting the exquisite sensitivity of wolves. He explains these phenomena by citing the wolf's talent for acute observation (although he does not discount the possibility that animals may possess E.S.P.). It's like Clever Hans over again, he thinks. A wolf can sense many things from the behavior of his handler, even when the man doesn't realize that he is showing his intentions and feelings. We human beings do a surprising lot of signalling of this sort unconsciously, the author says, adding, "It has been estimated that approximately eighty per cent of human communication is nonverbal, much of which is expressed subconsciously. . . . Man may acquire a wide repertoire of nonverbal expressions as a consequence of learning—through imitation, especially in childhood and early adolescence."

Dr. Fox notes, "Many of these human signals are inborn, as in the wolf, and many human signals are similar to the wolf's." Wolves depend on inherited expressions, even though they learn other things from their elders, such as their position in the pack hierarchy. Nor, says Dr. Fox, is it likely that they have evolved to the point where, like men, they can disguise their true feelings. They are more like children—more open and honest. "Such honesty—a basic morality of communal animals—is surely a prerequisite for social organization," the author observes. "A social organization not at the impersonal mechanistic level of the ant, but at the psychic level of a more highly evolved social individual. In the wolf society, where each individual contributes to the group and each is more or less dependent upon others, we see the emergence of group identity and allegiance to the pack, cooperation in hunting and in repelling outsiders or rival packs trespassing on their home range." Wolves have been known to help a mated pair in their pack build its den, and also to help provide food for the young.

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**If your car gets dented, scratched, or chipped, try to get it repaired as soon as possible.** Even a "small" scratch is bad. Because once a car starts to rust, the damage spreads fast. The paint around a dent or scratch can look okay, but rust is spreading underneath. In the long run, it's cheaper to fix the car right away.

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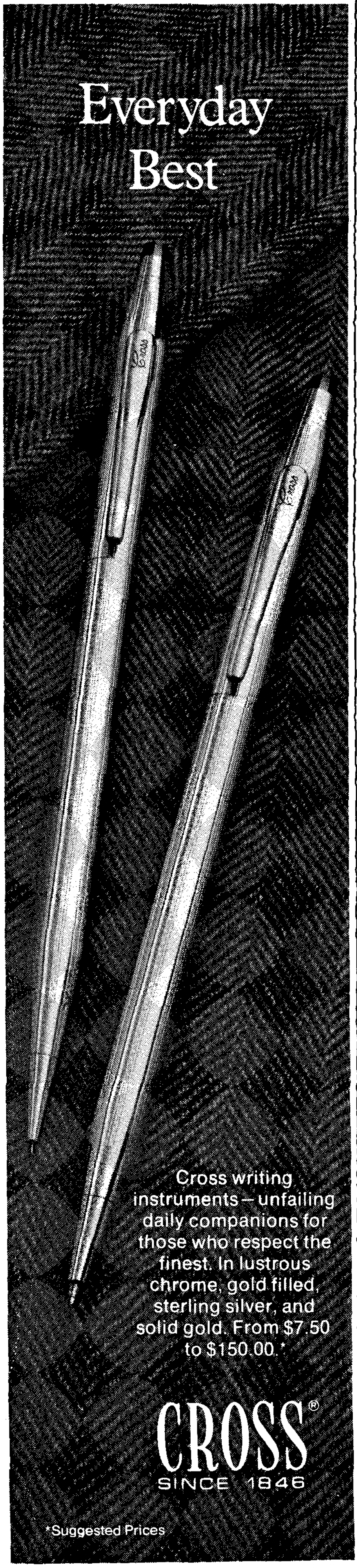

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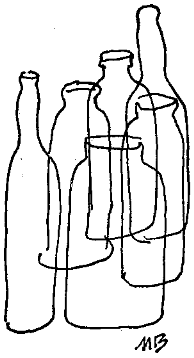
sages that Dr. Fox approves highly of wolf society and morality, but the fact that he is not a wolf himself was brought home to him when he was helping to make a documentary film, "The Wolf Men," for television, in 1969. He and some other men had just introduced a number of wolves to each other, in order to photograph their behavior. Eldest among the animals was a four-year-old pair, of which the female was in heat—a circumstance calculated to make her mate edgy. The wolves were socialized to people and the male regarded Dr. Fox as a sexual rival. The female had solicited Dr. Fox, the male was jealous, and in the course of the action Dr. Fox got into a position that the male thought threatening, and he was quite badly bitten and mauled by both the male and female. "I now know how a live prey must feel," he wrote.



In St. Louis, I telephoned Dr. Fox at Washington University and found that he was very busy, sandwiching his lectures between visits to TV stations on the West Coast and elsewhere. Still, he said, he would be available that weekend, and if I cared to come out to one of the university's country buildings, where he and his family were chaperoning some undergraduates, we could talk. Dr. Fox and his wife, a good-looking pair of young people in blue denim, were outside doing something to their car when I arrived. We went indoors, where two small children and a couple of cats were behaving as children and cats usually do on Saturday—the children playing with each other and sometimes scrapping, the cats dozing on chair and sofa.

"Animal communication— Why do you suppose there is such an interest nowadays in these studies?" Dr. Fox said musingly as we settled down. He spoke with an English accent, and I remembered that he comes from England, where he was graduated as a veterinary surgeon. "Is this an aspect of our creative boredom, in that we now have a supportive technology tending to run away with us? We're after something in life that has meaning. Some people will find fulfillment in art, or in developing new leisure devices, new machines—whatever—while others find it in nature. To me, the only realities are nature and nature expressing itself in consciousness through man. I see the interest today in animal behavior as reflecting man's almost narcissistic curiosity about himself—as an attempt to find out what he is and why he is and where he is going. That can be a red herring, because we simply *are*. There's a lot of interest in the West today in Zen and Eastern philosophy, and so on—striving for perfection and the higher consciousness—and I think a lot of that can be misleading. The simple reality of a leaf, or a puppy dog playing, or a child smiling is all there is. There's everything there, and yet there's nothing, except the personal significance that one gets in an eternal moment of relationship. That's why, for me, it's important to understand how animals communicate. Their communication expresses how they feel what they feel. Some people debate whether animals such as dogs and cats have emotions like ours. They have the same emotional centers in the brain and the same basic needs that we have. It's not anthropomorphic to say that they feel and express themselves very much as we do.

"My popular writing, in 'Understanding Your Dog' and 'Understanding Your Cat,' is designed to replace sentimentalism and anthropomorphic projections with a deeper understanding that will lead to empathy and the reverence for life. We have a responsibility toward all of life. In domesticating animals and plants, we have removed them from the natural shaping factors, and we have a responsible position now, as stewards of our inbred dogs and our inbred corn, and what have you. So another part of our understanding in communication is to understand our role. I get very much disturbed when I think about the animals on farms being mass-produced to convert vegetable protein into animal protein. What kind of a life do they have, overcrowded or isolated in small cages, in small pens?"

Dr. Fox looked worried. "There's a horrible utilitarian value that dictates the way we regard animals—the way we regard the whole world—in terms of exploiting them, how we can best use them. That is why in my understanding of animal communication I'm not the least bit interested in training them, imposing my way on them, but, rather, in communing with them in a more subjective, yet transcendent, sense. The wolves that I've raised will respond in different ways to people. With women and children, they're ac-

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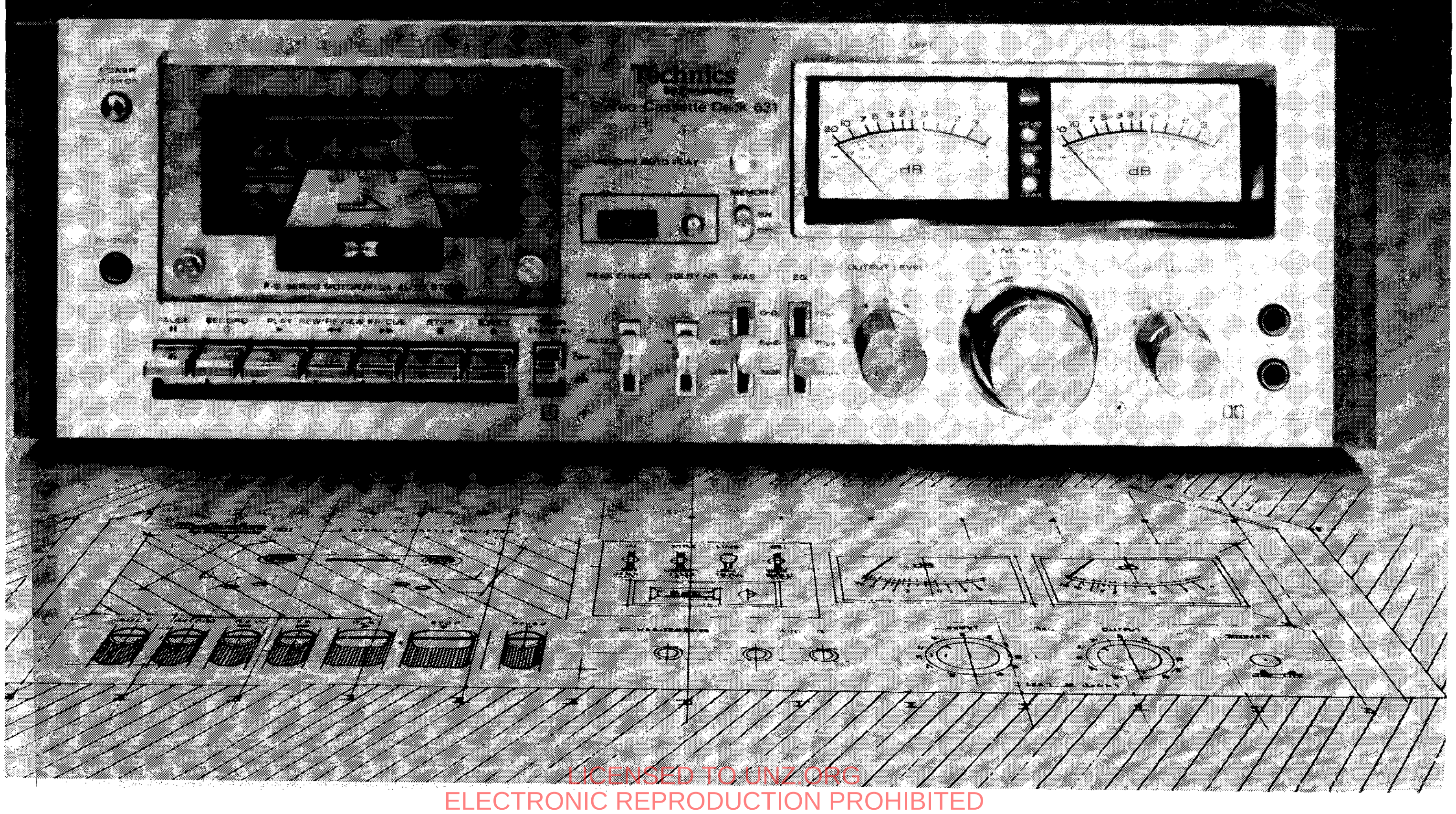

cepting and trustful, but with men they're wary. You might translate this in terms of the different ways in which the ego is manifested. The male ego, typical of the ancient hunter, is one that probes, asserts, and influences.

"I think that part of our kinship with animals comes from our ancient heritage as hunters—getting an acquired knowledge of animal behavior, knowing their behavior intimately because our survival depended upon it. But now what is the use of learning about animal behavior? Well, our survival depends upon it in a very different way: because of the integrity of the biosphere. The healthier the environment is, the healthier man is. The natural environment is the reflection of the quality of human life, physically and psychically, I believe. We must understand animals in order to protect and preserve as well as perhaps understand that we, as animals, are no less significant. A lot of the popular animal texts today, such as Desmond Morris's 'The Naked Ape' and Konrad Lorenz's 'On Aggression,' deal with the phallus and aggression—Lorenz going off the deep end about the innateness of aggression. There's no evidence for that in man. Aggression is not a primary drive. It's a survival response when one is frustrated or in conflict, and it doesn't always come out as aggression. I think if we look at animals we see the basic id of man—not the id in the Freudian sense, as the hyperaggressive, hypersexed monster, but the animal in man as being very beautiful. In a book I've recently written, called 'Between Animal and Man,' I'm attempting to show that man is both animal and God; that there's a biological, evolutionary ecological kinship with all animals, an inseparable, interpenetrated interdependence; that man is now in the position of God, in terms of responsibility and stewardship. It is in this direction—not to control and exploit but to understand and harmonize—that we are seeking knowledge in relation to animals. In the great scientific brushoff—knowledge for knowledge's sake—the justification for vivisection and for all kinds of inane work in science, the scientist simply hasn't assessed what he is doing in relation to global priorities. I see communication in a much broader sense: through many channels, on many levels, where we have people in different fields of interest—fields of interest where, like different species, they can't really communicate with each other anymore, and there's a breakdown in human society. If we can learn from nature to model society around more

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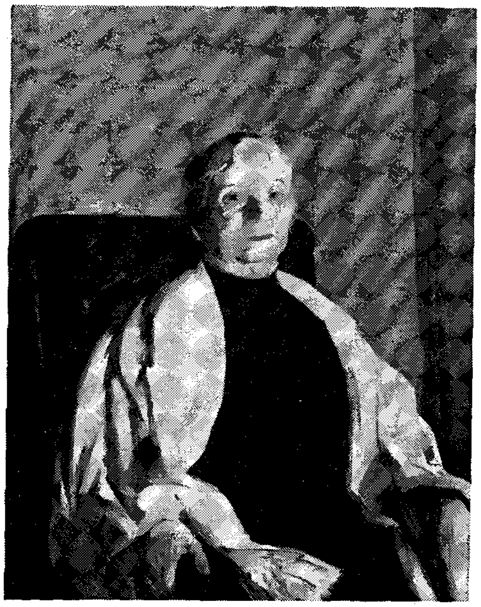

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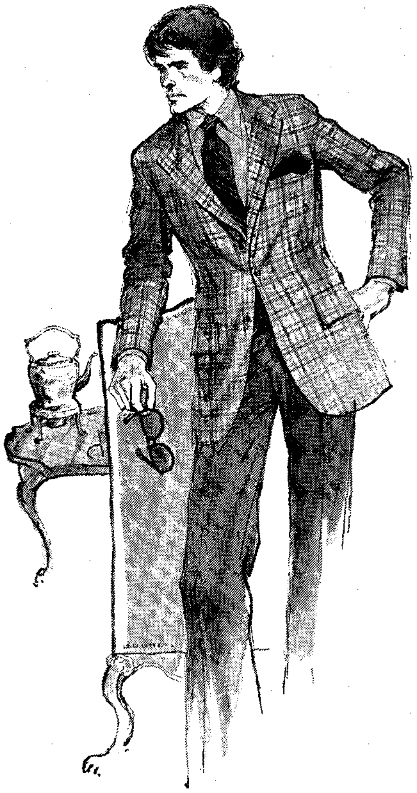

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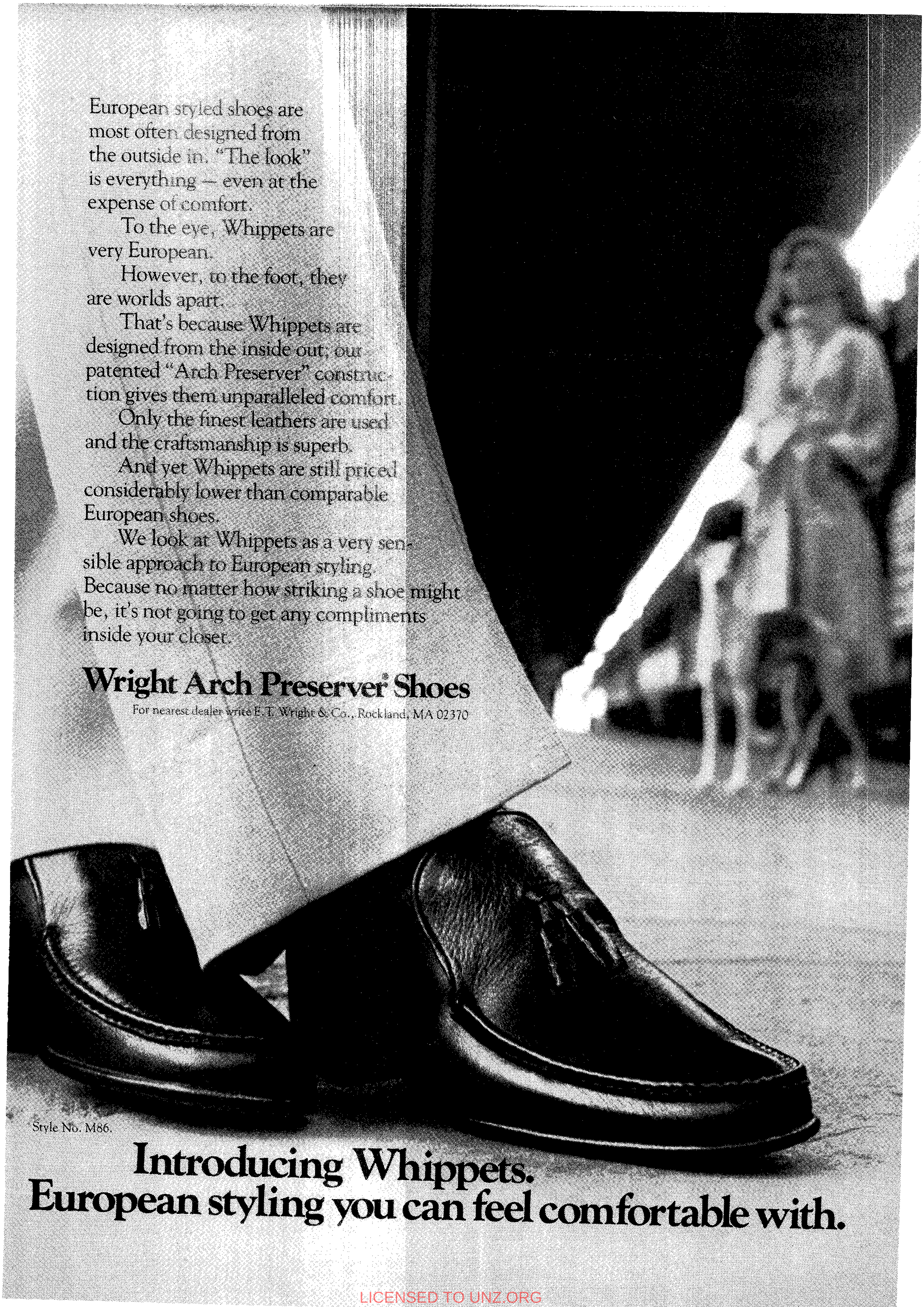

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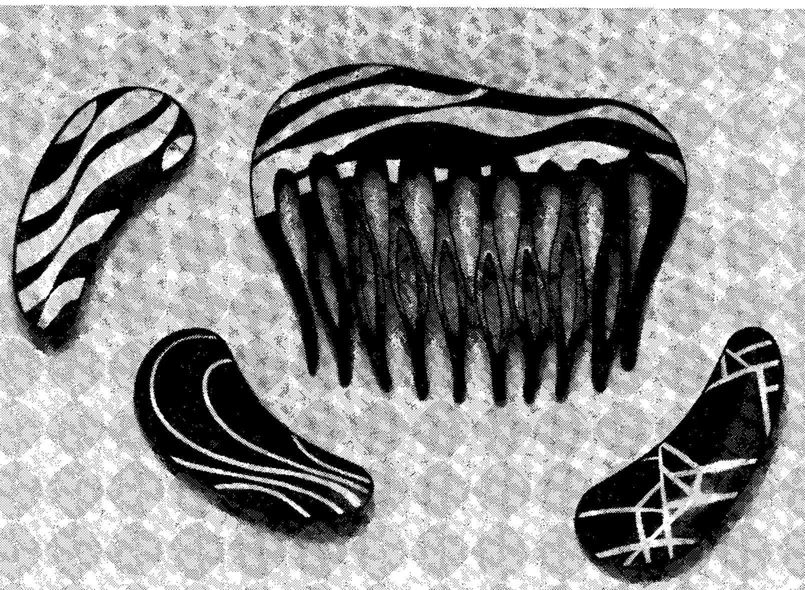

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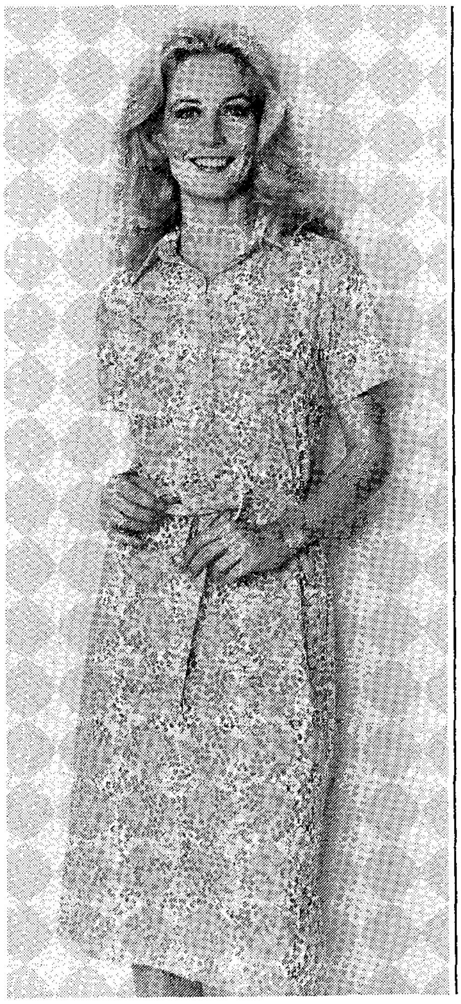

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integrated, interdependent interpenetrating lines, we may be able to flow more easily."

The conversation turned to recent work with chimpanzees which involved teaching them the American Sign Language for the deaf. We both deplored the rejection of these chimpanzee studies by a number of the nation's serious thinkers. I commented on the fact that the rejections were often almost violent in tone—as if linguists and philosophers had been outraged by the work, fighting the conclusions bitterly every step of the way, giving ground only when proof after proof was presented, and wrangling endlessly over the definitions of language and communication. "Why do they get angry, do you suppose?" I asked.

"They may be attacking from an intellectual premise," said Dr. Fox. "But there's a lot of feeling behind it. I think that a lot of people are still entrenched in the Judeo-Christian tradition of God-given dominion over nature—that man is separate from nature because he has a 'divine soul.' Man's alienation from nature is implicit and explicit in most Judeo-Christian teachings. Man developed ego and made the natural world, the ecosphere, into his own self-serving egosphere. Negative human qualities associated with sexuality and aggression were regarded as beastly—i.e., animal—and thus the animalness or id of man was put down together with the very nature of animals. But from objective study of animal behavior we know better now; there is nothing wrong with animal or human nature. What is wrong is human nurture—our acquired values and attitudes. Meanwhile, though, Darwinian theory came along, so we had to accept evolution and the continuity within species. We had to accept some kind of kinship with animals. Still, there was a lot of negativism about accepting the notion that many animals have humanlike feelings and needs. We can now accept fairly easily that we have some animal-like qualities, as was put forth in 'The Naked Ape.' But that animals might have humanlike qualities, such as love, altruism, compassion, humor, jealousy, *and* language, is still regarded very negatively. I see this, again, as the Judeo-Christian type of alienation in our thinking. It is 'speciesism'—suggestions that we are still separate from animals and that animals lack such qualities are just anthropocentric nonsense and speculation.

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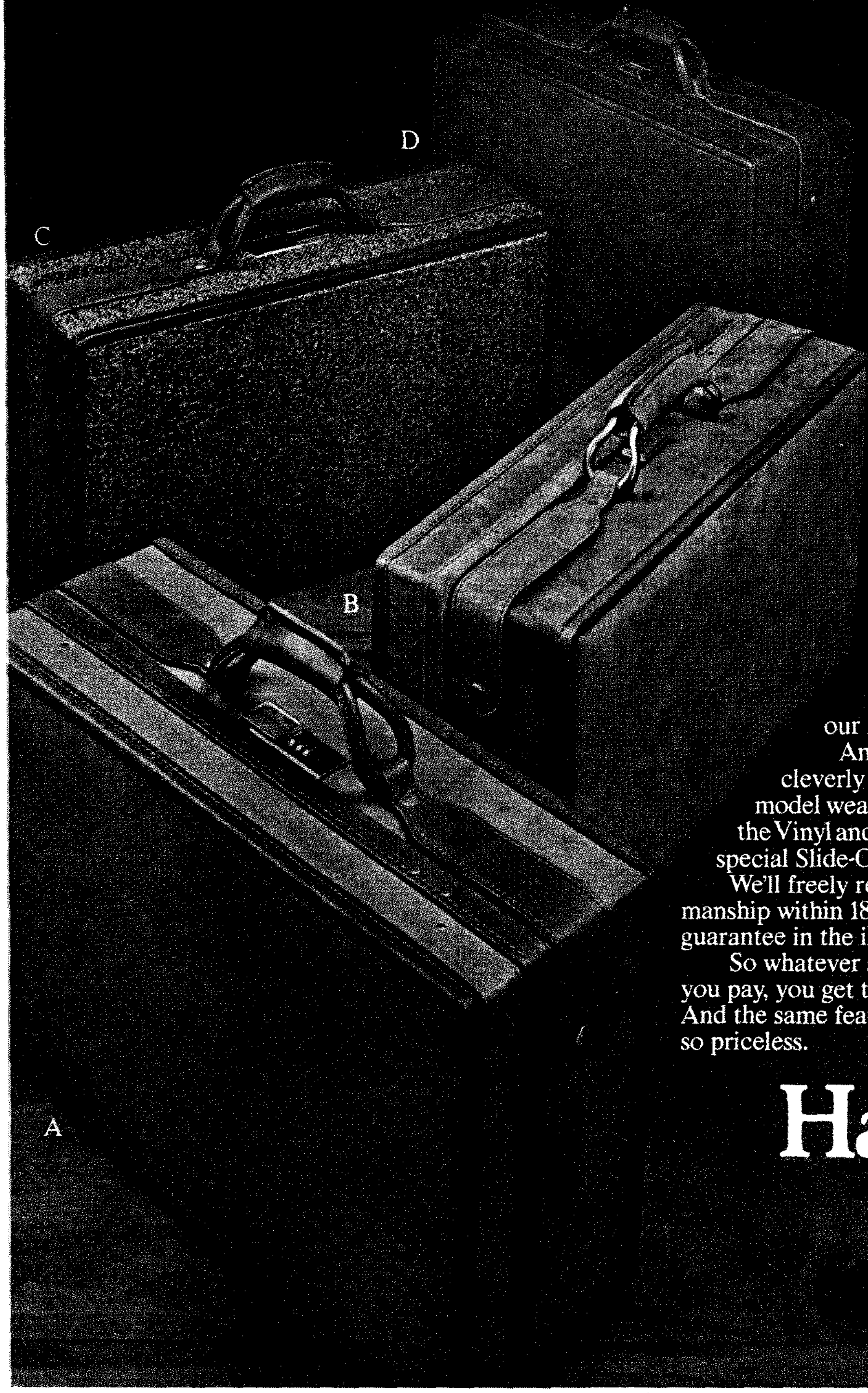

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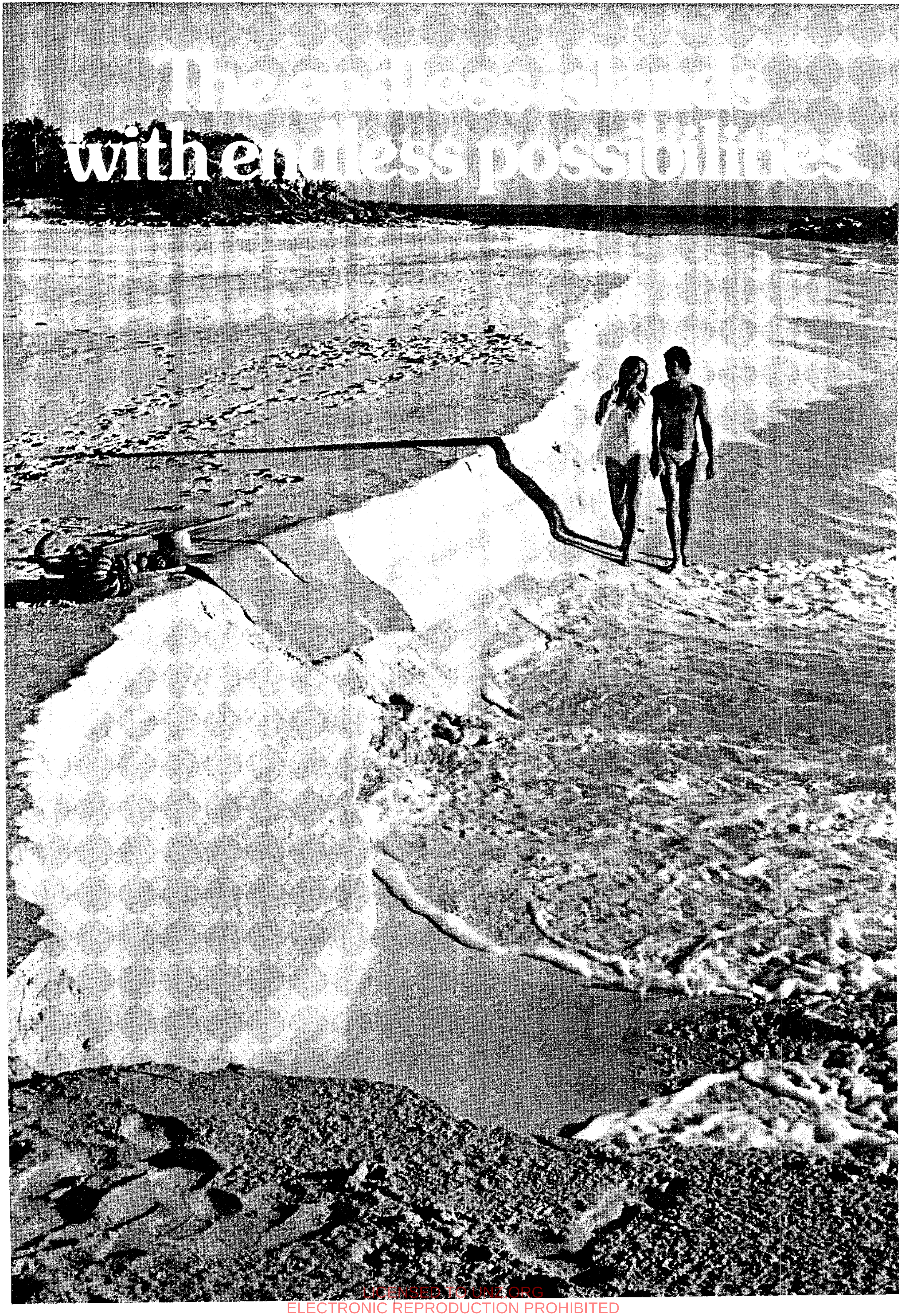
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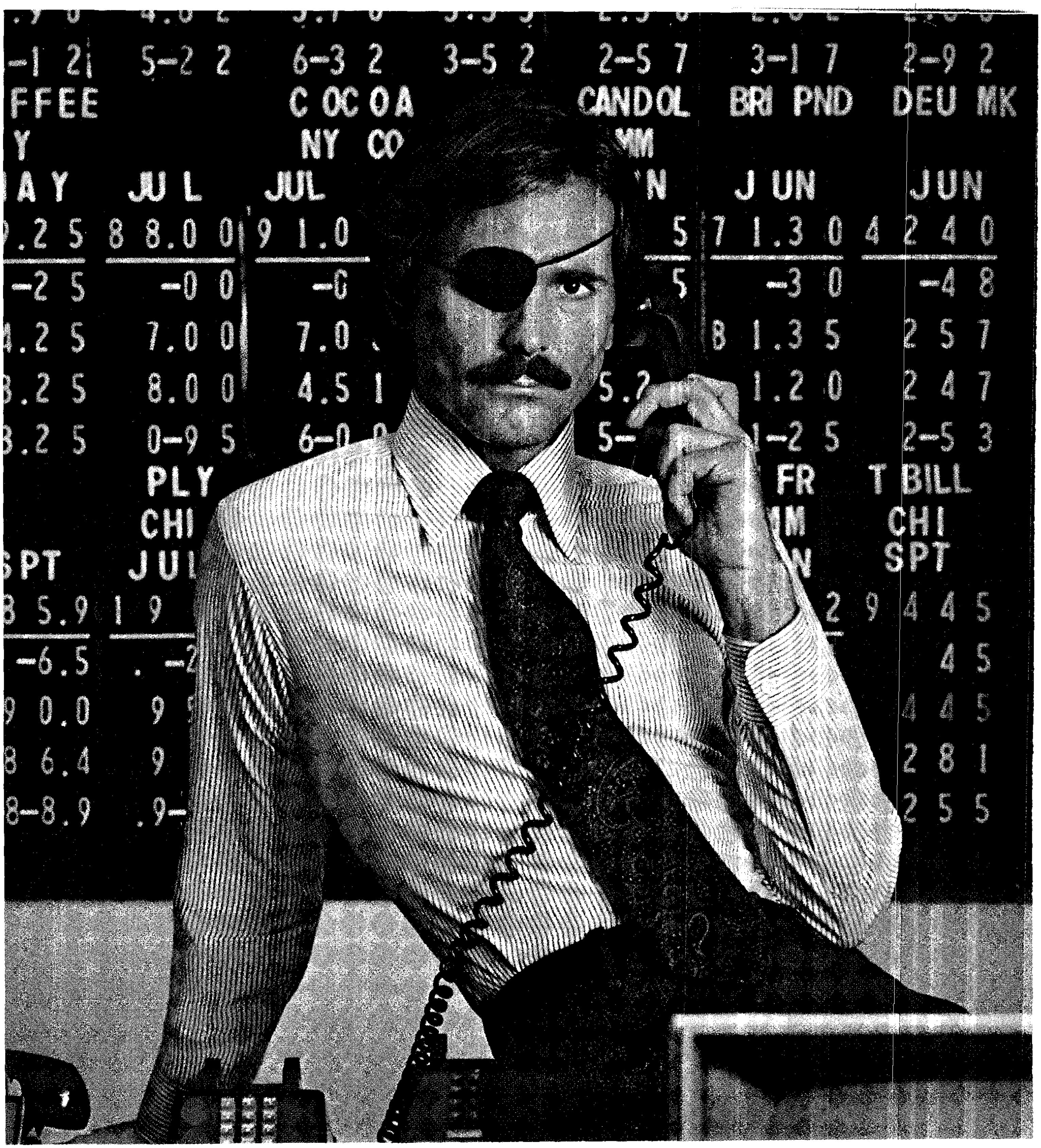

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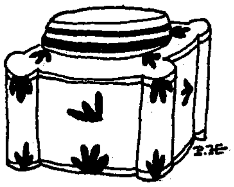
child's. You raise a dog in the same kind of dependent relationship with its parent owners, and you will see psychosomatic and hysterical disorders similar to those documented by pediatric psychiatrists. One example I always cite is a Pekinese that was a child substitute for many years. Then 'Mother' had her own baby, and this was too much for the dog, who developed paralysis in both hind legs. The paralysis cleared up as soon as the dog was taken to a veterinary hospital, and it was soon up on all fours, but when the vet sent it home it collapsed again—a classic conversion hysteria. There are some examples of high-order behavior where occasionally, especially in an animal close to you, you will kind of rip up expectations, like the woman who put her coat on and then took it off several times, so her dog, anticipating going out with her, was totally confused. When, at last, they did go out, the dog suddenly became lame. The woman investigated the paw, and there was nothing wrong with it. She caught the dog's eye, and it was gleaming. The dog was laughing at her and wagging his tail, and then he ran off—nothing wrong with him at all. Constant lessons from nature like this give us caution as well as a sense of humility. Animals are aware, and we are not the only intelligent beings on earth."

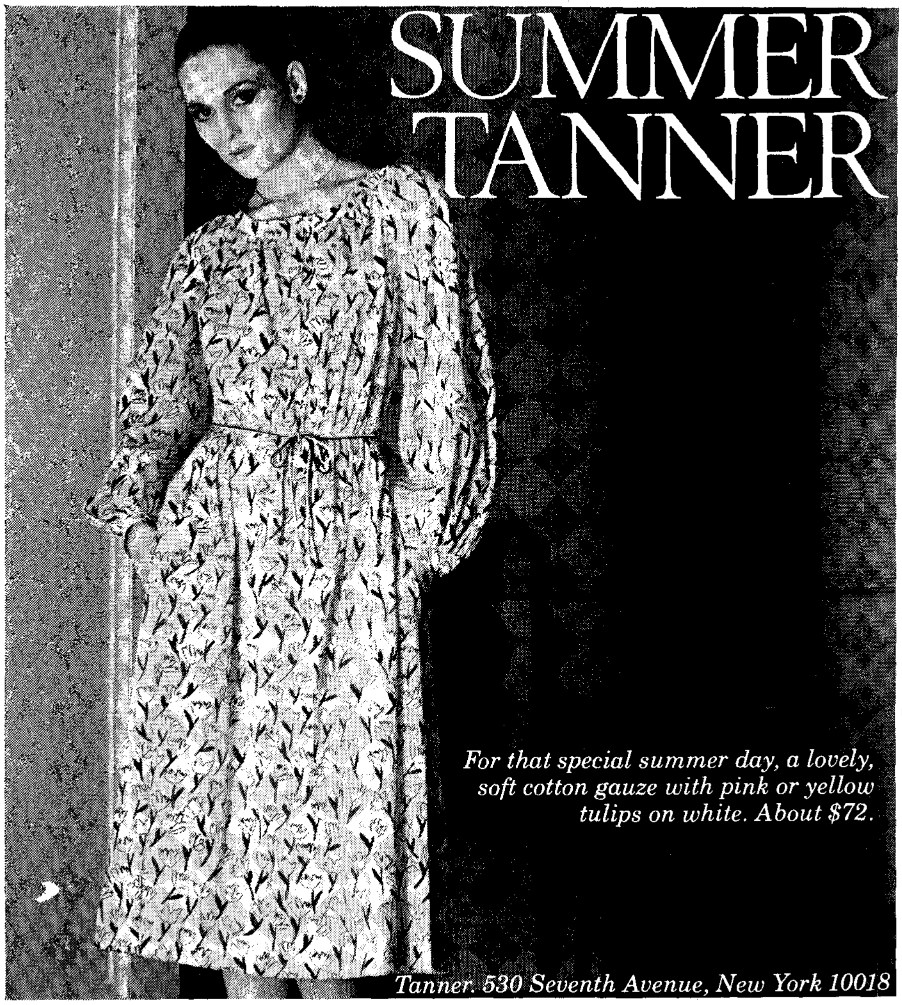
Dr. Fox brooded a minute. "Do we really want to communicate with animals, and, if so, what is the end game?" he asked. "To control? To enjoy? To commune?" He sighed, and went on, "I'm much concerned today about education. I wrote a children's book, 'The Wolf,' after a scientific meeting at which everybody was just showing raw data on the slides—there wasn't one picture of an animal, and this was a ten-day international ethology conference. It was a mechanistic approach to animals: no sense of wonder. I asked myself how many had followed Konrad Lorenz's dictum 'You must first love your animal before you study it.' People are simply afraid to make a statement of a point of view. In 1960, when I wrote in a veterinarians' journal about animals' paw-raising for sympathy, a lot of correspondence came in saying, 'Nonsense, animals don't have emotional problems. They're instinctive.' One correspondent could not imagine a dog refusing to use one leg in order to get sympathy: this, he said, was anthropomorphic. Well, I consider it unscientific Cartesian reductionism today *not* to consider these possibilities."



For a time, we talked about the word "anthropomorphic." "It's a no-no," said Dr. Fox. "But 'zoomorphic' is acceptable, because it implies that we have some animal tendencies. Darwinism has done that much for us, anyway. Fellow-feeling, empathy, and compassion toward another animal are not anthropomorphism. Humane concern is often judged as being anthropomorphic, which is not necessarily true."

IN 1976, a little book called "The Question of Animal Awareness" surprised a number of readers, chiefly because it was written by Donald R. Griffin, a professor at The Rockefeller University whose field is animal behavior and communication and a hard-headed scientist who had made a name for his work in various fields, especially echolocation in bats. In his preface, Dr. Griffin explained that he had written the book because of the wealth of scientific discovery that has lately occurred. "A ferment of constructive excitement is evident in ethology," he wrote. Ethologists, he said, are now confidently making statements about the natural world which differ "qualitatively from anything scientifically thinkable forty or fifty years ago," and an important number of these statements have to do with communication, or signalling behavior. Among recent discoveries that Griffin listed was the gestural communication between chimpanzees and human experimenters, "widely recognized as a major breakthrough in the behavioral sciences," as he described it, and he noted that other systems of communication in other species have also emerged—those of fiddler crabs, honeybees, spiders, and leaf-cutter ants, to name a few. In addition, there are fishes that use electrical orientation and communicate by electrical signalling; fireflies exchange light flashes. At the end of his book, Dr. Griffin made the suggestion that scientists should construct models of these various species, so that more communication might be set up, helping us to learn what is now hidden from us.

The gestural communication between chimp and man has caught the public imagination most readily of all, no doubt because chimpanzees are so like us that we can think of them without great effort almost as human beings or even as children; it does not strain the imagination to picture a back-and-



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forth exchange with them much like that between adult and child. However, these experiments have been bitterly assailed by some people, who are fussy about definitions of "speech," "language," "signalling," and the like. At first, there was a strong resistance to applying the word "communication" to honeybee dances. One might wonder why, since what the honeybee is doing is imparting information, but, as Dr. Griffin says, its communication system "edges so close to human speech in its symbolism and flexibility" that a lot of people, whether or not they realize it, simply can't accept the implication that man is not unique. For a time, the scientist Adrian Wenner and a number of his colleagues even doubted that bees really do convey information with their dances as to the whereabouts of food or a good new hive location. It was only after experimenters had devised a great number of tests to prove the contention that the skeptics relinquished their objections.

Why are some people so reluctant to accept certain conclusions that they must be convinced over and over again? Because, Dr. Griffin suspects, they are emotionally involved, believing that speech is a characteristic peculiar to human beings, and this characteristic "is held to be *the* primary difference in kind that distinguishes human beings from animals." He adds, "Many philosophers and linguists have also argued that human language is closely linked with thinking, if not identical" with it and inseparable from it. So it follows, they reason (perhaps subconsciously), that animals, being animals, can neither think nor speak.

"Language is an expression of man's very nature and his basic capacity," a researcher in the field of language named K. Goldstein wrote twenty years ago. "Animals cannot have language because they lack this capacity. If they had it, they would . . . no longer be animals." He added, in a letter to his editor on the subject, "Man *is* language." Such flat statements are always risky, but people—and especially linguists—seem to go on making them. There is the renowned linguist and philosopher Noam Chomsky, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for instance. It was inevitable that Chomsky should set himself against any notion that animal communication resembles ours, for he believes that in human beings the basic framework for language is genetically determined. Like Descartes (as Griffin says), Chomsky implies, if he doesn't assert outright, that animals are machines, and he expresses Descartes's ideas in his own words thus: "Man has a species-specific capacity, a unique type of intellectual organization which cannot be attributed to peripheral organs or related to general intelligence." A few sentences later, again paraphrasing Descartes, he says, "Human reason, in fact, is a universal instrument which can serve for all contingencies, whereas the organs of an animal or machine have need of some special adaptation for any particular action. . . . No brute [is] so perfect that it has made use of a sign to inform other animals of something which had no relation to their passions . . . for the word is the sole sign and the only certain mark of the presence of thought hidden and wrapped up in the body; now all men . . . make use of signs, whereas the brutes never do anything of the kind; which may be taken for the true distinction between man and brute."

Descartes, of course, lived in the seventeenth century, and many discoveries have been made since then to disprove these statements, but Chomsky remains inflexible. He has also written, "The unboundedness of human speech, as an expression of limitless thought, is an entirely different matter [from animal communication], because of the freedom from stimulus control and the appropriateness to new situations. Modern studies of animal communication so far offer no counterevidence to the Cartesian assumption that human language is based on an entirely different principle. Each known animal communication system either consists of a fixed number of signals, each associated with a specific range of eliciting conditions or internal states, or a fixed number of 'linguistic dimensions,' each associated with a nonlinguistic dimension."

Recent evidence, as Dr. Griffin remarks, calls into question these sweeping generalizations. Chomsky's comments were published in 1966, but if he has thought better of them he has yet to say so. The experiments of Dr. R. Allen Gardner and his wife, Dr. Beatrice T. Gardner, of the University of Nevada at Reno, in teaching a young chimpanzee named Washoe to communicate using American Sign Language began in 1966. Even before that eventful year, however, Chomsky was not representative of all observers. Plenty of people had recounted incidents involving animals which led to the assumption that the animals possessed thinking faculties, and not all those people were little old ladies who were sure their cats could think because they

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seemed so clever. One of the more respectable of the observers was George J. Romanes, who was zoological secretary of the Linnaean Society of London in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Romanes was an enthusiastic admirer of Darwin. In 1883, he published "Animal Intelligence," a collection of anecdotal data, and he enlarged on the material with a book titled "Mental Evolution in Animals," brought out later the same year, in which he published posthumously an essay on instinct by Darwin. This essay ends:

> It may not be logical, but to my imagination, it is far more satisfactory to look at the young cuckoo ejecting its foster-brothers, ants making slaves, the larvae of the *Ichneumonidae* feeding within the live bodies of their prey, cats playing with mice, otters and cormorants with living fish, not as instincts specially given by the Creator, but as very small parts of one general law leading to the advancement of all organic bodies—Multiply, Vary, let the strongest Live and the weakest Die.

Romanes' collection of anecdotes is shaped to show that animals do think and reason. Though none of his examples strain credulity, he could hardly have got away with any of them before Darwin, and he fully realized it. How much of the resistance met by such explorers into animal cognition is covertly related, as Dr. Fox believes, to religious scruple? Probably a good deal, though it is a moot point whether this looms larger than the conviction that we have been, are, and will always be superior to all other forms of life in the universe. There are still people (though their number is dwindling) who refuse to take seriously the work that has been done with Washoe and other chimpanzees to determine the animals' capacity for communicating in human fashion.

As the Gardners wrote in one of their papers on the subject, "it was already well known that chimpanzees could learn to make different signals in response to different goods and services; what was not well known was to what extent a chimp could acquire a bona-fide human language." Fortunately, the Gardners did not wait until linguists and psychologists had come to terms and produced a satisfactory definition of just what language is, because a definition has not yet been evolved. Instead, they simply started. They reasoned that "any theoretical criteria that can be applied to the early utterances of human children can also be applied to the early utterances of chimps."

They reared Washoe with a routine as close as possible to that used in rearing human children, except that all her companions communicated, with her and, in her presence, with each other, exclusively in American Sign Language, or Ameslan, as that language is known. Within fifty-one months of her arrival, the chimpanzee, who was by then about five years old, was using a hundred and thirty-two Ameslan signs to express herself and could recognize hundreds more that were signed to her. Since this early work, much more, of a similar nature, has been done: many more chimps are being taught the sign language, and Washoe herself has been moved to a chimpanzee colony in Norman, Oklahoma, where some of the other animals have been taught the signs and become reasonably proficient in them. Another chimpanzee, Lucy, raised exclusively with human beings, almost exactly as a human infant is, and never having seen another chimpanzee until quite recently, began learning Ameslan at age five and progressed at a rapid rate. After a few years, Lucy was naming objects with labels depending on her own observations. She dubbed a cat she didn't like "dirty cat" and produced two names for watermelon—"candy drink" and "drink fruit." Having bitten into an old, hot radish, she called it "cry hurt food." Here and there, in various parts of the country—usually at universities—other people are teaching other apes to use the sign language. At Stanford University, a young female gorilla named Koko is learning her lessons from a developmental psychologist named Penny Patterson, and I have seen a young orang in Oklahoma City get as far as asking for a drink by using American Sign Language. One chimpanzee, under the management of Dr. H. S. Terrace, has been getting his education at Columbia University; though he is called Nim for short, his full name is Neam Chimpsky.

But Ameslan and the Gardner method represent only one branch of the new work. Another method of imparting language—or, at any rate, a means of communication—to a chimpanzee was devised by Dr. David Premack when he was a psychology professor at the University of California at Santa Barbara; he has now moved to the University of Pennsylvania. Working with an animal Sarah, who was six years old at the time, Premack used plastic pieces of differing colors and shapes, backed by metal so that they would stick to a magnetized metal board and could be moved around in a vertical plane. The chips represented words—though they bore no relation to them in shape or color—and Sarah

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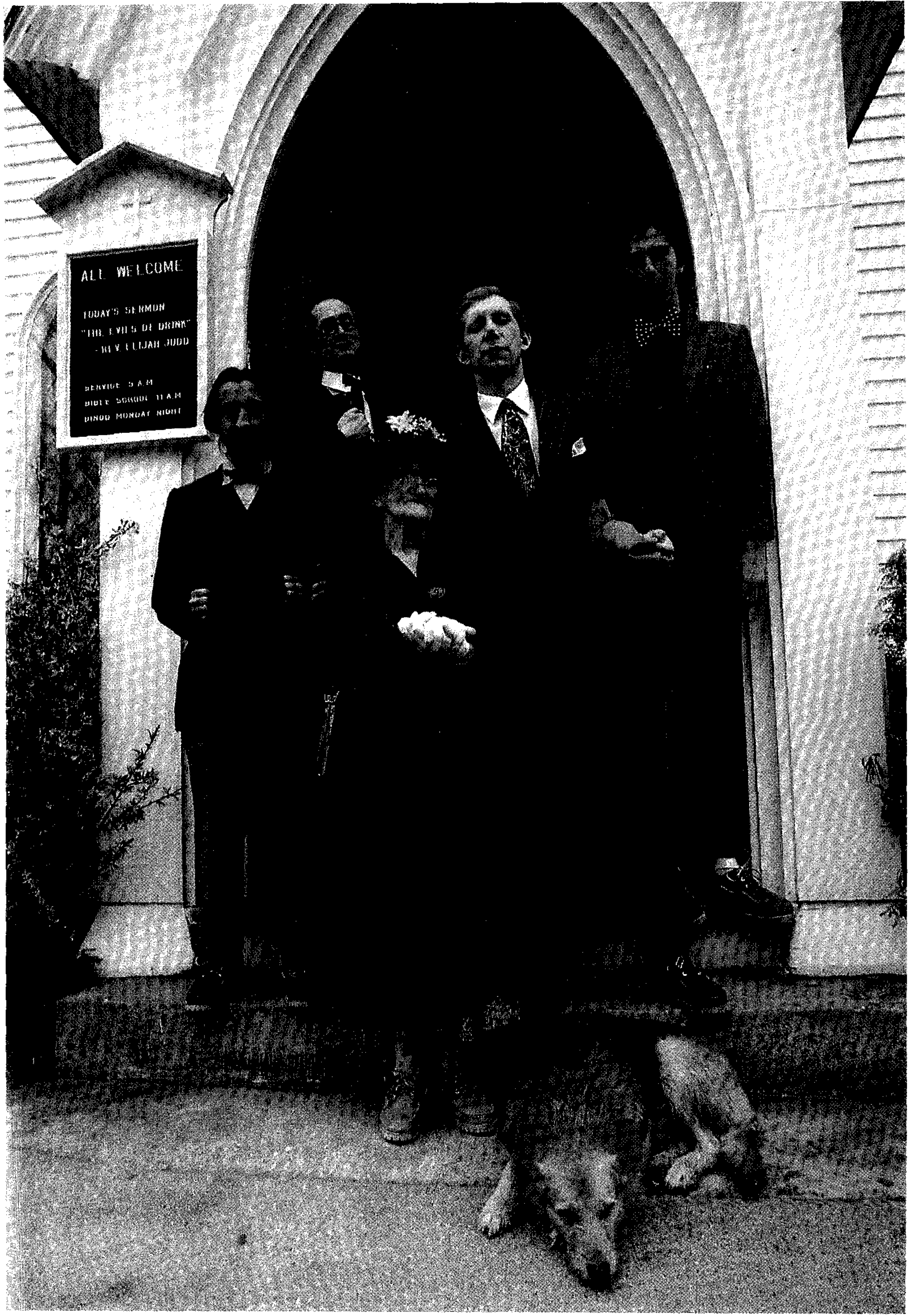
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REV. ELIJAH JUDD
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BINGO MONDAY NIGHT

Wouldn't miss the Reverend Judd's "Evils of Drink" sermon for love nor money. Reckon when you're in the home distillery business it pays to know what the competition is thinking. So, one Sunday a year, me and the boys head for town, done up in our best. Which this year includes these fine looking new Timberland handsewn shoes we've got on. Latest thing from the folks who make our boots that we wear for tending the mash and making deliveries. Our Timberland handsewns are made with real soft leathers and they will keep fitting right and looking natty for a long time 'cause they're all hand lasted and hand sewn. They are also leather lined and got a padded collar so they're nice and comfortable over a long walk. Which is the way Reverend Judd prefers us to arrive. Parking our delivery car outside the church seems to make the Reverend *real* nervous!

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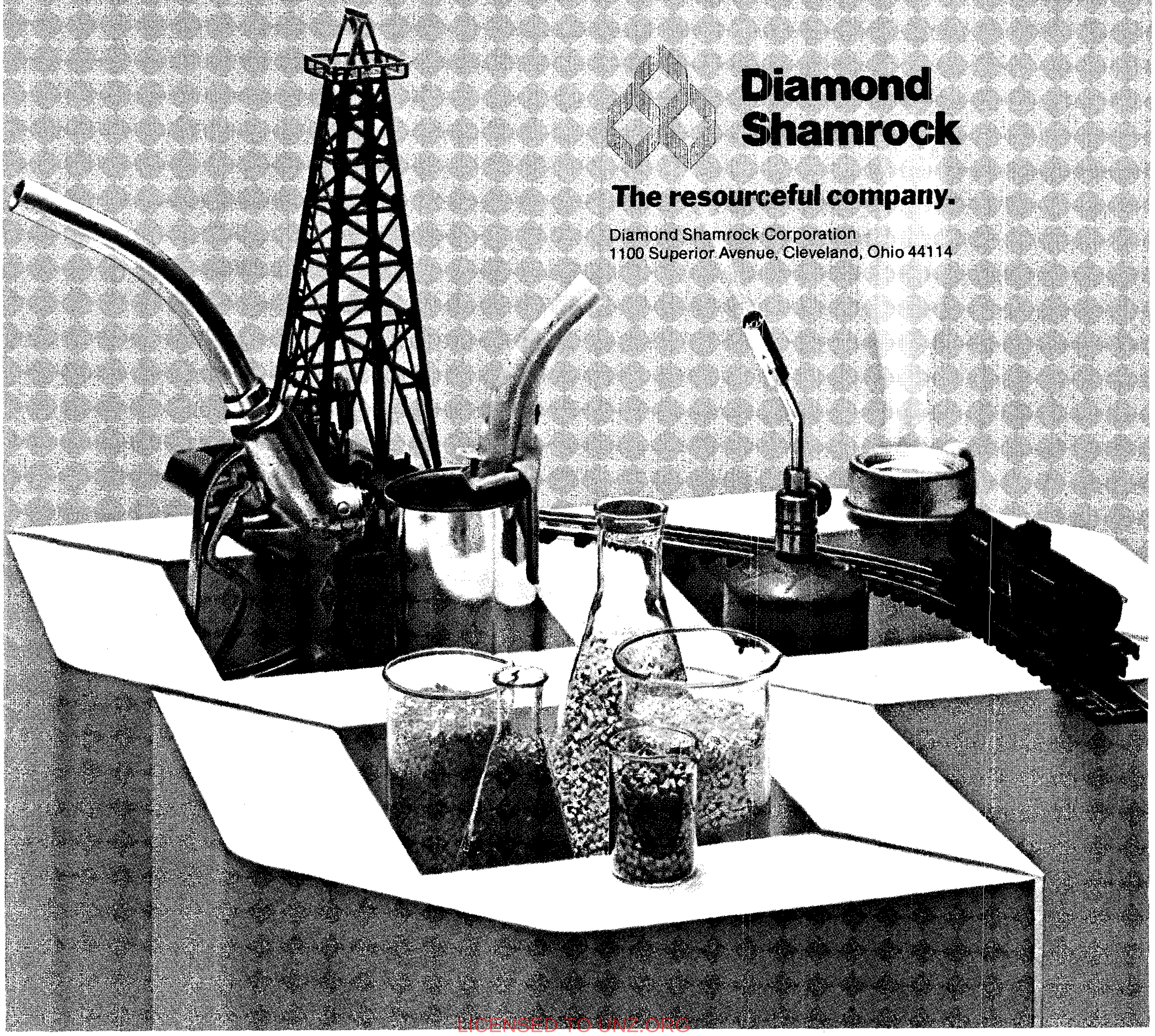

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learned those words. In time, she also learned some of the rules of syntactical arrangement. She understood how to ask questions, how to use "no" and "not," and even how to use the conditional "if . . . then." The psychologist and linguist Roger Brown criticized the Sarah project because, he said, it is impossible to know if she really comprehended what she was spelling out with her plastic chips; also, he claimed, not enough care was taken to avoid the Clever Hans syndrome. However, at a symposium on language and communication held in 1975, a young professor of psychology named Dr. Roger Fouts, who has worked for a long time with Washoe and other chimps in Reno and Norman, came forward in defense of Sarah's accomplishments. He quoted Wolfgang Köhler, author of "The Mentality of Apes," who worked with a colony of chimpanzees in the Canary Islands community of Tenerife early in this century, as saying, "The decisive explanations for the understanding of apes frequently arise from quite unforeseen types of behavior; for example, use of tools by the animals in ways very different from human beings. If we arrange all conditions in such a way that, so far as possible, the ape can only show the kinds of behavior in which we are interested in advance, or else nothing essential at all, then it will become less likely that the animal does the unexpected and thus teaches the observer something." It may be, therefore, said Dr. Fouts, that one can criticize Premack for arranging conditions in advance so that Sarah could show only the types of behavior that he was interested in, but Premack made it quite clear from the start that he was interested only in certain behaviors, so perhaps he should not be criticized for having done exactly what he set out to do. (Fouts admitted, however, that the chance of a Clever Hans reaction had not been obviated in Sarah's case, whereas with Washoe and her classmates due precautions have always been taken.)

THE third method that has so far been worked out to make two-way communication possible between man and chimpanzee has been developed in Georgia, at the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center of Emory University. Dr. Duane Rumbaugh, of Georgia State University, uses a computer, with two consoles having a hundred and twelve keys, each of which functions as a word. One of the consoles is used by Lana, a female chimpanzee who lives in a room

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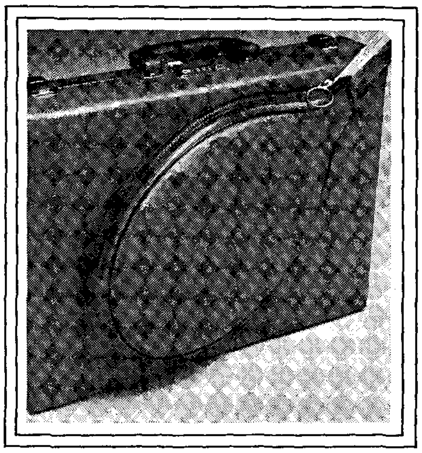

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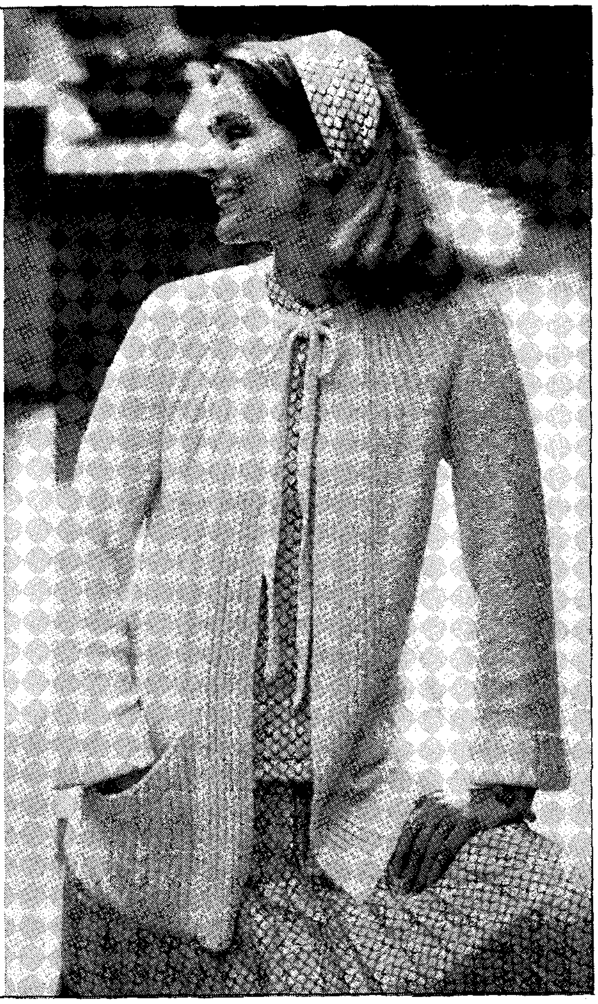

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surrounded by transparent walls; the other is used by human beings just outside Lana's room. The keys carry symbols—lexigrams—that represent words made up for a language called Yerkish. Three colors are involved. When the keys are pressed by Lana or the experimenter, the lexigrams are produced on a row of screens in the order punched. Each key that Lana has used at the time is clearly lit up. She can ask for various things or services by means of these symbols—food, drink, rock music, slides, even movies. She can ask questions, and she can answer them. If she makes a mistake on the computer, she can erase—by pressing the full-stop button—everything already projected and start over again. Near the experimenter's console is a machine that prints everything Lana has typed, so that in the morning there will be a record of what she has said when she was alone.

All in all, this work, with its three branches, has attracted much attention. Two summers ago, I was delighted to hear that America's leading primatologists intended to convene in Atlanta in October, 1976, at what was called the Robert M. Yerkes Centennial Conference (in honor of the founder of the center), to discuss recent developments. I obtained permission to attend, and hastened to make my motel and plane reservations.

Dr. Rumbaugh, Lana's program coordinator, spoke on "Ape Language Projects: A Perspective." He explained that the studies were aimed at discovering whether or not the type of communication characteristic of men—that is, open without limit—is a uniquely human activity. It is probably impossible to discover the exact origin of the idea that some chimpanzees and other great apes might be taught to communicate, he said, but he traced it back more than two centuries. Then, in the nineteen-fifties, he continued, it was generally realized that the apes' vocal tracts were incapable of articulating speech as we know it. The Gardners, he said, got away from the speech difficulties and "helped to open up the possibility of two-way communication between man and ape." Not only did they find at the beginning that Washoe learned Ameslan signs quickly, they also observed that she tended to "change signs into a series, suggesting primitive phrases and sentences." This development suggested that apes might master syntax—a point, he believes, that started up the other ape-language projects. He briefly described David Premack's work with Sarah, adding, "His basic strategy was

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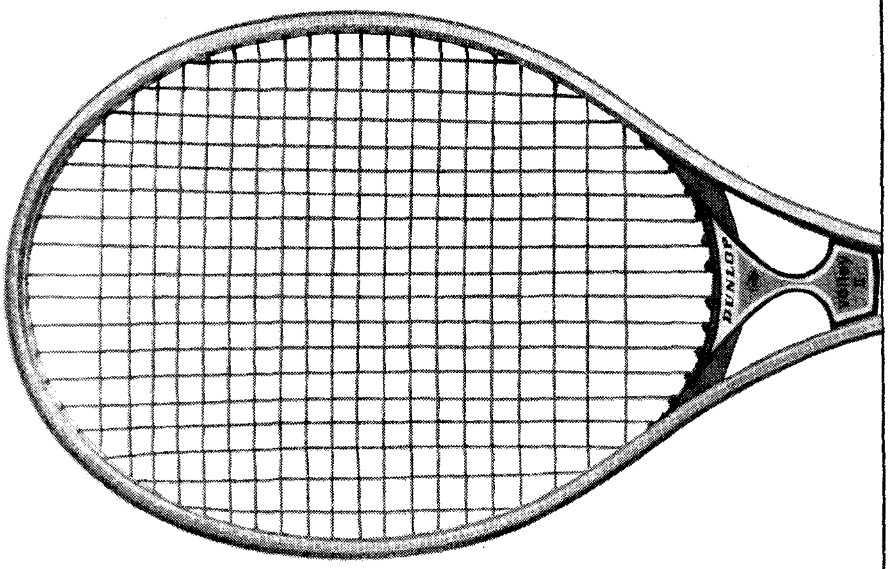

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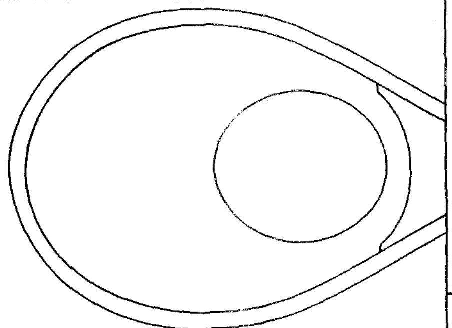

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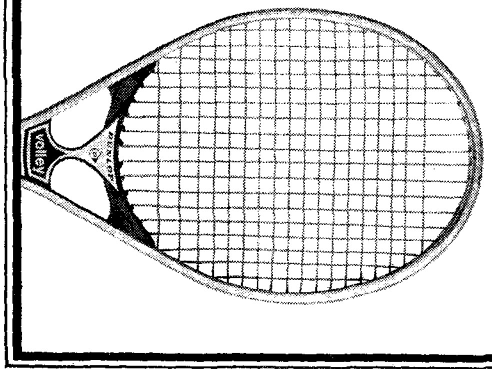

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and has been that every complex linguistic rule can be analyzed into simple units. The definition of those units and the teaching of them through appropriate methods can produce language confidence even in life forms that have no formal public language as employed by man." What the workers at Yerkes have found out with their Lana project, said Rumbaugh, allows them to extend the basis for arguing that language is not a unique and distinguishing characteristic of man. Rather, it is "a competence which has its roots in the cognitive functions which man and apes share because of a close biological relationship."

Dr. Rumbaugh summarized the conclusions he has come to:

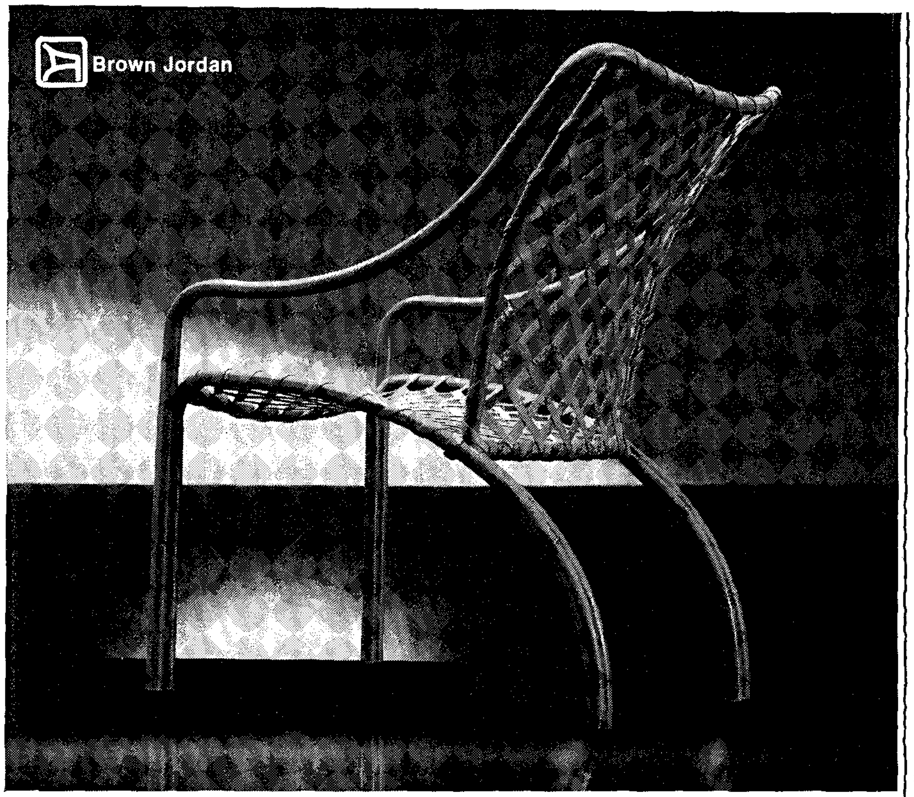
First, apes learn words with relative ease. They start out slowly, but eventually learn with increasing facility and become good at it, until one lesson per word is sometimes enough.

Second, apes readily start stringing signs or words together to form sentences. "They can master the elements of syntax."

Third, "apes bring a readiness to extend their language skills—including syntax, or language structure—beyond the specific context within which their original learning occurs." If this were not true, the ape projects would probably be no more than demonstrations of rote learning.

Fourth, apes can coin labels, and do so in a way that reflects their apparent sensibility to salient characteristics of the objects they label. For instance, Washoe, according to Fouts, labelled a Brazil nut "rock berry." Lana affords other examples: she has termed a Fanta orange soft drink the "Coke which is orange," referring to its orange color; an overripe banana the "banana which is black;" and the orange (the fruit) the "apple which is orange."

These usages, said Dr. Rumbaugh, "serve as important evidence that the ape's cognitive processes entail covert psychological functions that are of a linguistic nature. The central question is, Are the apes' productions . . . linguistic? There is no question whatsoever that they are communications that have an impact within the scope of social contacts," nor is there any doubt that they are adaptive, "in view of their problem-solving effectiveness." But are they tantamount to the use of language? Of course, "without a good and generally accepted definition of 'language' the question cannot be answered definitively," but with or without the definition "many people are satisfied that the apes' productions are



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certainly related to the language behavior of man. Too many of the chimpanzees' productions have been modelled [so that they are] appropriate to the context of problems to be solved," said Dr. Rumbaugh. "Too many of them have been defined within their own context, unrelated to the specifics of events that immediately preceded their production. But how much is needed to say that the behavior of apes is qualitatively the same as the language behavior of man? To ask more and more of the apes and thereby to continue to escalate the criteria for the apes' productions to be called language, as some would do, is without constructive purpose."

It is certainly true, I reflected, that every time a new example of the apes' ability is produced, a chorus of dissent is heard, the result being that angry scholars are hiking the definition of language up and up and up.

In the meantime, Dr. Rumbaugh thought it safe also to conclude that language as a form of communication is not totally unique to man. Even with a formal public language, man uses many nonverbal forms of communication which do not differ substantively from those used by nonhuman primates, and this is good evidence of a common evolutionary communication pyramid.

In addition, man's formal public language is based on processes that have emerged in the course of evolution. The apes, at least, have certain well-advanced psychological mechanisms that are immediate requisites for language, because if they are given fair and appropriate training they show a remarkable propensity for developing language skills and extending them spontaneously to novel situations, with impressive adaptivity.

Within the animal kingdom, he went on, there seems to be a continuum along which the potential for formal public language becomes increasingly defined and powerful. But neither the public product nor the requisites to language are uniquely human.

The ape language projects discussed at this symposium, said Dr. Rumbaugh, "clearly serve to narrow the gap between man and ape." Although silence still prevails between the two species, the linguistic exchanges now taking place "will serve to underscore the close biological relationship" between them. They can neither debase nor diminish man, nor do they serve to elevate or demote the ape. "Man and ape are both distinctive and unique. They shall remain thus, but perhaps they will gain a better understanding of who they are in relation to each other."

He concluded on a playful note, saying that "the possibility should not be ruled out that someday language-trained apes will accompany man to the field, to facilitate field research and the interpretation of the apes' signal systems. If so, the ensuing problems of credits and co-authoring of reports by man and his ape colleagues will just have to be resolved, if not otherwise frankly enjoyed."

ONE of the following speakers was Dr. Sue Savage, a very pretty psychobiologist I had met originally at the chimpanzee colony in Oklahoma. For the past year and a half, she had been working with three specimens of the very rare and interesting pygmy chimpanzee—the bonobo, or *Pan paniscus*—at the Yerkes Center. Her talk was about iconic communication—hand gestures that look like the actions they represent—among these animals. She prefaced her remarks with the question "Why is there such discrepancy between what a chimp can do with a little training and what he has done when left to his own devices?" There are at least two answers to this question, she said. First, there exists, of necessity, a partial misunderstanding of exactly what it is like to communicate with an ape on the part of those who haven't had the opportunity to participate in the experiments—or, at least, to watch. Second, much of what is said with a linguistically trained chimpanzee is interpretable only when the context is known in detail and is used as an essential component of the linguistic interchange. There is such a discrepancy between our experience and that of a chimp that, unless the person is accustomed to communication with a chimpanzee, misinterpretations are bound to occur. Before the work with Washoe, people assumed that chimp-to-chimp communication was completely affective. Since then, closer observation has been made of chimps' social structure in the wild, and it appears that there may be communication of a prelinguistic nature between the animals, though just how is still not known. Dr. Savage decided to try to find out, and that's what she has been doing—by observing the chimpanzees closely, to try and understand the part played by vocal and facial gestures in

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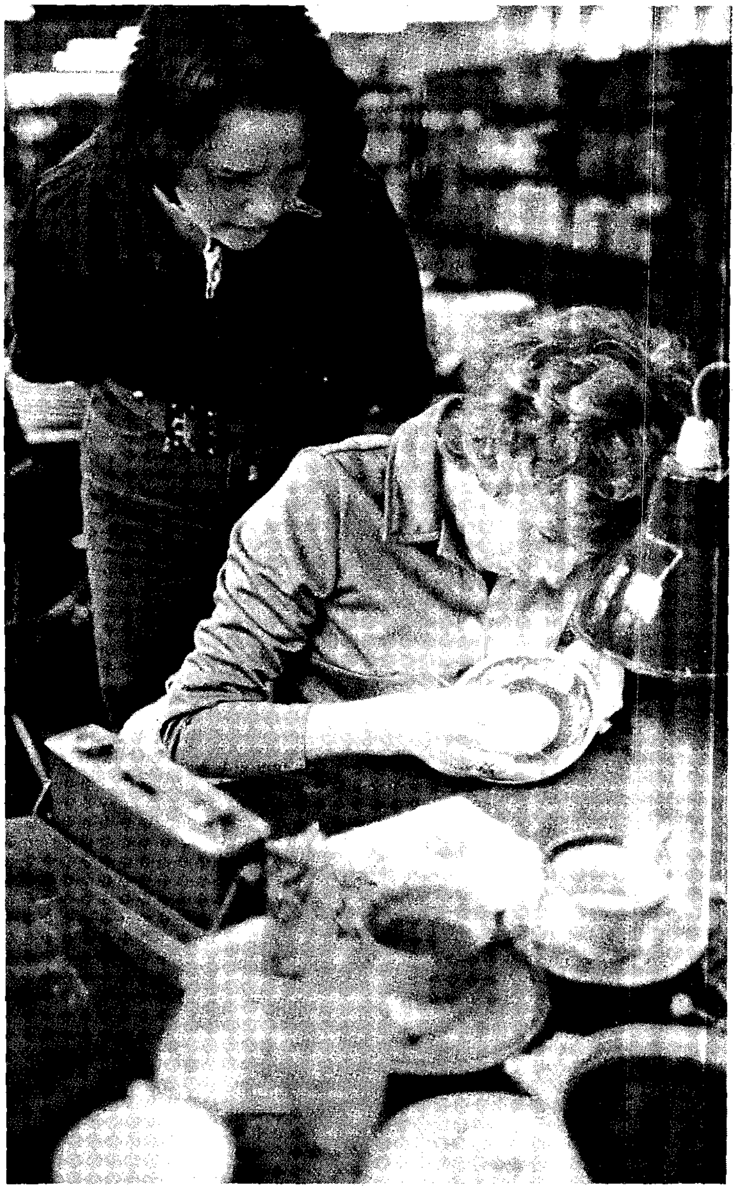

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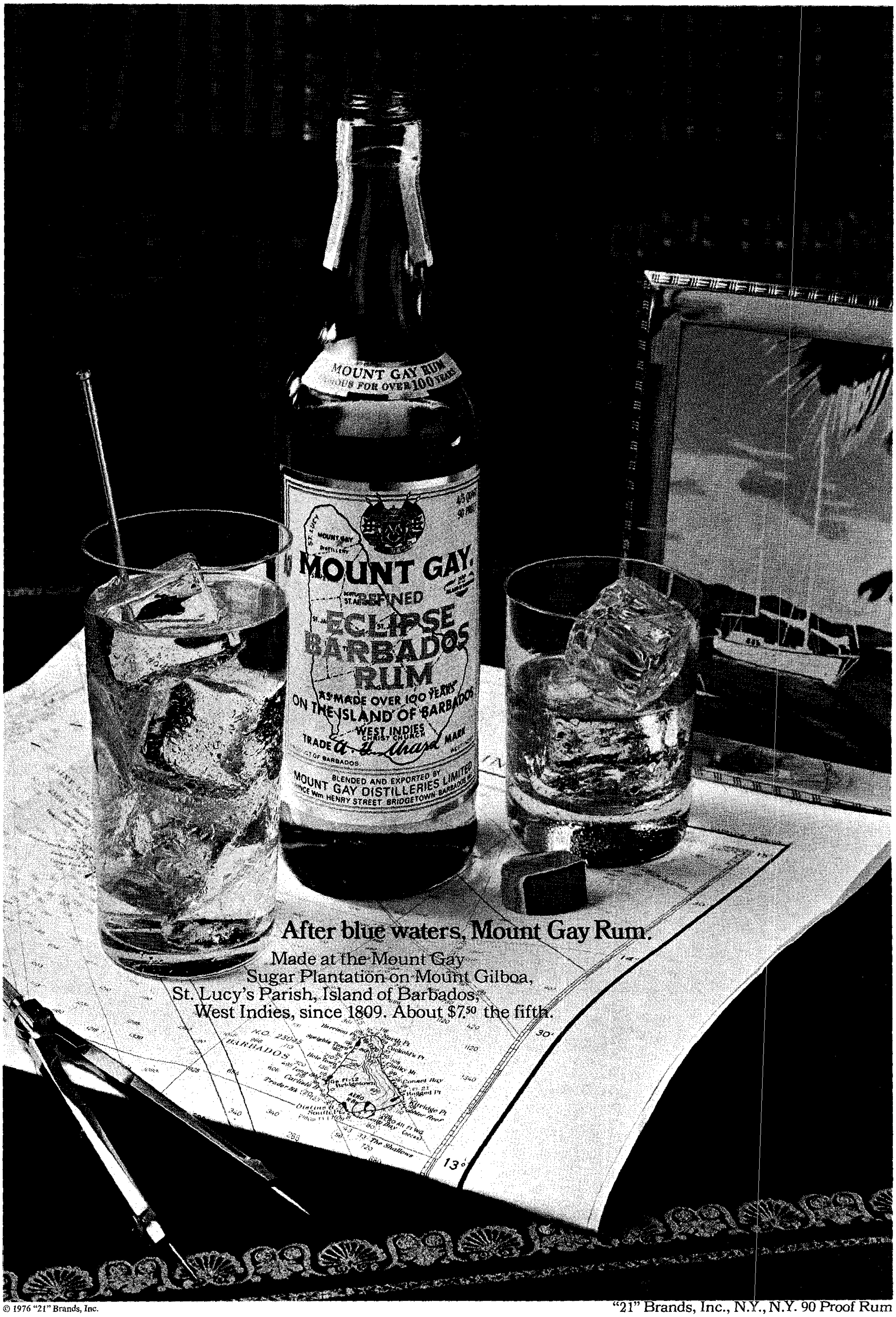
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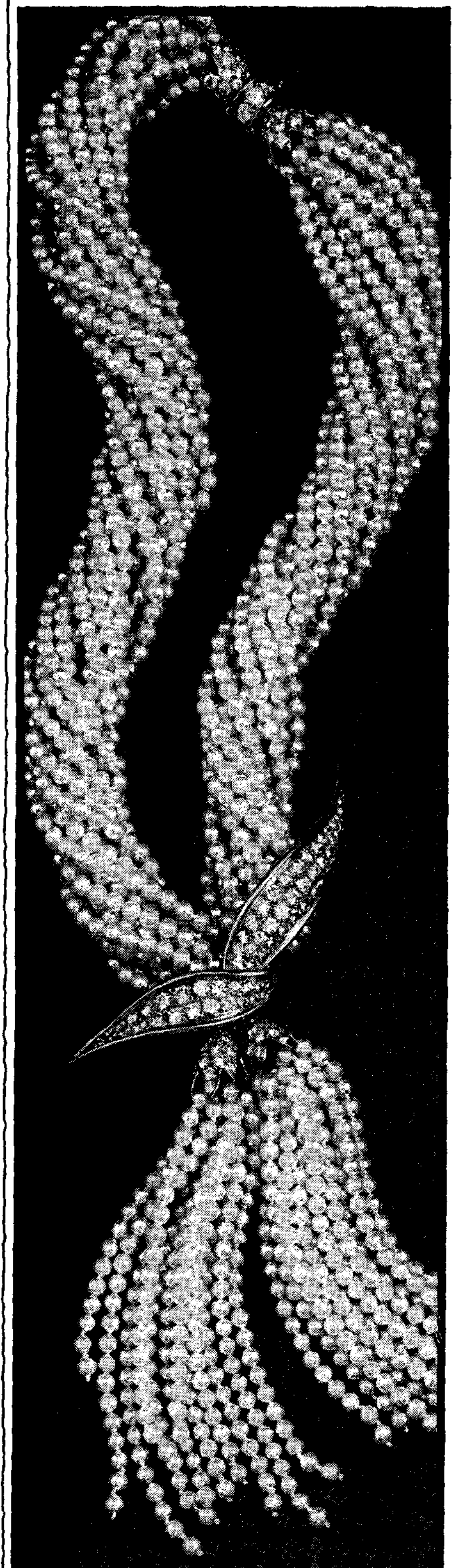
behavioral communication. The facial expressions of a chimp are no easier to describe than those of human beings. She has been studying spontaneous, or untutored, communication in her subjects. Because there seems to be more communication in sexual behavior than in any other, that is what she has been concentrating on, and she has discovered that chimpanzees communicate with a large variety of signals about a variety of copulatory postures.

Dr. Roger Fouts, who spoke after Dr. Savage, stressed how important it is to establish a relationship with the chimpanzee you're working with. Unfortunately, that point has often been ignored in psychology. B. F. Skinner, he said, treated organisms as black boxes, and ignored the relationship with his pigeons and rats. With him, it was merely input and output; he ignored the most important thing in animal behavior. For example, if a relationship is not established between individuals of a species, the organism will be unable to breed, and the species cannot survive. Relationship is the most basic form of animal behavior we can study. In the wild, as Jane Goodall has pointed out, the infancy of the chimpanzee is a time of social learning, and so is the adolescence of the animal, when the acquisition of social relationships takes place. Said Dr. Fouts, "Because of the lack of attention to relationships, I think experimental psychology historically has taken a rather myopic view toward behavior, and perhaps it's time to throw the bathwater out and keep the baby. The baby . . . is the excellent methodology that's been developed within the field of experimental psychology. The bathwater would be the myopic perceptions of animal behavior in terms of structure. . . . This scientific myopia, I think, has retarded the development of looking at complex social behavior and cognitive behavior in the chimpanzee and other organisms. . . . You should take into account, quite obviously, the gregarious nature of the chimp; they thrive on relationships." He spoke approvingly of the methods used by Keith and Cathy Hayes, who raised a chimp named Viki in their home as a baby, and of the Gardners, who brought up Washoe in the same way. "Behaviorism likewise has emphasized learning rather than the biological makeup of the organism," said Fouts. "Also, it tends at times to ignore the fact that you have a developing organism on your hands. It's changing, from day to day."

Fouts should know, I reflected. He had been with Washoe from the beginning, moving with her to Oklahoma from Reno, and accompanying her as she became an adolescent and then an adult. She has now become a mother, though the baby lived for only a few hours.

Fouts discussed a statement that one often hears made—that after chimpanzees have reached the age of six they are dangerous to work with, because their bodies become fantastically strong and their tempers uncertain. That is nonsense, said Fouts. "I think that it is quite true that you can't if you treat them like a cow or a rat, but if you show them the respect that they're due, [as] a very sophisticated organism in terms of social behavior, you certainly can carry it off," he declared. "These negativistic statements are encouraging the myopic tradition in experimental psychology by reducing the potential for exploring cognitive behavior. In other words, it implies that we're limited to studying language behavior in chimpanzees that are six years or under. . . . It's also bad public relations for what I think is perhaps the most exciting species that a comparative psychologist has to study. . . . If people in Washington hear that you can't work with a chimpanzee more than six years of age, certainly they won't be willing to fund research that involves older chimpanzees. I think that these negative statements result from, perhaps, ignorance on the experimenters' part, and also a lack of knowledge of the behavioral and biological development of the chimpanzee. Poor social environment, lack of stimulation, and lack of care and understanding for the chimpanzee—and also, poor rearing conditions—can result in this type of behavior in a chimpanzee or a child. When they're very young, as with children, you are able to intimidate them mainly because you're bigger than they are; you're able to tell them to sit up straight, mind their table manners, and so on. And this works fairly well with chimps. However, you've got to remember that they mature and they change, and some people don't seem to be as aware of this as they should. And as a result, when the chimp begins to reach about five or six years of age he begins going through a rebellious period; the same thing, I think, happens with humans at a little later age. But certainly if you treated a fifteen-year-old human like a five-year-old, you would have a behavior problem on your hands. . . . Often, with both human



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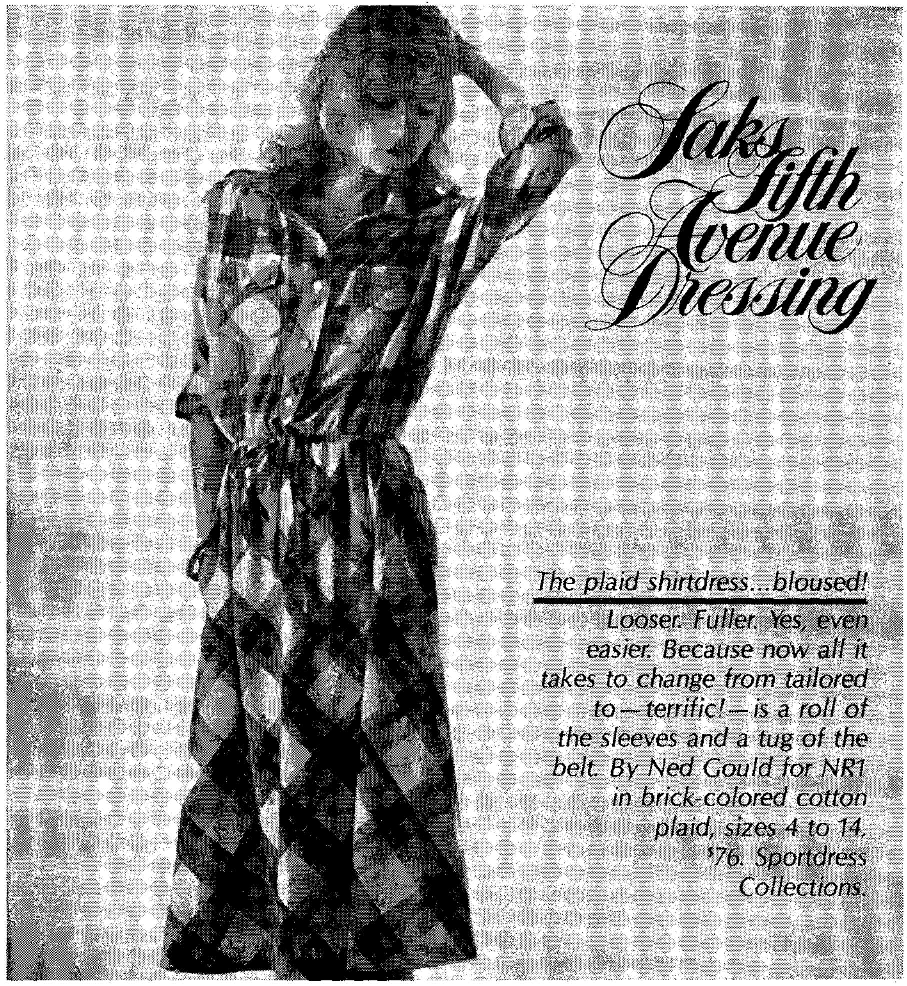
children and chimpanzees, this rebellious nature, if not handled properly by the experimenter or the parent, results in permanent caging for the chimpanzee and semipermanent caging for the human. This is not to say that chimps are not difficult to work with; they are interesting to work with and they're also very strong, and they do test the rules. . . . No two days are the same. It's not at all like going down into a basement of some psychology building and dropping a white rat into the end of a maze repeatedly every day.

"I've noticed that the [symptoms of the] aggression period, or the 'trying' period, of the teenager in humans and . . . adolescence in the chimpanzee . . . change as they mature. Of course, your behavior as an individual who's working closely with them has got to change, too. Instead of telling the chimp or the child to sit up straight, using the typical parental intimidation procedures, it's much better to sit down and discuss things with him rather than imprinting your personal prejudices on him. In terms of the strength, there are ways to get around that. . . . When . . . I get in a major disagreement with Washoe or some of the other chimps, I simply try to change the subject. I might do this by giving an alarm bark, pretending to see a leopard behind the bush: whereupon the chimpanzee will run to your arms for protection and thus avoid the potential confrontation."

He told of an experience he had had just after he arrived in Oklahoma to work at the chimpanzee colony in Norman. In the laboratory was an approximately two-hundred-pound male named Musifer. Fouts, as part of his training, was cleaning the laboratory, and he began hosing out Musifer's cage. Musifer got hold of the hose and started to pull from his end, dragging it into the cage. The hose was very expensive, and Fouts was sure he would lose his job if he allowed it to be eaten, so he tried hard to pull it away—but in vain. He knew he was losing. A BB gun was kept in the laboratory for such emergencies; usually, the shot merely stings the animal and has no worse effect. Fouts grabbed the gun and fired at the chimp, but this time the BB shot rolled out of the barrel and fell to the ground. Now Fouts, making a magnificent recovery, peered past Musifer and shouted, "Look behind you!" Musifer did, and Fouts grabbed the hose and got it out of the way.

Another time, he ran into trouble with a mature, powerful chimp named



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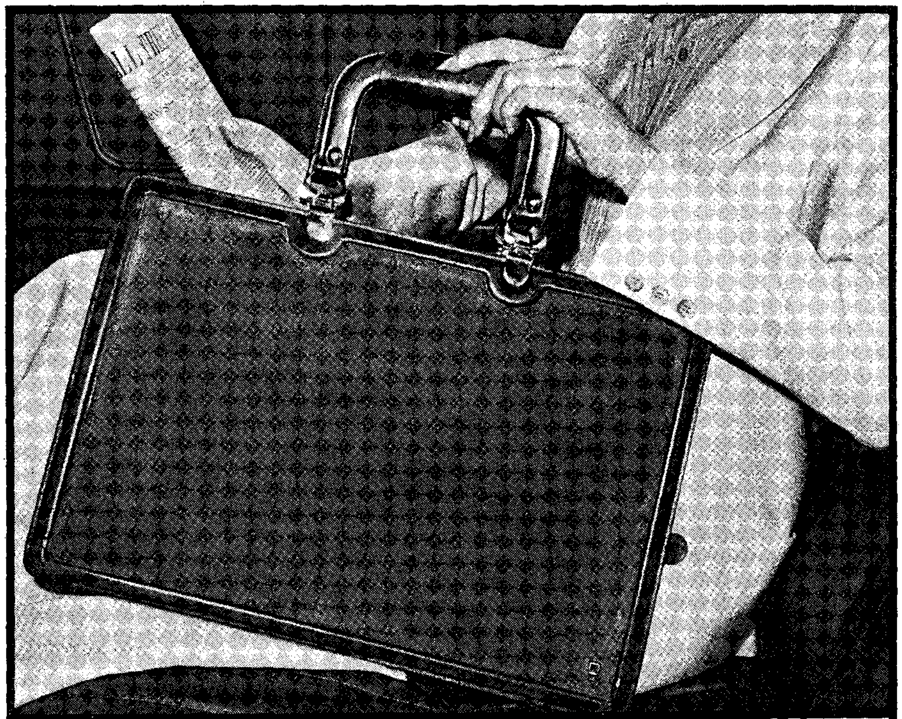

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Booee, who had been led, on a long lead, from an island where he usually lived, to enable a group of students to have some experience with a chimp. Fouts was the experienced primate hand among them, and they treated him with great respect. When it was time for Booee to go back to the island, however, he didn't obey orders but climbed a tree instead. Fouts ordered him repeatedly to come down, but he wouldn't. Fouts wrapped the end of Booee's lead around his hand and tugged. Booee promptly reached down with one hand, holding onto the tree with the other, and lifted his lead, with Fouts tied to it, off the ground, so Fouts was swinging in the air. "So I did the only thing that any good comparative psychologist would do in the situation," said Fouts. "I forgave him for being a bad boy, whereupon he leaped out of the tree and into my arms. These things *can* be gotten round."

He mentioned several chimps who have been successfully raised to maturity, and the people who can handle them, Dr. Savage being one. He himself was still working with Washoe, who was eleven at the time. It has been said of the project that apes string their words together at random. Fouts said he doesn't blame people for this: he was in France a year ago and he doesn't speak French very well, and he had the impression that the French string their words together randomly, too. "As far as I know," he said, "the only thing we have that approaches randomness is computers, in terms of generating random number tables." Washoe had a definite word order in mind, and it wasn't ours.

THE next speaker, Timothy Gill, had worked a good deal with Lana, and he had written his Ph.D. thesis on his experiences with her. His talk was about his conversations with the chimp. He described how, after the computer routine had been followed for some time, he began to wonder what would happen if he introduced a number of misrepresentations of the truth. How would she deal with this unexpected turn? She was four and a half years old then and had been undergoing language training for two years. Most of the communication between her and Gill had had to do with food and drink. Lana was accustomed to getting milk in the morning—"Lana want what drink?" was the customary question tapped out to her on the console—and a prepared concoction called monkey chow to eat in the after-

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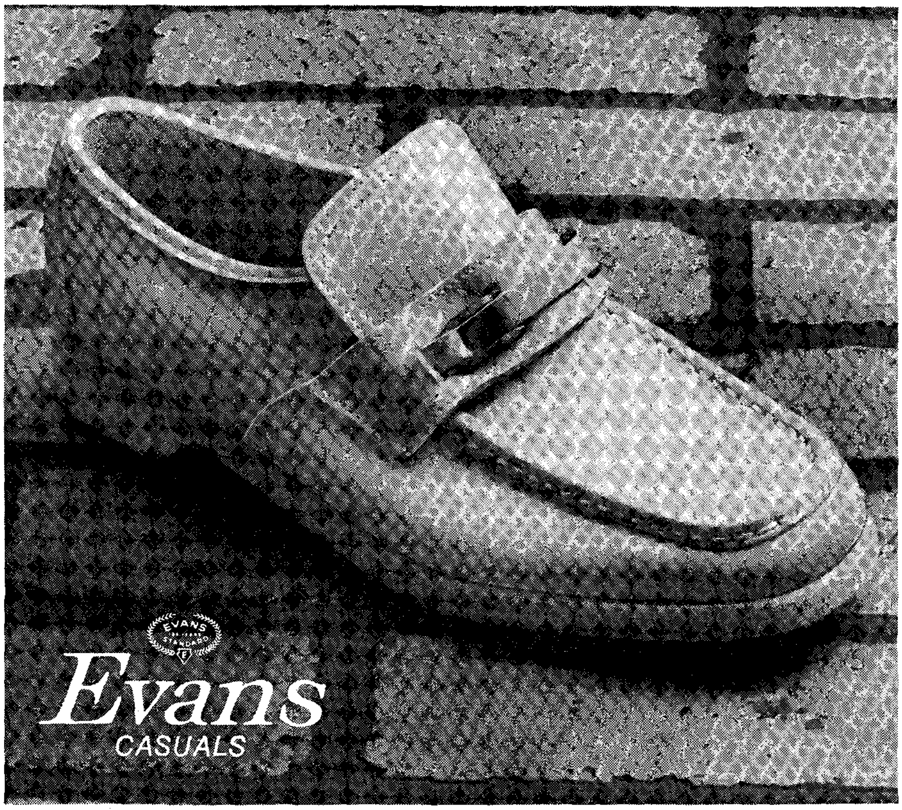

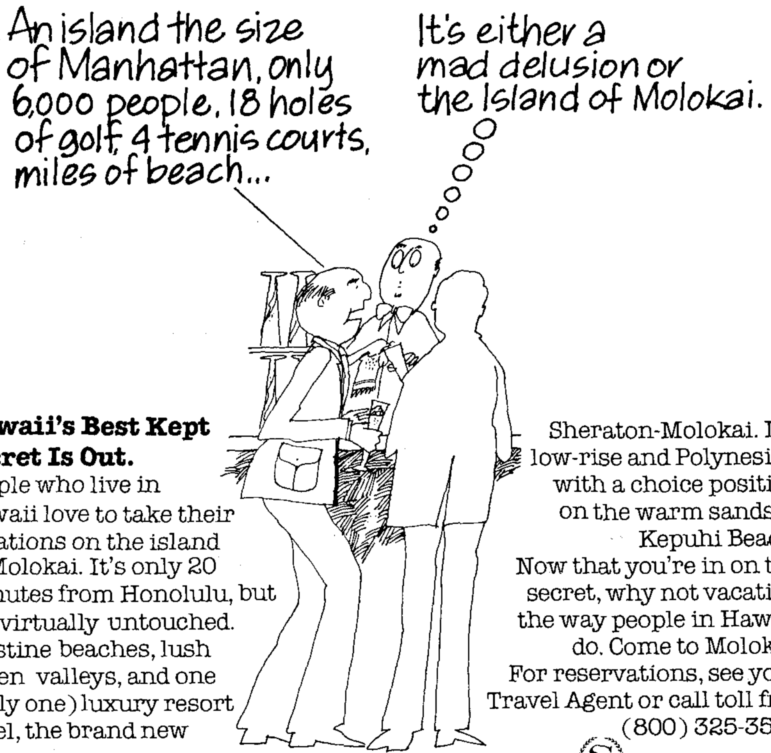
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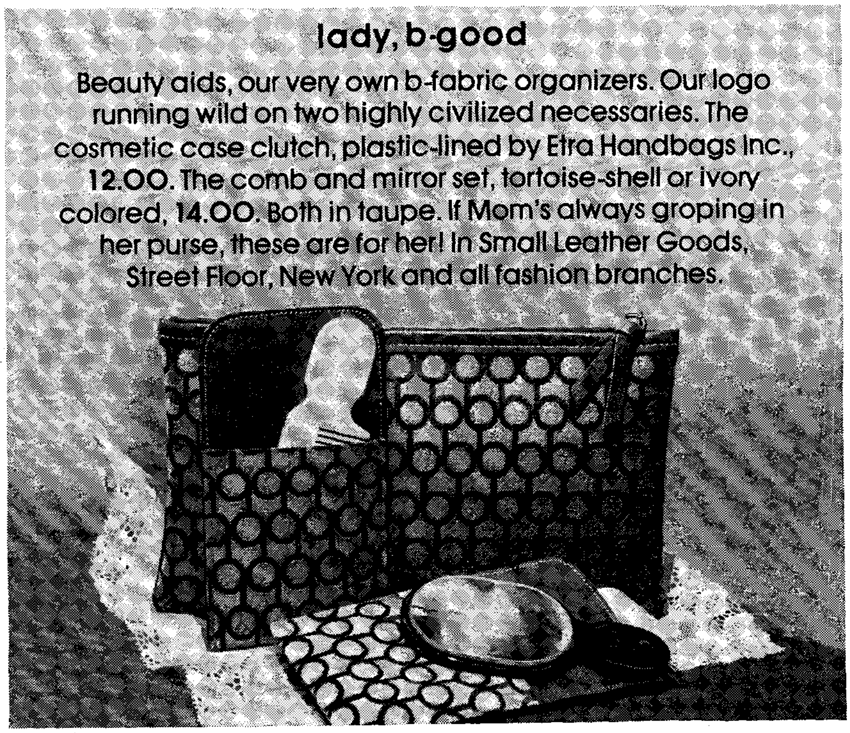

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noon. She was sometimes given water instead of milk, and cabbage (which she did not care for) instead of monkey chow. Generally, when Gill deceived her she noticed and protested. Sometimes she responded with her own order; sometimes she simply refused anything. In the afternoon, when she would normally be expecting food, he asked, "Lana want what drink?" She replied, "No Lana want drink. Lana want chow." In many instances when water was substituted for whatever she had asked for, she requested that the water be removed from the dispenser and that it be replaced with what she wanted. On one occasion, Gill put cabbage in the machine when she was expecting chow. Lana watched and asked, "You put chow in machine?" Gill answered, "Chow in machine." She repeated her question and finally stated, "No chow in machine." Gill asked, "What in machine?" Lana answered, "Cabbage in machine." Then she requested, "You move cabbage out of machine." Gill then put chow in and Lana said, "Please machine give piece of chow." On every occasion when a substitution was made for what Lana had asked for, she acknowledged that fact.

"Perhaps her success with these requests for the removal of an unwanted item gave her a feeling of great power," said Gill. "Up until the time of this experiment, Lana had never been worked with in this way. Nobody had ever lied to her or played tricks on her within the confines of the language system. Consequently, the potential of her language system to counteract the undesirable acts of others may not have been known to her, and several trials may have been needed in order for her to discover it. In any event, she eventually learned that it was possible not to agree with the experiment and, more important, to control it."

Along the way, she also seemed to have grasped the rudiments of tense, he said, and how to use the negative. Also, when he gave her water instead of the milk she had asked for, she said, after she had tasted it, "Water name this."

"She made many novel and productive statements, probably as a direct outgrowth of the experiments themselves," said Gill, in conclusion. "In these experiments, Lana clearly demonstrated that she is operating in a domain once held exclusive to man."

—EMILY HAHN

*(This is the second part of a two-part article.)*

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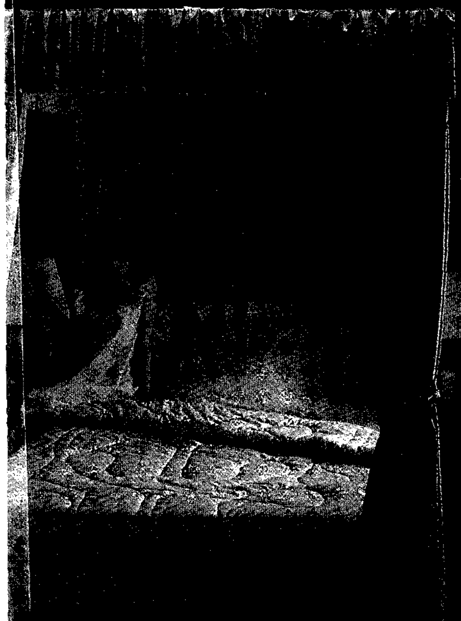

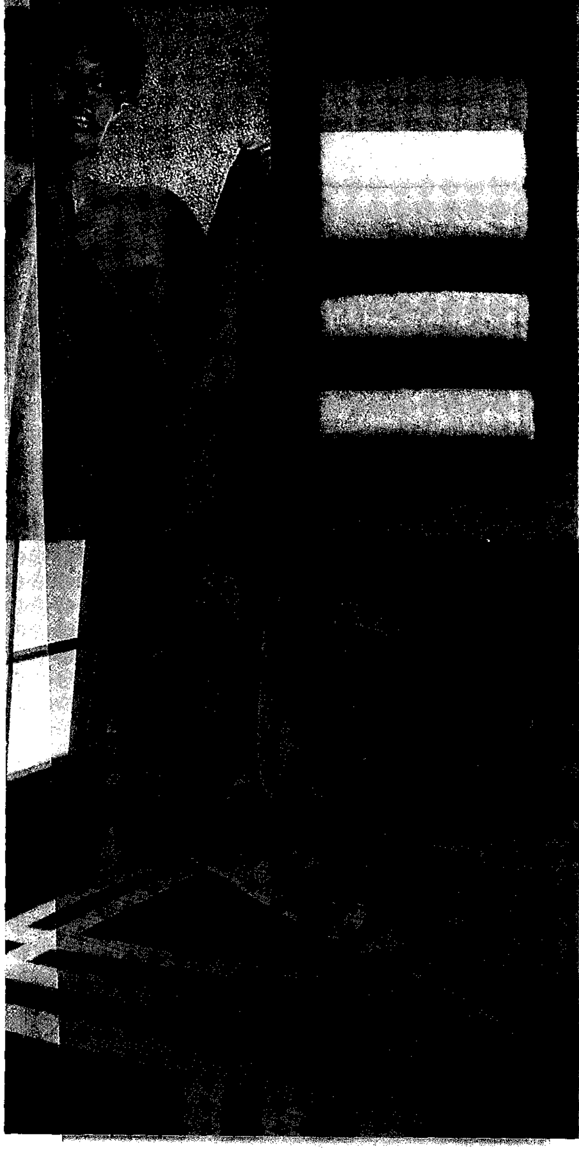

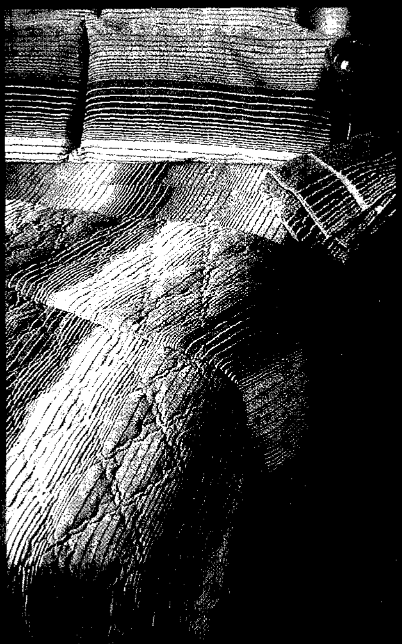

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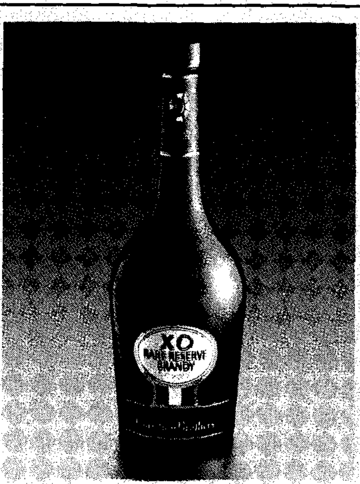

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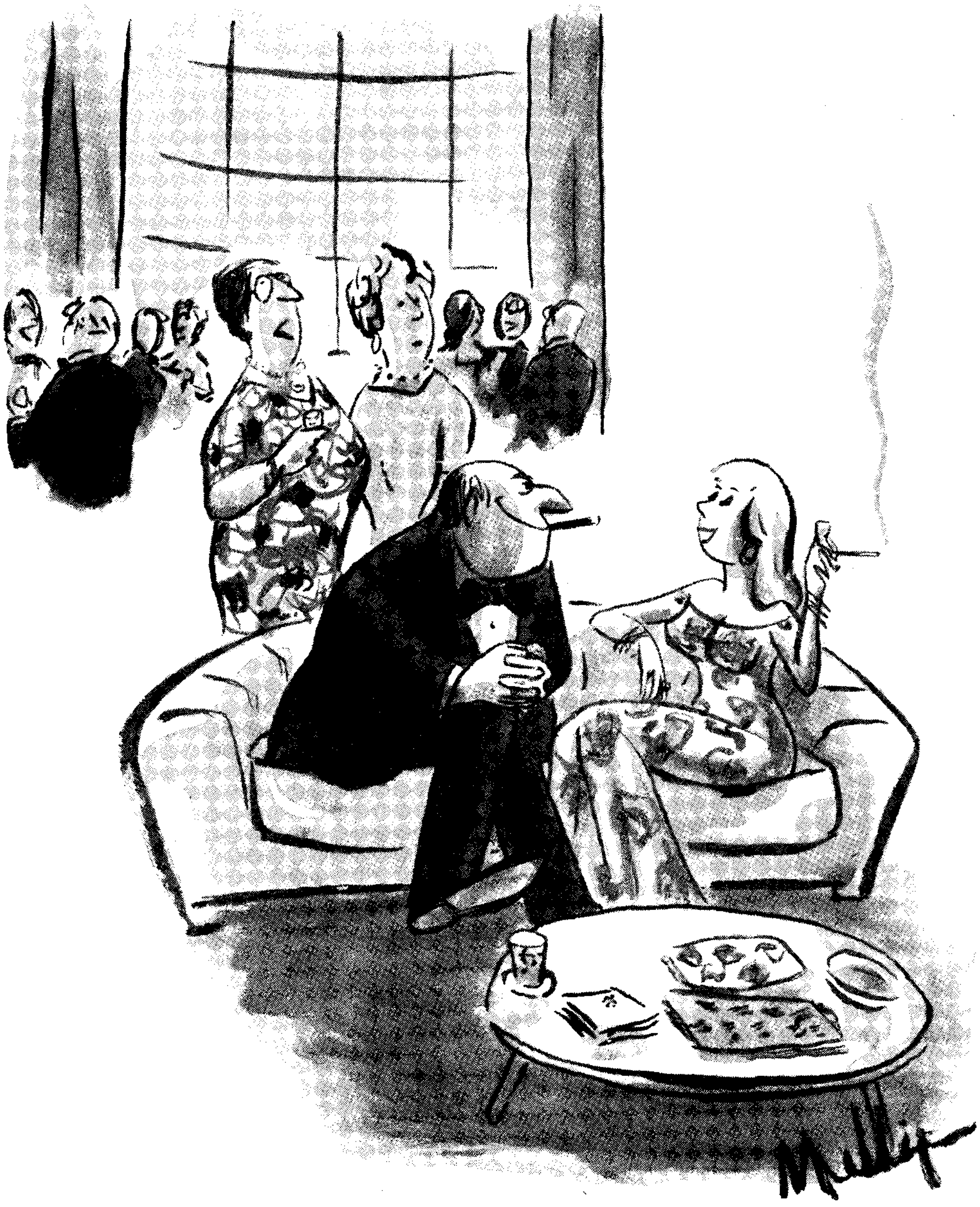
# THE THEATRE

## GALLANT LOSERS

IF it's true, as the old maxim holds, that plays are not written but rewritten, it's also true that rewriting can produce startlingly unlike consequences. Once upon a time, I worked on the book of a musical that died the Death of a Thousand Revulsions in far-off Philadelphia; the show richly deserved its fate, because the more the book was rewritten, the more turgid it became, until from being at the start a mere thick, indigestible stew of words it was transformed by opening night, after prolonged labor, into a lump of warm, unbudgeable sludge. That is one extreme of the rewriting process; another, and more agreeable, extreme is embodied in "The Mighty Gents," a play by Richard Wesley. An early version of Mr. Wesley's work first saw the light of day in the bosky purlieus of the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theatre Centre, in Waterford, Connecticut, in 1974; a later version was presented at the Manhattan Theatre Club in 1977, under the title of "The Last Street Play," and before opening here on Sunday, at the Ambassador, it had the benefit of an extended run at the Kennedy Center, in Washington, D.C. As the play now stands, it is a small, pleasing work of art in immaculate order; with the lilting clarity and economy of a ballad, it carries us unswervingly from first word to last. Moreover, it shares with the ballad a traditional candor of plot: from its opening passages, we perceive that sooner or later something terrible is going to happen. Frankie, the young hero, is the leader of a gang of street warriors; having engaged in unequal combat with his father, he leaves home to seek his fortune in the world. He knows love and is not content with love, and finally, in his thirties, meets a bloody end at the hands of a second father, encountered as if by chance in the guise of a disreputable old drunk.

Harold Scott has directed—and, in effect, choreographed—this touching ballad with a sure sense of just how far he and his cast may go in abandoning the usual accoutrements of naturalism. He is much aided by the occasional songs and musical accompaniments of Peter Link, by Santo Loquasto's amorphous, dreamlike setting, by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr.,'s lighting, and by Judy Dearing's boldly colored costumes. The cast itself is exemplary, and I condemn myself for an ungrateful wretch in failing to name every member of it. Dorian Harewood is Frankie, Morgan Freeman is the old drunk, Starletta DuPois is the woman Frankie loves (or, rather, who loves him), and Howard E. Rollins, Jr., is the consummate street gangster, preying with unscrupulous relish upon his fellows—he makes his entrance dressed to the nines and announcing suavely, "I am the American dream." "The Mighty Gents" is played without an intermission, and this is wise, for the spell it casts could not easily survive an interruption.

AT the Eugene O'Neill, Vincent Price is pretending to be Oscar Wilde, in a one-man show entitled "Diversions and Delights." The all-purpose title is of little merit—there are boutiques on Madison Avenue selling haberdashery under just such names—but the show turns out to be a highly enjoyable one. Mr. Price makes himself up into a reasonable facsimile of Wilde in 1899, a year before his death. Wilde was then forty-four—a tall man gone to fat, with unexpectedly coarse features and a charming presence. (As a member of an upper-class Irish family, Wilde spent his life trying in vain to teach upper-class English people good manners.) We are to suppose that Wilde is putting on a professional *causerie* in a small theatre in Paris, in hopes of raising



*"If I called him 'Arturo,' he'd get absolutely livid."*

money for a worthy purpose—as usual, the filling of his own empty purse. He talks readily and at random, sipping absinthe and dropping those mechanical epigrams for which, in his London prime, his intellectual inferiors nightly invited him to dinner. Mr. Price admirably conveys Wilde's intelligence and his persistent misuse of that intelligence; he makes him, ill and alone and bereft of his talent, an affecting figure. We see that there was something invincibly shoddy in Wilde's nature and that by bad luck this shoddiness was precisely the aspect of him which attracted Lord Alfred Douglas and made it possible for him and his father to destroy Wilde. Of all giddy, golden-haired boys to fall in love with, the fatuous Bosie! No, no, it wouldn't do, and it didn't do, and the pathetic buffoonery of Wilde's downfall makes us uneasy to this day. The text of the *causerie* has been stitched together out of authentic Wildeana by John Gay; the setting and lighting are by H. R. Poindexter; and the direction is by Joseph Hardy. —BRENDAN GILL

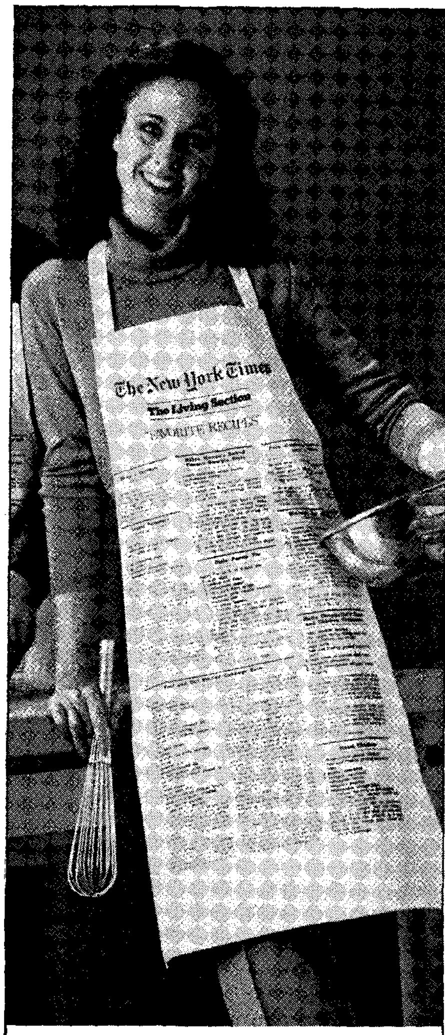
## OFF BROADWAY

### *On the Banks of the Danube*

"CATSPLAY," at the Manhattan Theatre Club through May 7th, starts out as a series of letters and phone calls between an elderly woman named Ersike—the widowed landlady of an apartment house in Budapest—and her sister Giza, in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. The events of the letters are acted out onstage by impulsive, incorrigible Ersike, as prudent, worried Giza, confined to a wheelchair at stage left, reads and listens and warns. "You will not accept the fact that youth is gone," says Giza, and she is right; Ersike will accept nothing without a fight, and that is the point of the play—or one point, anyway. From time to time, it breaks free of the letter-and-telephone format to tell the story of this heroine—and she is indeed a heroine, as seen through the eyes of the dramatist, István Orkény—and her lifelong lover, a singer named Victor, whom she describes as a monster, a glutton, a whale, and who is won away from her by a wily fake named Paula, widow of a dentist. Only an innocent romantic like Ersike could have been taken in by Paula. Only an innocent romantic like Ersike could have been taken in by Victor, come to think of it, with his hammy courtliness and effusive endearments, and when she at last realizes what has been happening she goes completely to pieces. But only for a while. At the end, having weathered a truly broken heart—to say nothing of rebuffs from Victor's mother, an embittered scolding from her own daughter, the increasingly worried admonishments of Giza, and an unsuccessful suicide attempt (complete with a fantasy funeral)—she emerges alive and swinging, with a bravado that will carry her through to her grave.

The play opens and closes with a projection of a snapshot of the two sisters as girls, taken, we are told, in 1918 or 1919; the action is set in the nineteen-sixties. Much of it is funny and appealing, and some of it has a kind of Middle European playfulness that becomes a bit trying. Yet that playfulness is one of many details that give the show its invaluable atmosphere—we are in Budapest, all right—which is maintained throughout in Lynne Meadow's capable directorial hands. The script could use some pruning, but, by and large, it makes an entertaining evening, and the acting, by and large, is up to Manhattan Theatre Club standards. Helen Burns, who plays Ersike with considerable temperament and relish, is all that the doting Mr. Orkény could have wished for. Katherine Squire is very good as Giza, and so is Robert Gerringer as Victor. Bette Henritze is appropriately foolish as a milliner who lives in Ersike's apartment house, and I also admired Susan Sharkey and Peter Phillips as Ersike's tight-lipped daughter and sympathetic son-in-law. The scenery, with a handsome backdrop of Budapest, is by John Lee Beatty. Marty Silvestri's lively accordion playing, as the audience files in, sets the mood of the evening. Translated from the Hungarian by Clara Györgyey.

THE Lear performed by David Schramm in the Acting Company's "King Lear" (in repertory with "Mother Courage" at the American Place through April 22nd) is a merciless characterization of a very old man by a young one, and, as such, is fascinating. His King is senile, willful, tantrummy, and headstrong, always seeing himself as a kind man and a victim of the unkindness of others (the words "kindness" and "unkindness" ring through the play), which makes his coming to himself at the end—his release from madness and his scenes with Cordelia—all the more moving. It has never been shown more clearly that Lear's dividing up the kingdom in the first scene is as insane as his later mad scenes on the heath (Kent, bellowing at him, and, later, the Fool, white-



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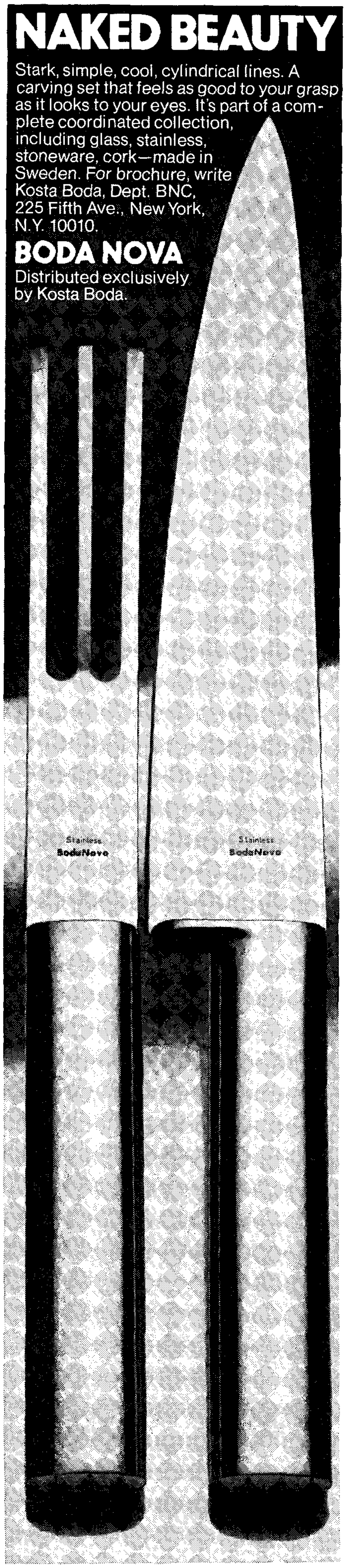

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faced and peaked with misery and foreboding, make this evident), and Edmund's scathing soliloquy, though spoken about his own father, the Earl of Gloucester, could be considered a key to the Lear seen here: "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behavior—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity . . ."

Given the richness and complexity of "King Lear," the most one can humanly expect is a performance that encompasses perhaps two-thirds of the potential; this performance, under the direction of John Houseman, the company's Founding Father, encompasses about one-third, but it is clear (not an easy thing to achieve) and absorbing from beginning to end. The actors—a professional troupe for only six years—in every case at least indicate their characters (and some of them do better than that), and their fidelity to the play is commendable. I liked Kevin Conroy's Edgar in his wild Poor Tom scenes and in his sober, sympathetic scenes with blind Gloucester (Ian McKellen, of the Actors' Company of England, is my permanent Edgar); Dennis Bacigalupi's fragile, haunted, and haunting Fool; the malignant Goneril of Mary Lou Rosato; the icy Regan of Patricia Hodges; Frances Conroy's sturdy, intense Cordelia; Daniel Corcoran's King of France; James Harper's gruff Earl of Kent; Gregg Almquist's Earl of Gloucester; Tom Donaldson's Edmund; and Anderson Matthews and Tom Robbins as good Albany and bad Cornwall. I also liked Ming Cho Lee's settings and Nancy Potts' costumes. Lear is usually the capstone of a Shakespearean actor's career. Mr. Schramm, a magnetic, volatile actor of thirty, has got that one out of the way. Maybe he will decide to do Hotspur next.

GEORGE ROSE is so strong as Caesar and Richard Dreyfuss is so fiery and interesting as Cassius that each is the only worthy adversary of the other in the BAM Theatre Company's production of "Julius Caesar" (at the Brooklyn Academy through April 23rd), so the whole play goes off balance. René Auberjonois does good work, too, as Brutus, but Austin Pendleton's Mark Antony is almost beyond belief. Making his first entrance down the aisle of the theatre, he adopts a mincing walk and, licking a finger, smooths an eyebrow; he delivers the funeral oration over Caesar's body in high-pitched sobs broken by occasional smirks, and only at the end does he sober up, dropping the deliberately effeminate characterization in time for "This was the noblest Roman . . ." It is inconceivable that any crowd could be swayed by an Antony as outlandish as this one. Mr. Pendleton is one of the best actors around, but Frank Dunlop, the British director (whom we have to thank for wonderful "Scapino" and "Sherlock Holmes"), putting his antiheroic stamp on the play, reverts to the old British tradition that the only way to belittle or deglamorize something is to make it Cockney or camp—a tradition that was happily breached by the new English playwrights of the nineteen-fifties. In this case, he has chosen camp, and Mr. Pendleton is his victim. On the other hand, the crowd scenes—populace in black, principals in white—are effective, and the performance, while irritating, never becomes boring. "Julius Caesar" is not sacred writ, and it can be done in any way that works, as Orson Welles proved back in the thirties with the unforgettable Mercury Theatre production set in Fascist Italy. Mr. Dunlop's way doesn't.

"FAMILY BUSINESS," by Dick Goldberg, at the Astor Place, is about a wealthy old Jewish widower and toy manufacturer in Beverly, Massachusetts, and his four sons—a businessman, a psychologist, a prissy mother's boy, and a homosexual. The father dies of a heart attack at the end of the first act, after a stormy conference about his will, and the rest of the play is given over to fraternal quarrels, most of them about money, and fraternal feelings, most of them bad. What a lugubrious lot these men are! I suspect that there is much more quality—to say nothing of liveliness—in the depth of this play's characters and in the writing of its lines than is made evident in the current production, a drab affair with almost no acting to speak of. The exceptions are Richard Greene as the businessman, Joel Polis as the homosexual, and Richard Levine in the small part of his lover; all of them do well under the disheartening circumstances. Don Jensen's setting of the father's living room seems entirely appropriate.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

During an on-the-record briefing for college news media last Thursday, President Carter revealed he might have to meet with Kruschev in the near future to make progress on Salt II agreements.

—*Bucks County (Pa.) Collegian.*

What the hell. If it works, fine.

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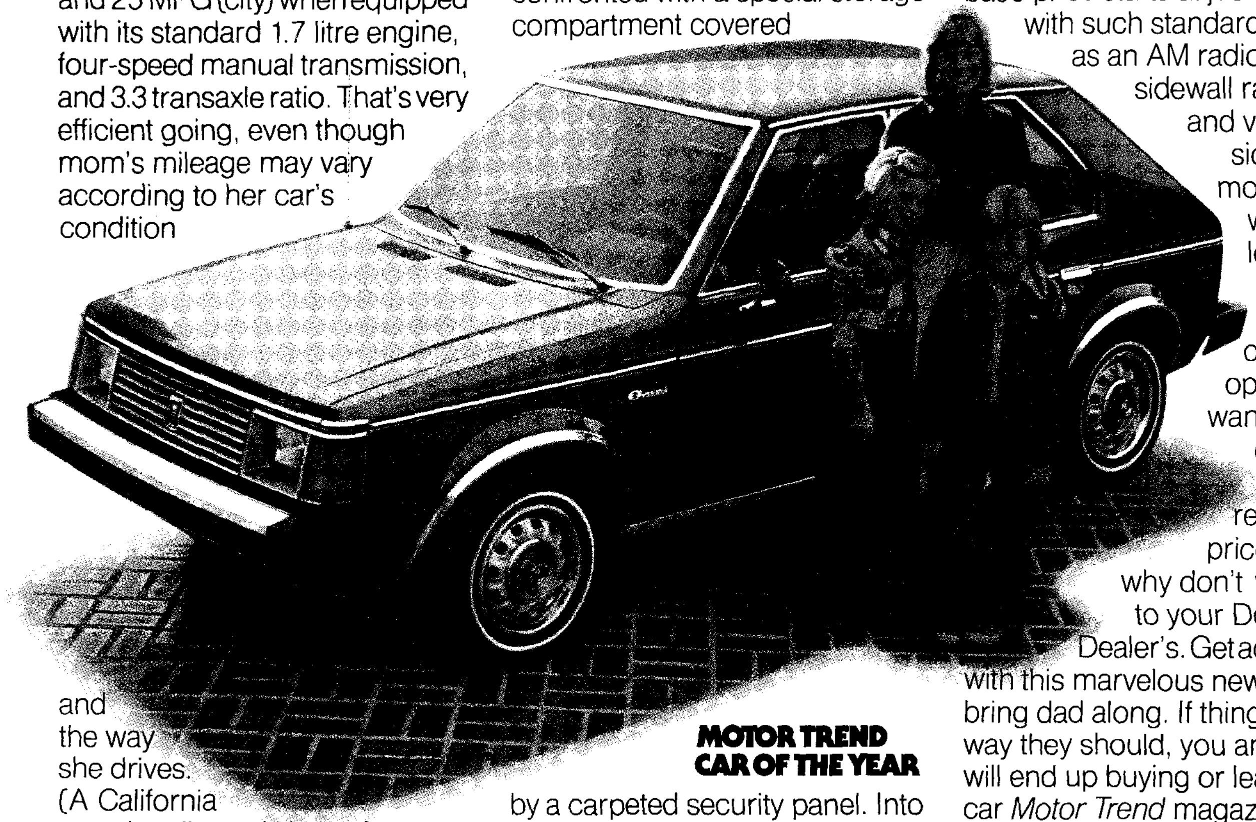

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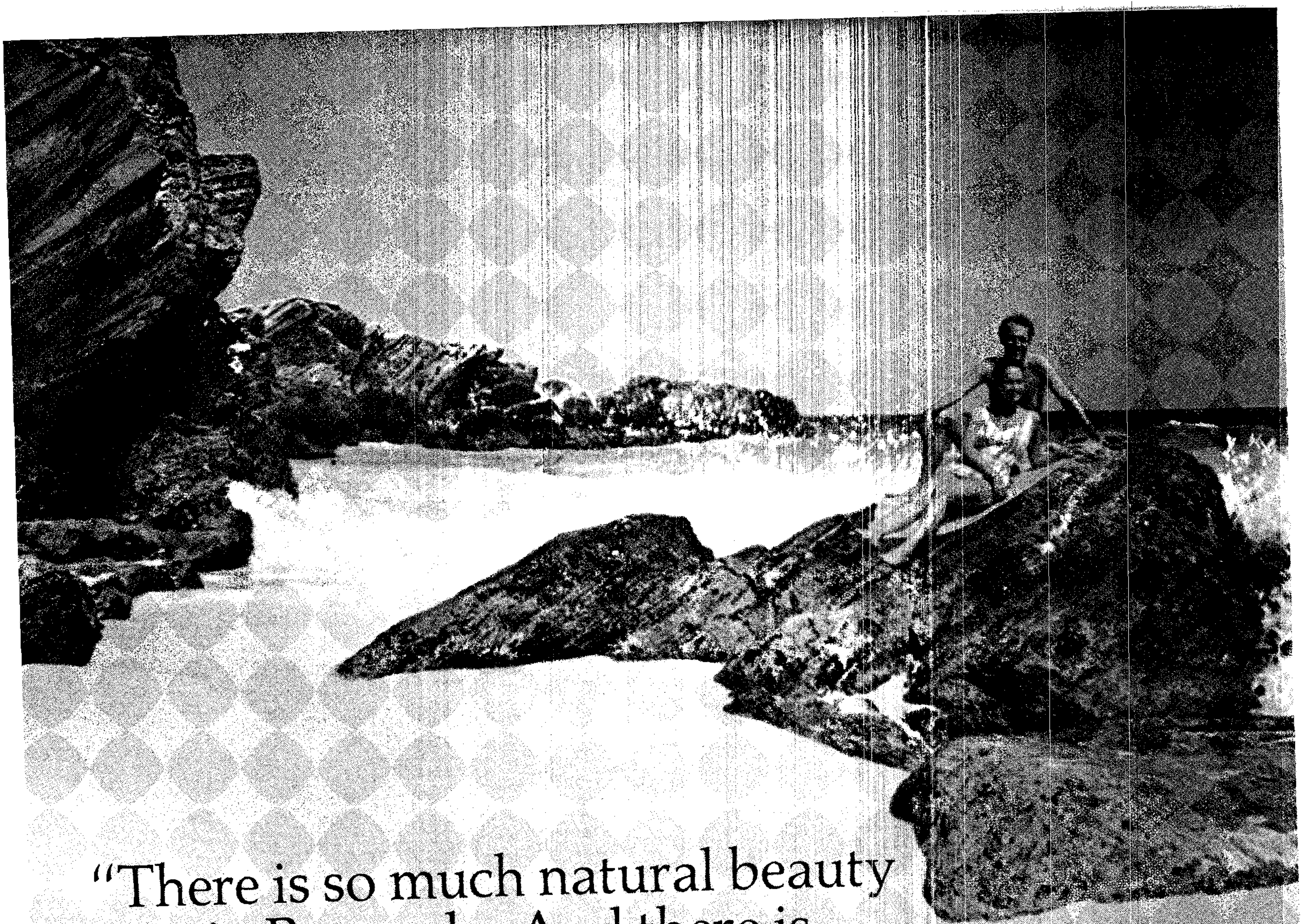

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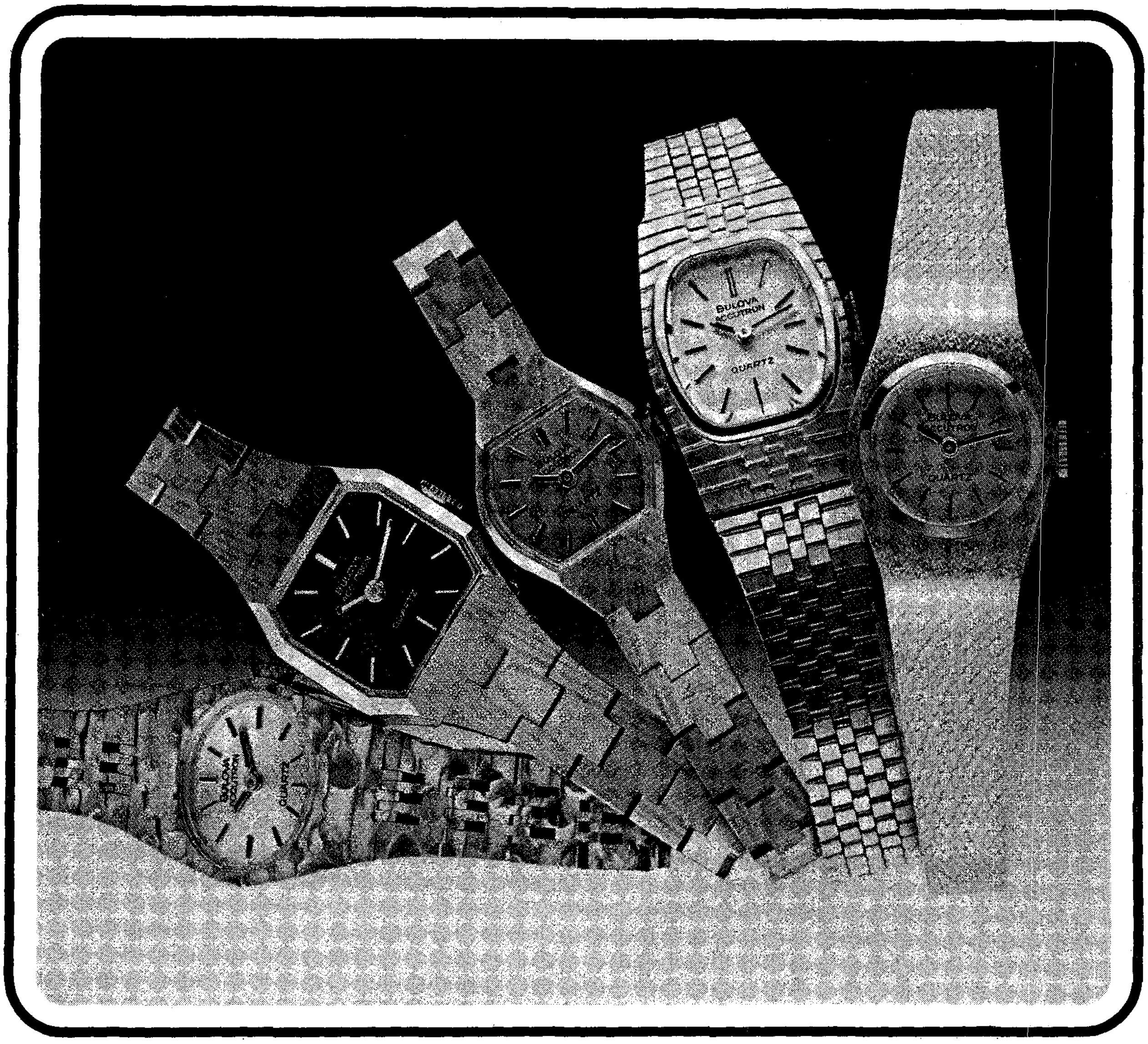

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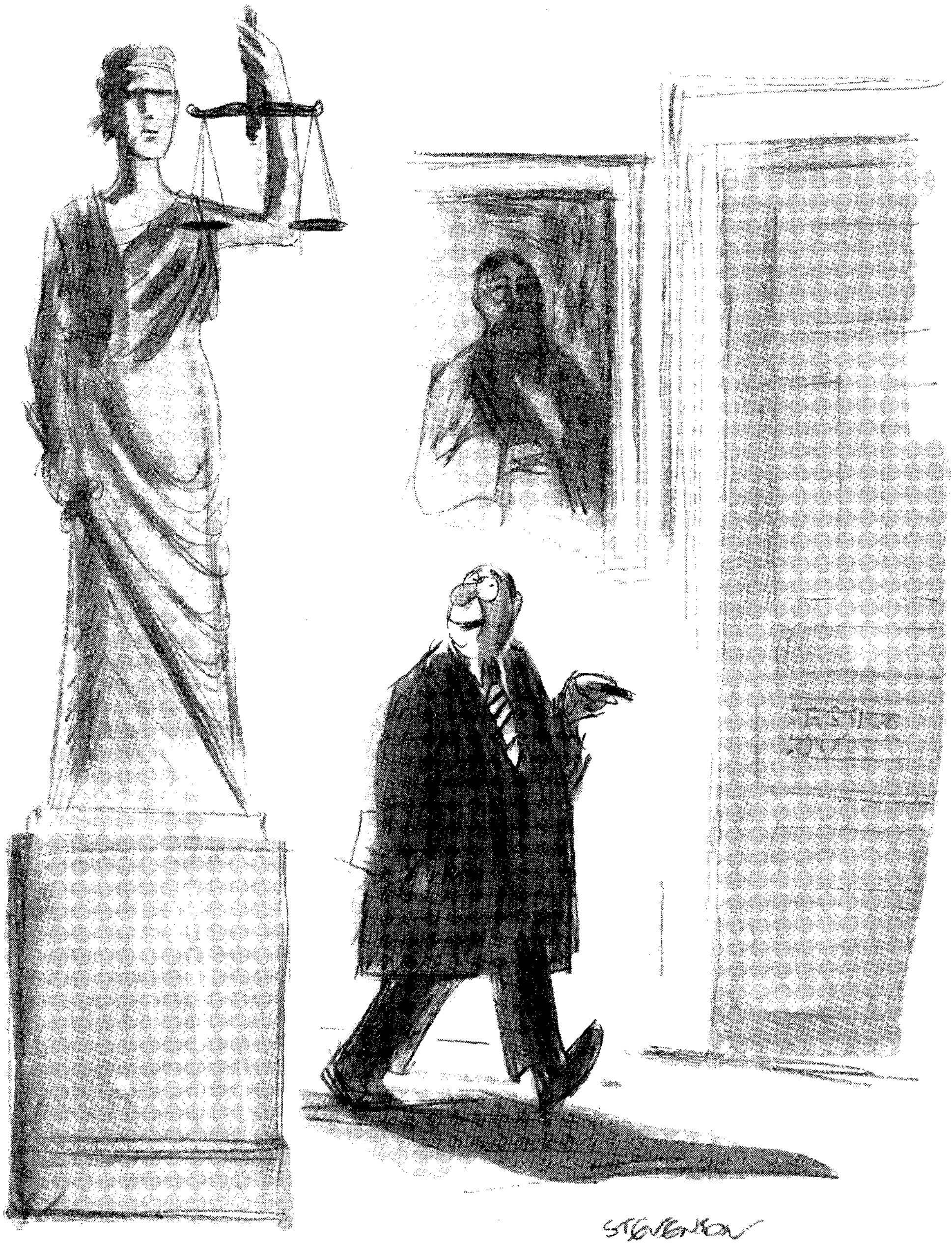
# THE SPORTING SCENE

## VOICES OF SPRING

BASEBALL has arrived, and its pale April shoots—the first standings, the first line scores—give promise of the long months of green just ahead. Before we tour the gardens to inspect the crocuses and the grape hyacinths, somebody will have to rake out the winter leavings in the yard and prop up the statue of the Commissioner, which again seems to have suffered from frost heaves. Best to get these chores over with right away. After the Yankees' victory over the Dodgers in the World Series and Reggie Jackson's awesome fusillade of three successive homers in the sixth game, baseball turned to its other autumn ritual, the free-agent market—the new arrangement by which players with terminated contracts and six years' service in the majors are permitted to sell their services and fealty to other teams. This winter, thirty-two significant free agents signed up with new clubs, as against twenty-two last year, when the system went into effect. The latest carpetbaggers did not include any stars of the celebrity of Reggie Jackson, who came to the Yankees for about three million dollars in the first scramble, but the salaries and other sums of money they were able to command were all the more startling because of their comparative anonymity and, in some cases, the modest nature of their baseball accomplishments to date. Larry Hisle, a lifetime .272 batter who hit twenty-eight homers for the Twins last year, signed a six-year contract with the Milwaukee Brewers for a package (salary, bonus, and deferred compensations) totalling $3,155,000—which divides out at $526,000 per year. His teammate Lyman Bostock (like Hisle, an outfielder) hit .336 for the Twins last year, which was only his third summer in major-league ball; his new club, the Angels, will reward him with a stipend of $450,000 per annum for the next five years. Hisle and Bostock, by the way, had been earning $47,200 and $20,000, respectively, with the Twins. Mike Torrez, who pitched so well for the Yankees last year in the late summer and in the World Series, moved along to the Red Sox for seven years, at a total of $2,500,000. Rich Gossage, who saved twenty-six games as a reliever for the Pirates in 1977, joined the Yanks for six years and $2,748,000. And so on. According to the *Times* (to which I am indebted for the details of these transactions), six deals for more than two million dollars apiece were made in the winter market, as against three in the first year of free agency.



*"Morning, sweetheart."*

Last spring, a great many fans expressed anger about the free agents and the enormous sums of money they were able to extract from the owners. The young overnight millionaires seemed to represent a new breed of athlete in the sport. Their loyalty was suspect, and they were widely accused of unbecoming greed. Since then, however, it is more generally understood that it was the club magnates and executives, after all, who bid the market up to its new dimensions. The fans' opprobrium now seems to have shifted toward the owners, who are being accused of trying to control competition by luring away established or promising stars—"buying a pennant," in the jargon. But a few more figures suggest that what is actually happening is a good deal less sinister. Twenty-

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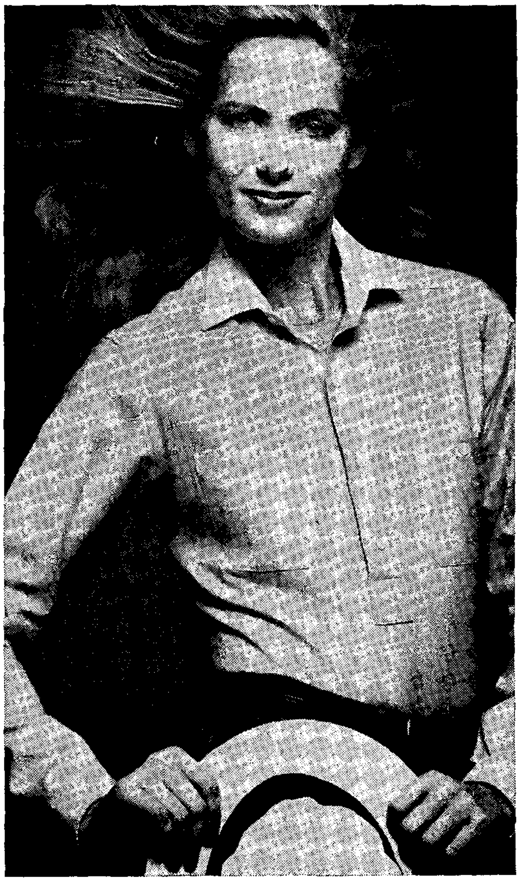

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two, or even thirty-two, free agents is a very small percentage of the six hundred and thirty-eight players now in the major leagues. Larry Hisle and Lyman Bostock (and Oscar Gamble, Doc Medich, Terry Forster, and Elliott Maddox, who were also well rewarded as free agents this year) are not famous baseball stars; the great majority of their more celebrated colleagues have remained with their original clubs, with whom they have signed, or expect to sign, multi-year new contracts or renegotiated old contracts at similarly lofty levels. Mike Schmidt, the splendid Philadelphia slugger (thirty-eight homers in each of the last three seasons), stayed on with the Phillies last year because of a new six-year contract, worth $3,500,000. None of the members of the Kansas City Royals, the defending two-time pennant winner in the American League West, have jumped ship, thanks to the generous multi-year contracts the club has given them. Mickey Rivers, the Yankee center fielder, was "extended" during the off-season with a new three-year contract that tripled his salary. Another significant document signed last winter was the renewal contract offered by the Indians to Rick Manning, an outfielder who has batted .276 and struck a total of fourteen homers during his three summers in Cleveland; he will earn $1,500,000 over the next five years. The Indians, who finished twenty-eight and a half games back in their division last year, are clearly not hoping to buy a pennant, and, realistically, neither are the Brewers or the Montreal Expos or the Chicago Cubs or the New York Mets (would that they were!), who all signed free agents last winter. The conclusions I draw from all this are simply that the players are enjoying a much larger share of their business and that the owners—a good many of them, at least—are doing a good trade, and even flourishing, in the new marketplace.

Big money and shifting player affiliations are distracting and emotional issues, and Commissioner Bowie Kuhn further roiled the baseball seas in January, when he nullified a major deal that would have sent Vida Blue from the Oakland A's to the Cincinnati Reds in return for an infielder named Dave Revering and a cash payment of $1,750,000. The Commissioner declared that the deal was "not in the best interests of baseball," because it could affect the competitive balance of the National League West (in which the Reds finished second last year, ten

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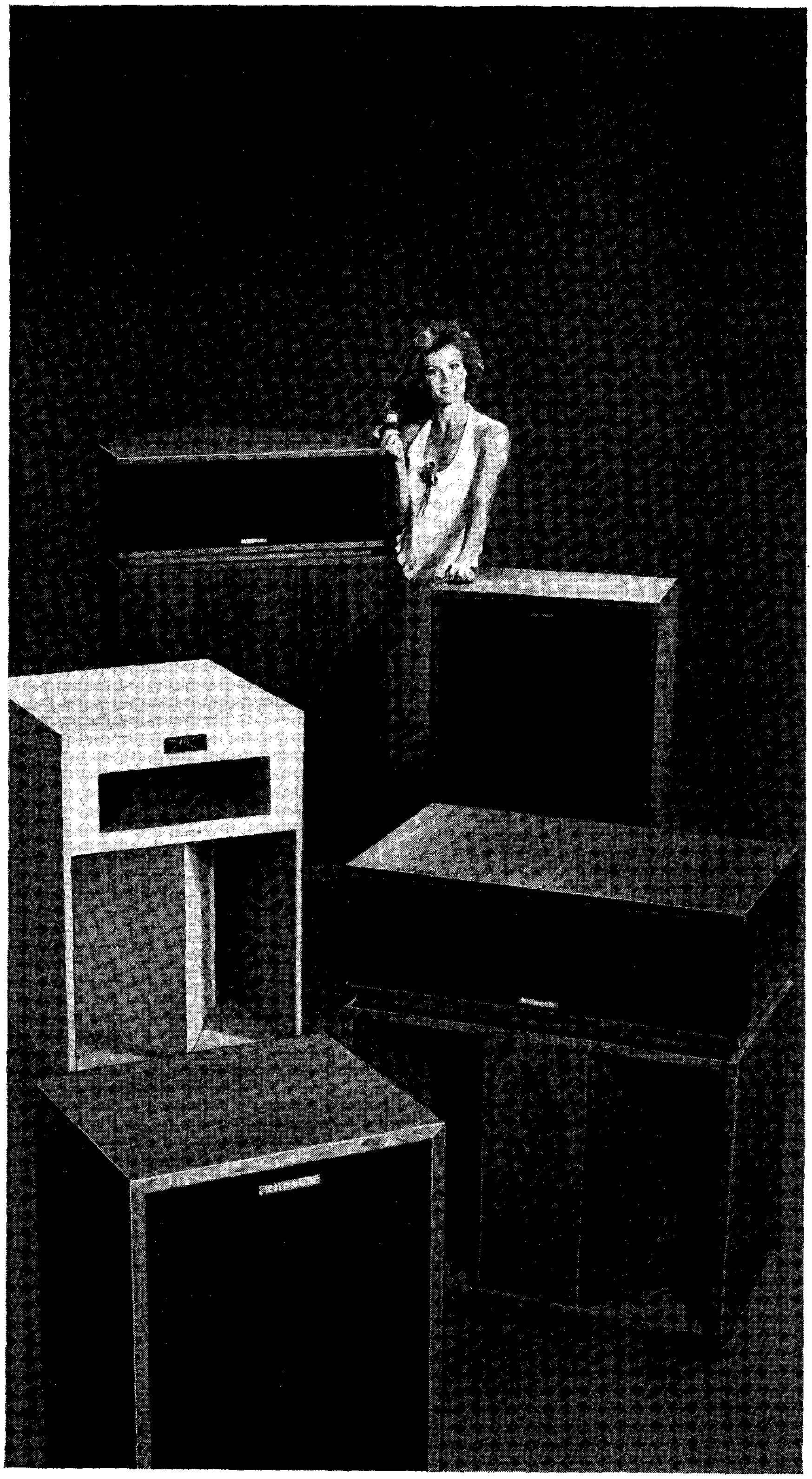

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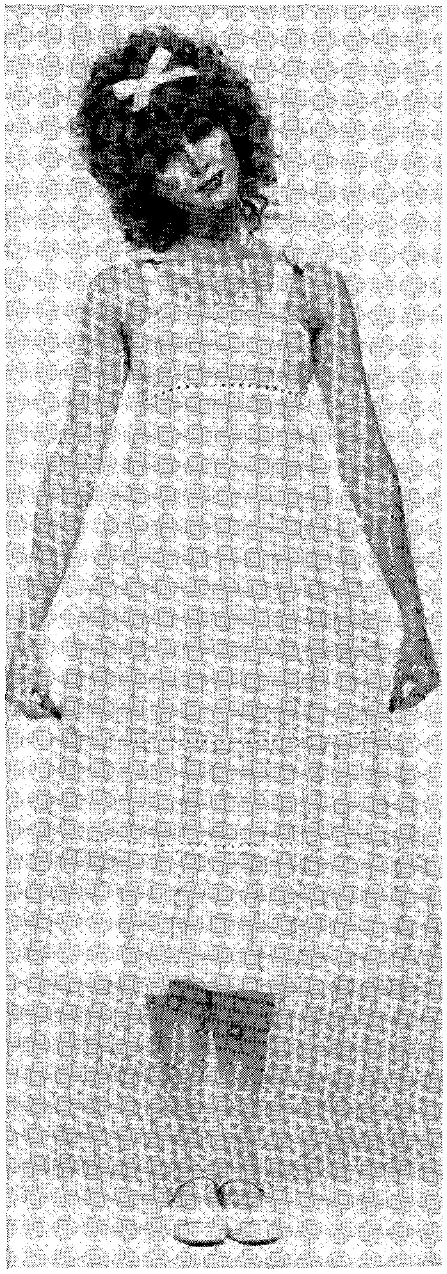

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games behind the Dodgers), and would worsen the competitive ability of Oakland (at the bottom of the American League West last year). There is a dazzling, Zenolike obscurity in a ruling that prohibits one club from damaging "competitive balance" for the same reason that the other is enjoined from getting a chance to improve it, but never mind. In the summer of 1976, it may be remembered, Mr. Kuhn similarly barred Charles O. Finley, the owner of the A's, from selling Vida Blue to the Yankees for $1,500,000 while dealing Blue's teammates Joe Rudi and Rollie Fingers to the Boston Red Sox for $1,000,000 each, in straight cash transactions. The Commissioner also cited competitive balance on that occasion, but a good many baseball cynics (including this cynic) felt that the greater good of baseball was being served just then by discouraging owners from tying million-dollar price tags on star players only a few months before the opening of the very first free-agent bidding season. Mr. Finley immediately took Mr. Kuhn to court on that occasion, but lost his suit for damages, perhaps because so many owners hurried forward to testify favorably on behalf of their All-father. This year, Mr. Kuhn received a shower of dead cats from the owners for his pains, but Finley v. Kuhn was still under appeal, and the Commissioner's lawyers may have pointed out to him that consistency seemed urgent, even if the original reason for his Blue law had disappeared. This is what lawyers are *for;* the purpose of sports commissioners is harder to explain.

Charlie Finley is getting out of baseball (his doctors have told him to take it easy), but perhaps not this year. Last month, he was finally able to trade away Vida Blue, the last remaining expensive star from his marvellous championship teams, in a swap with the Giants for seven lesser players and $400,000. So far, however, a much more serious transaction—the sale of the Oakland club to an oil magnate named Marvin Davis, who plans to move the team at once to Denver—has not come off. Some such shift is urgently necessary, for the A's and the Giants have proved that two teams cannot survive in the Bay area. There have been long and tedious negotiations over paying off the remaining ten years of a twenty-year lease that the A's have signed with the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum, over playing half of the Giants' home games in Oakland, and even over the deletion of "San Francisco" from the Giants' official name, but they may come to nothing in the end, because Mr. Finley and Commissioner Kuhn (and his league presidents) cannot agree on the legal language with which to consummate the bitter but devoutly-to-be-wished divorce. The details and the blame in this dull entanglement will not be sorted out here. Baseball deserves better than this, but how often does baseball get its deserts?

EACH year, it becomes clearer to me that my first purpose in touring the spring-training camps is not to deepen my appreciation of the sport, or to report on phenoms and veterans. It is to rid myself of the aftertaste of winter baseball news—the bitter flavor of money, litigation, and failed imagination. This year, in Arizona and Florida, in clubhouses and grandstands and dugouts, I was repeatedly impressed by the humor and eloquence of the players and coaches (and fans and writers) whom I talked with, and by the immense variety of their attachments to this complex game, and it occurred to me that the gentle and nearly meaningless competition in the Cactus and Grapefruit Leagues provides a wonderful quiet space in which we can listen to the true voices of baseball, which are silent in winter and are not always heard in the heat and roar of the summer races. On my first afternoon in Arizona, I drove straight from the Phoenix Airport to the Phoenix Municipal Stadium, where the Giants were entertaining the Brewers, and the first spring baseball voice I heard was my own—an inner "Ahh!" as I settled into a piping-hot grandstand seat, squinted out at the shimmering distant mesas and the nearer sunlit lawns, and watched Willie McCovey unfurl his famous tiptilted stance as he came around on a pitch and nailed the ball on a high line to center, where it was pulled down, after a long run, by a distant outfielder. Sunshine and some fly balls were more than enough for starters, but I was also rewarded by the presence of Larry

Hisle, the fresh-minted Milwaukee capitalist, who rapped out three solid singles and, forestalling invidiousness, ran them out hard.

The next day, at the Cubs' little wooden ballyard in Scottsdale, I found Oscar Gamble beside the batting cage, similarly clad in unfamiliar colors (the San Diego Padres' road uniform of gold and chocolate-brown) and in fresh celebrity. A year earlier, Gamble had been a spare outfielder with the Yankees, but he had been traded to the White Sox just before the season began, in the deal that brought Bucky Dent to New York. Playing for Bill Veeck's tatterdemalion free-swingers in Chicago, Gamble enjoyed the best summer of his career. Used almost exclusively against right-handed pitching, he batted .297 and rapped out thirty-one homers—homering, in fact, at a ratio of one downtowner for every thirteen at-bats, which is phenomenal. "Never *did* have so much fun playin' ball," Oscar said to me. "I could hardly wait to get to the park each day. Those Chicago fans, those nice close stands, all that noise . . ." Gamble became a free agent when the season ended, and was signed by the Padres to a six-year contract, worth $2,850,000. "I just had no *idea* I'd wind up with that kind of money," he said. In this particular case, I believe, everyone in baseball was delighted by the news of a free agent's good fortune, for Oscar is remembered in many dugouts as one of the most enjoyable teammates in the game. Encountering him here, I had a sudden flashback to the unhappy, gossip-haunted Yankee clubhouse in Fort Lauderdale last spring, where reporters and television people clustered every day around the cubicles of Reggie Jackson and Ken Holtzman and Thurman Munson and other high-priced, long-faced celebrities. One day, Gamble began to yell and wave a towel. "Hey!" he called out. "When are some of you writers goin' to talk to me? Who wants the Oscar Gamble story? No crowds down here. Plenty of room to talk to old Oscar today!" Everybody laughed, because, of course, we just had no *idea* . . . Standing behind the batting cage in Scottsdale, I studied Gamble's stroke, which he begins from a crouch at the very back of the plate; it is a modest, singles-hitting sort of swing at the outset, but he finishes it with an immense twisting, cross-legged follow-through that leaves him almost face to face with the catcher. He is slightly built, and his real power is in his wrists. Golden wrists.

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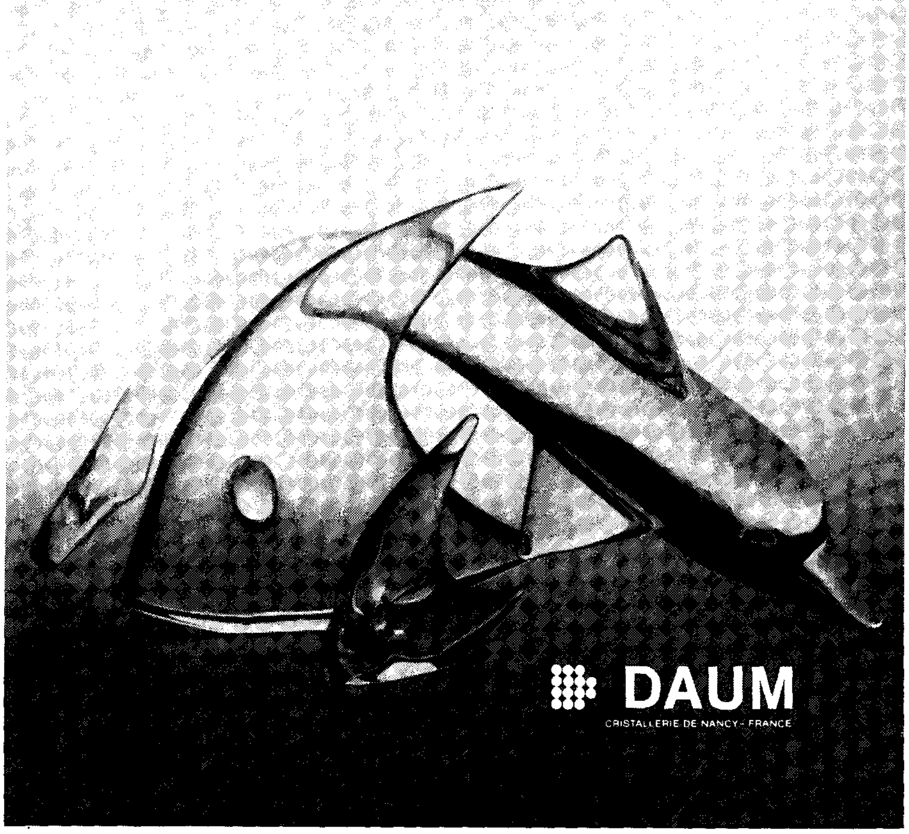

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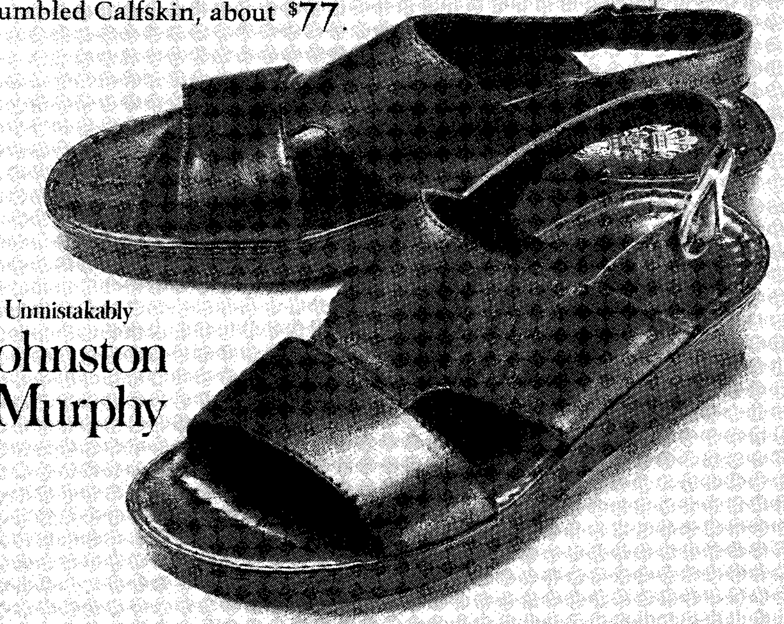

was Mickey Lolich, the veteran lefty and large-belly, who retired from baseball two years ago after a dispiriting eight-and-thirteen summer with the Mets. His previous thirteen seasons had been spent with the Tigers, for whom he won two hundred and seven regular-season games, plus three famous victories in the World Series of 1968. His lifetime record of 2,799 strikeouts is the sixth-highest in baseball. He is thirty-seven years old.

I asked Lolich if his comeback was attributable to his missing his old profession.

"No, I don't know why I'm doing this," he said. "Oh, they made me an offer, all right, but I never expected I'd be back." Lolich has a high-pitched laugh, almost a giggle—a surprising sound to come out of a large, cello-shaped man—and he laughed now. "I didn't miss baseball at all last year," he went on. "Never thought about it. On the Fourth of July, I was up at our cottage at Greenville, Michigan. I was out on the lake in the morning with my kids, and when we came in for lunch my wife had the radio on, and suddenly I thought, Hey, some people have to go out and play *baseball* on a day like this! I didn't pitch any last year—well, that's not quite true. Al Kaline and I have a sports camp for kids that goes two weeks every year, and I played in the games there. I always pitched for both sides in our games. I was eight-and-eight for the year—sixteen complete games." He laughed again. "Now I'm back here, trying to make this club as a relief pitcher, maybe. Back to all the old pains and trouble. Don't ask me why."

Lolich pitched one inning against the Cubs that afternoon, retiring his three batters on ten pitches. One of them was a super, down-darting slider that Gene Clines swung at and missed. Lolich then went to the sidelines, where he threw hard to a catcher for a few more minutes, and retired for the day. I found him in the ancient, splintery visiting-team clubhouse, with his shirt off and an ice bag taped to his shoulder.

"I can't figure it out," he said. "I'm not throwing good but I'm getting everybody out. Maybe I was doing it wrong all this time. Well, it's different now. I used to be a high-recognition pitcher, and I had to do things. Win twenty games, strike everybody out. Now it's just a question of seeing what I can do. If I make it, all right. If not, that's all right, too. The first day here, I didn't know what to expect. But the first time I threw the ball—

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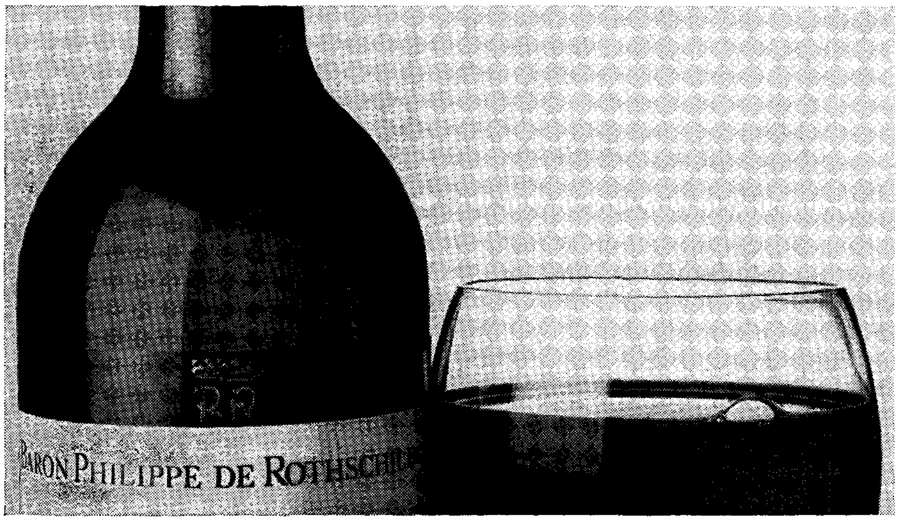

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*boong!*—it was right there. I could hardly believe it. I threw hard, because I had to find out, and they were all right around the knees. Then I knew I could still get people out, still be a pitcher."

Lolich had stopped laughing, and I had stopped wondering why he had come back to baseball.

MANAGING the California Angels may be the least enviable pilot's job in the majors. The Anaheim front office has spent enormous sums of money in the past few years to capture a pennant, but the Angels have never seemed to catch the habit of winning. Last year, the team collapsed again, after serious injuries to two newly acquired free-agent stars, Joe Rudi and Bobby Grich, and the club finished fifth in the American League West. The Angels have a highly publicized pair of righty-lefty starters in Nolan Ryan and Frank Tanana, but both suffered arm trouble last summer. Ryan, of course, is one of the great strikeout pitchers of all time. He has pitched four no-hit games, five one-hitters, and eleven two-hitters, and last year, in spite of his sore arm, he led the American League in strikeouts, for the fifth time in his career. His record over the past three years is fifty wins and forty-six losses.

BUS STOP
d. ehrenberg

The Angels were visiting the Seattle Mariners in Tempe, and before the game I asked their manager, Dave Garcia, about Ryan. Garcia is a friendly, frail-looking man in his late fifties, who served fourteen years as a minor-league manager; he took over the club last July—the Angels' fourth manager in the past four years.

"His arm looks all right," Garcia said. "He's coming on. Now, if I can only get him to accept the idea of pitching every fifth day. He's used to four days. It's a real problem. He's *so* strong—nobody has any idea. He's always ready to go, and when he's out there he throws a lot of complete games, and that wears him down. It also makes my bullpen rusty. I've been telling him that a pitcher like him has no business losing so many close games. Less work will make him twenty-and-eight or twenty-two-and-ten at the end of the year, instead of this nineteen-and-sixteen, and it could lengthen his career by another five years or so. If only he'll believe me . . ." His voice trailed off.

I felt a little ashamed of myself. I had been playing sportswriter, trying to put Garcia in difficulties, and his answers had reminded me that baseball is the most obdurate of all sports to predict. Dave Garcia has no idea what will happen to Nolan Ryan and the Angels this summer. Nobody does.

Ryan didn't appear that afternoon. Instead, the Angels started a young right-hander named Don Aase, picked up in a trade with the Red Sox last winter, and he shut out the Mariners in his five innings of work. I sat in the dazzling banked-concrete stands and watched Joe Rudi and Ron Fairly, old favorites of mine, play ball, along with a possible new favorite, a dashing California shortstop named Rance Mulliniks. The day was utterly clear—what ballplayers call a "high sky"—and this year's unexpected winter rains had painted the steep mesa beside the park a startled shade of green. During the game, a foul ball sailed directly at an old gentleman in the stands who was wearing a cardigan sweater and a faded golf cap. He half rose in his seat and put his hands up, more or less in self-defense, and made the catch. The crowd applauded, and he presented the ball to his wife in a courtly sort of way. When I looked back a minute or two later, his wife was rubbing his hands; then he took them back impatiently and waggled them between his knees, trying to shake the sting away. Later in the afternoon, I came upon three California players—Bobby Grich and Don Baylor and Terry Humphrey—who were standing behind the last row of seats; they had showered and changed into shirts and jeans, and they were eating hot dogs while they watched the end of the game. One of the California second-stringers lost a fly ball in the sun in short right field, and the ball fell free. "Second base!" the three Angels yelled together, and the outfielder threw to second, in time for the out.

THE next day, back in Phoenix, I looked up John Curtis, a baseball friend of mine who pitches for the Giants. I wanted to know what he thought about the immense trade, announced the previous day, that had brought Vida Blue to his club but had taken away seven of his teammates. I also wanted to hear him talk about his own career, for I knew he had renewed his contract with the San Francisco club during the off-season. Curtis, a left-hander, is a marginal major-leaguer—

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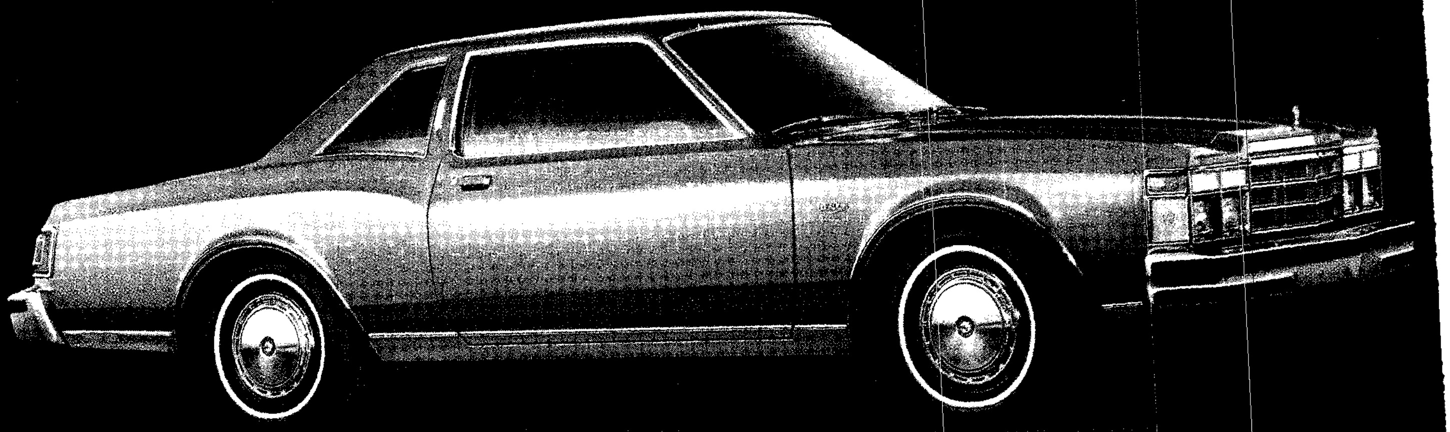

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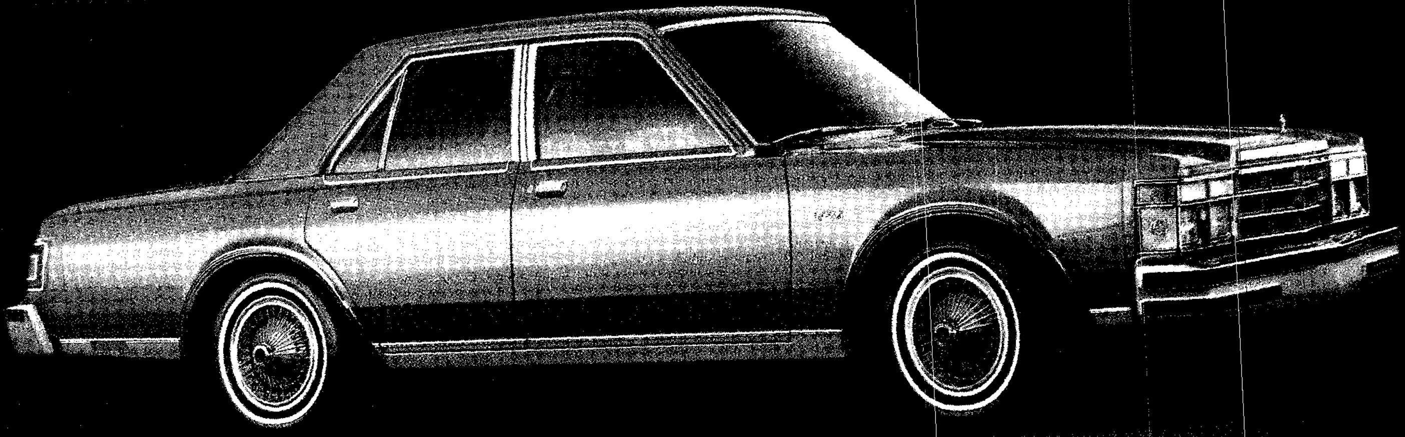

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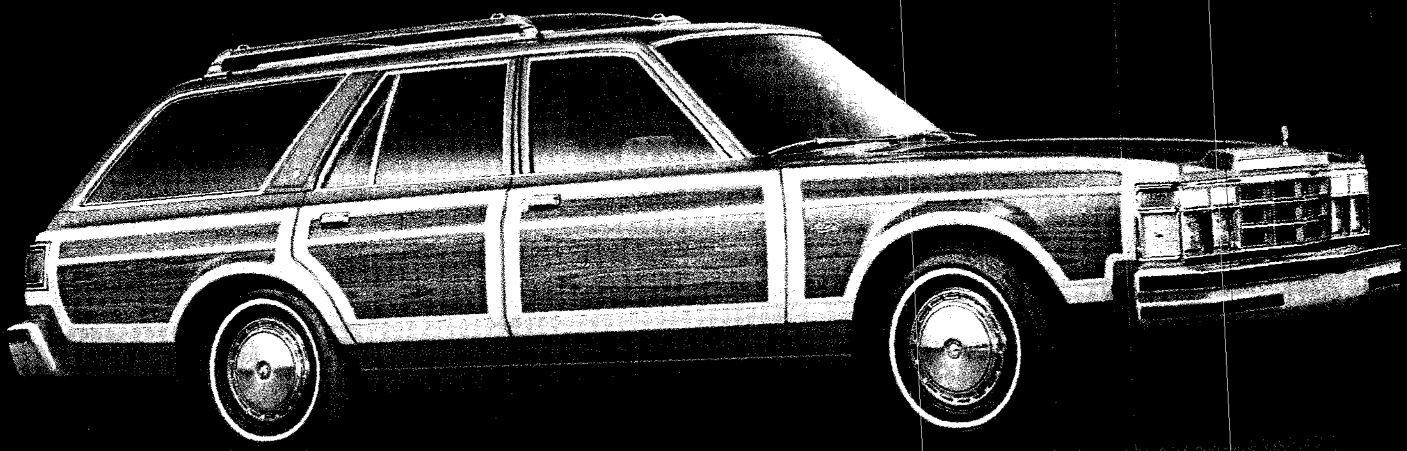

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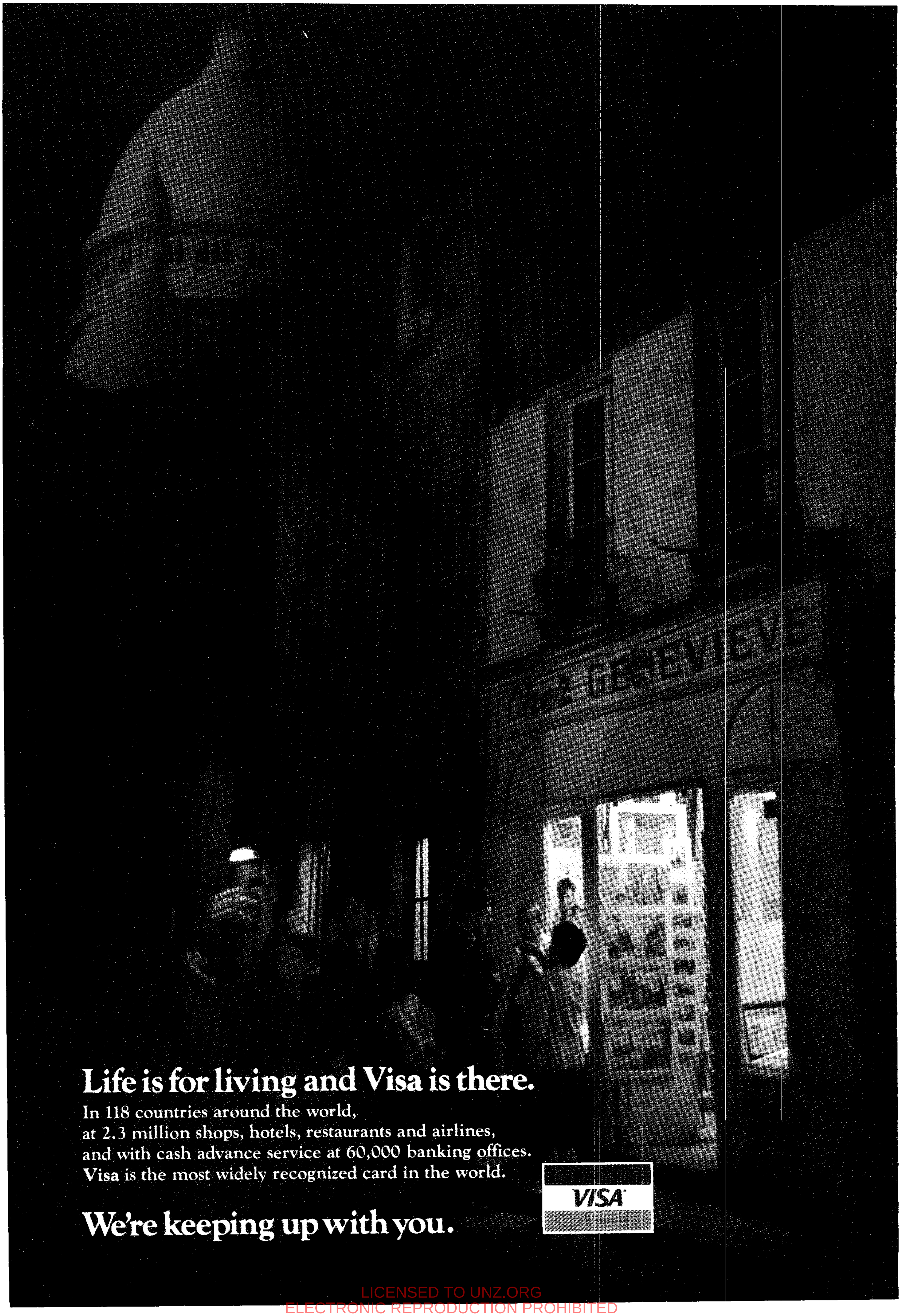

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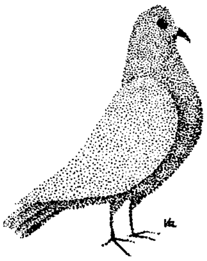
the kind of middle-level performer who watches a great many more games than he plays. His lifetime record is fifty-three wins and sixty losses, and he was three-and-three with the Giants last year. Curtis is introspective and complicated, as well as cheerful, and he loves to talk about his profession. I think of him as the Thinking Man's Left-Hander.

"I'm still getting used to the trade," Curtis said after we had greeted each other. "Vida hasn't turned up yet. I think we just traded ourselves into contention. Now a team coming in for a series with us has to look at Blue and Halicki and Montefusco, and then at Jim Barr or Lynn McGlothen. We won't have many losing streaks now. But I can't get over so many of us going away. I've been traded twice myself, so I know the short-term nature of baseball friendships, but that doesn't make it any easier. I was really close to Gary Thomasson and Gary Alexander, who are gone now, and even to our young right-hander Alan Wirth, who's gone, too. I think it's our basic nature to look for something permanent, and when it's interrupted you feel this—this deep sense of loss. Going over to Gary Thomasson's house in the evening. Going to the movies together on the road. You need your friends in this business."

We were on the Giants bench, in the dugout, and now Hank Sauer, a large Giants coach who was sitting on my right, leaned over and said, "You never make a trade for nothing. But those boys we gave up—Alexander and Wirth and Huffman and the rest—I had every one of them in the Instructional Leagues when they were just starting out. I saw Al Wirth when he was seventeen years old." He spat some tobacco juice on the dugout floor. "It's like losing somebody in your family," he said. "It's like sending a son off to college—you don't see him anymore."

I asked Curtis about his new contract.

"I signed a two-year contract last fall," he said. "I had a chance to become a free agent, you know, and Spec"—Spec Richardson, the Giants' general manager—"told me I could get more money if I went that way. He even promised me the Giants would make a bid for me, because they knew me and they needed left-handed pitchers. But after I came to the Giants from the Cardinals a year ago, my wife and I found out we really liked the San Francisco area, and we bought a house there last summer. And the Giants stayed with me last June when I was pitching really bad and I was low man on the roster. I thought about this for a long time, and I finally decided that the only way I could prove my attachment to them was to bargain with them while I was still a Giant. I know the old players' credo is to get as much as you can while you can, but it's important to me to be realistic about my values. The Giants made me an offer that would let us live very comfortably, and I wanted the best possible chance to continue to improve myself. So we bargained, and I signed. I know that all this sounds strange, but it's the way I feel."



He leaned back a little and stretched his legs. "You know, maybe part of this was that I've always been a Giants fan," he said. "When I was growing up in Great Neck, on Long Island, all my friends in school were Yankee fans or Dodger fans, but I was always for the Giants. I can still hear Russ Hodges doing those re-creations of the Giants' road games over the radio. The first big-league game I ever saw was at the Polo Grounds. My father took me. I remember it so well—the green grass and the green stands. It was like seeing Oz. And I can remember my first sight of No. 24"—Willie Mays—"that day. I was only five or six years old, but there was something about the way he moved and ran that was absolutely different. After that, in all my stickball games and rock-hitting games at home I *was* Willie Mays. When I was traded here from the Cardinals, it was like coming home."

The Giants were playing host to the Padres that afternoon, and the starting pitcher for San Diego was a left-hander named Bob Owchinko, whom I had last seen in the spring of 1976, when I watched him pitch for Eastern Michigan University in a game that attracted a good many major-league scouts. Owchinko has come along quickly. He was San Diego's first-round draft choice in June that year, and he spent the rest of the summer with Amarillo, in the Texas League; last year, he was called up by the Padres early in the season and appeared in thirty games, winning nine and losing twelve, and was cited by the *Sporting News* as rookie pitcher of the year in his league. He is still only twenty-three years old. Working here

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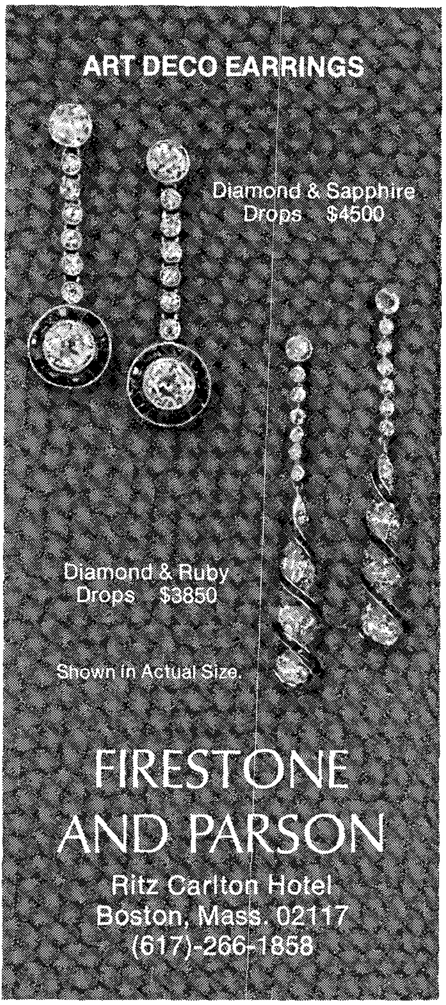
against the Giants, he was cuffed about for three runs in the first two innings, and then found his rhythm and retired ten San Francisco batters in a row. I remembered Owchinko as a strong thrower with a good curveball, but there was something different about him now. He was moving the ball around the edges of the plate, finessing the batters, and there was an economy and elegance to his movements that he hadn't had before. He had become a *pitcher*. He looked at home out there in the middle of things, but Bob Owchinko has never lacked confidence. Mickey Lolich had told me that the club had assigned Owchinko as his roommate during their road trips, in hopes that the young pitcher might learn from him. "He hasn't asked me anything yet," Lolich added. "Maybe he's waiting to see if I make the club."

The Giants' first baseman in the game against the Padres was Mike Ivie, who had been a San Diego player himself before coming to San Francisco in a late-winter trade. Just before the game, while I was still in the Giants' dugout, Ivie had pointed across the diamond at a tall San Diego rookie outfielder named Tim Derryberry. "There he is," Ivie said to Hank Sauer. "He's the one I was telling you about. I sure wish I had his approach at the plate. He's got that real bat control. He's always had it. I'm working now on what comes natural to him. He's got his hands back here and he can *wait*. You never see him like this at the plate." (Ivie took a right-handed stance and leaned forward awkwardly, with his weight on his left foot and his hands out in front of his body.) "I'm fighting all that right now." He sighed. "Some guys can do it without hardly tryin'."

There was some good baseball in the Giants-Padres game that afternoon, including three or four terrific plays by the new San Francisco shortstop, Johnnie LeMaster, who looked like a spring colt in the field. But I was waiting for the great new monicker to get into the game, and he never appeared. Tim Derryberry! Welcome to baseball, Tim! Welcome from Slim Sallee, Jim Greengrass, Hod Lisenbee, Garland Buckeye, and Bob Seeds.

SPRING training is so cheerful and disarming that most of the time one is able to overlook the imperfect nature of the action on the field. On the following afternoon, however—my last in Arizona—my critical faculties were cruelly reawakened as I watched the Cubs and the A's in action at Scotts-



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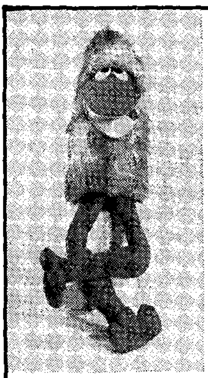

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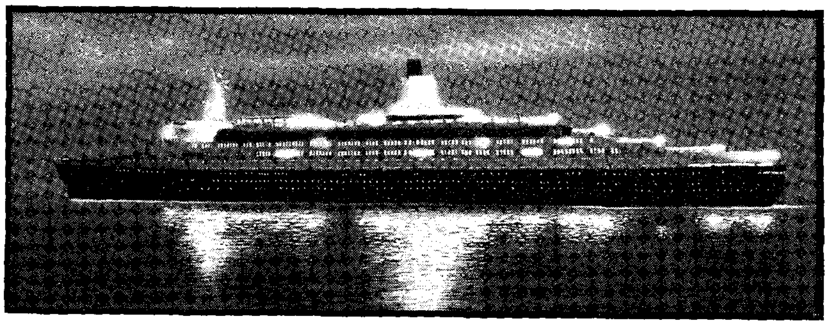

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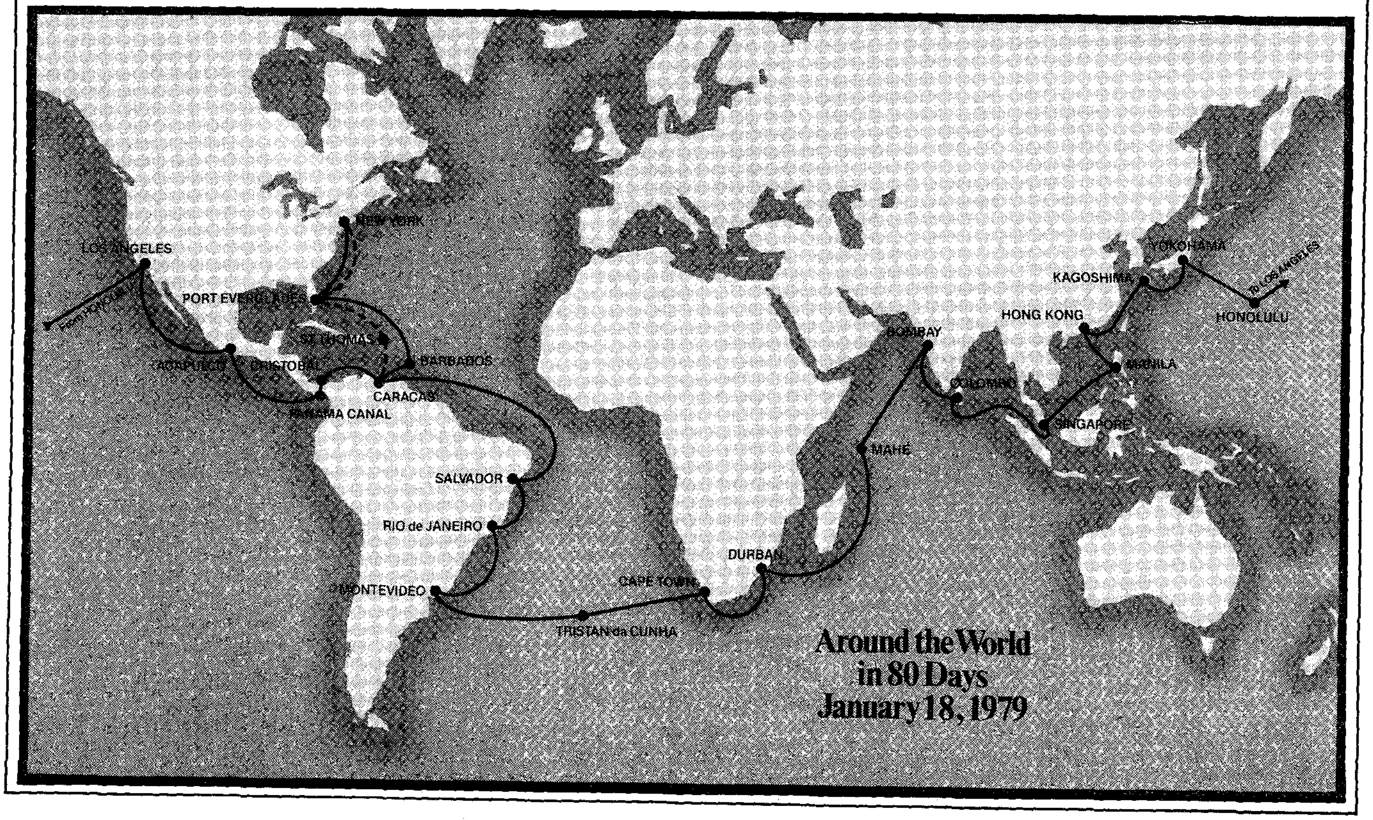
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Around the World in 80 Days January 18, 1979 dale. Facing several deservedly anonymous Oakland pitchers, the Cubbies put ten runners aboard before they could score their first run, in the sixth, on an error. Another Oakland miscue led to another run in the seventh, and successive butcheries by the Oakland pitcher, second baseman, and right fielder accounted for four more in the eighth. I was sorry for the ex-Giants in the Oakland lineup—Gary Thomasson and Gary Alexander (whose names had not yet been stitched onto the backs of their gold uniform shirts)—because it was plain that the once splendid A's have been allowed to deteriorate to the level of a minor-league club: perhaps a weak minor-league club. The team's best ballplayer, a big young outfielder named Mitchell Page, who lashed out four hits, looked like Tris Speaker in this company. It will be a very dull summer in Oakland (or maybe Denver) this year. The Cubs, who need pitchers, have instead added Dave Kingman to their roster; he came aboard as a free agent, and is expected to hit a great many enormous home runs in the friendly afternoon winds of Wrigley Field. In the Cub seventh, I watched Kingman, a lifetime .227 hitter, pop up weakly, and characteristically, when he tried to pull a low, outside pitch, and it occurred to me that the Wrigley Field crowd, which is mostly made up of screeching and eternally optimistic schoolchildren, may be the only baseball audience tolerant enough to put up with such embarrassing deficiencies.

During my flight to Florida, I thought again about the Chicago fans, who experienced such a vivid summer last year, when both of their teams unexpectedly distinguished themselves, and I thought about the less fortunate fans around San Francisco, who may even end up losing both of their teams next year, since nobody can seem to arrange to lose one of them now. It happens that I am the fortunate recipient of a small but steady flow of baseball letters, which come to me, winter and summer, from around the country, and "the voice of the fan" has become real to me. My correspondents are mostly strangers, but they write with the intimacy of a shared passion. I have been hearing for several years, for instance, from Chris Haft, of Menlo Park, California, who is now eighteen years old. Last January, he wrote:

> My pre-season excitement is not pure, for I am troubled by my Giants' financial woes. I would not be reassured even by Willie McCovey, with his comforting smile, because I know that if the Giants don't draw well this year they will not remain in San Francisco for the 1979 season. I must conclude that this is the most important season in the history of the team. I have suffered over Giant losses in the past, as a good fan should, but with each defeat this season I will watch my heroes go farther and farther away, into the hands of a richer owner and a more populous community, where others will perhaps appreciate them as I have for the past nine years. I have also endured the pathetic and unlucky trades that the Giants front office has made since I became a fan, but when Chris Speier was dealt to the Expos last April, I went into a profound gloom. I am past the hero-worshipping stage of my life, but Chris Speier was the one person I would have wanted to visit me on my sickbed. I treasure his penned response to a fan letter I sent him. "We need more fans like you in 1977," he wrote. He will always be the classy Giant shortstop in my heart.

From Donald B. Kenah, of Chicago:

> Last summer, when the Cubs and White Sox were both going so great, I really missed my friend Jimmy, who died about a year ago. Jimmy was a bartender, and the first one in our crowd to own a copy of "The Baseball Encyclopedia"—not that he really needed it. Ninety per cent of us were Sox fans, but it was always suspected that he secretly preferred the Cubbies. Between the two ballparks, he used to get to about a hundred games every year. Jimmy was the inventor of the "Who Don't Fit?" game, which used to while away the late hours in his bar. Here's one I remember: "Who Don't Fit—Koufax, Holtzman, Rogovin, Rotblatt?" This is easy for a good fan. They're all pitchers and all co-religionists, so Rogovin don't fit: he's a righty. You've won a drink. But wait a minute. Rotblatt was the only switch-hitter! You've won *another* drink. Too many evenings with too many drinks went by like this, talking about the grand game.

From James T. Farrell, the novelist, once of Chicago, now of New York:

> There was a time when ballplayers wore diamond-horseshoe tiepins. This was their way of keeping their money, as if in a savings account. In those days, when foul balls were hit into the stands the ushers and special police would retrieve them and return them to the field. A fan could even be thrown out of the park for not giving back a foul ball. And when we boys got a ball—and few of us did—we didn't save it as a souvenir or try to get it autographed, we used it in our own games. . . . My uncle was a travelling salesman and met many ballplayers. He met Rube Waddell in Minneapolis, when Waddell was on the way down, and Waddell gave him a ball for me—unautographed. He met Stuffy McInnis, Wade Killefer, Grover Cleveland Alexander, and others, and they gave me baseballs. Once in 1911, on a cold day, Jimmy Austin wrapped me in a gray sweater and let me sit on the visiting St. Louis Browns' bench at Comiskey

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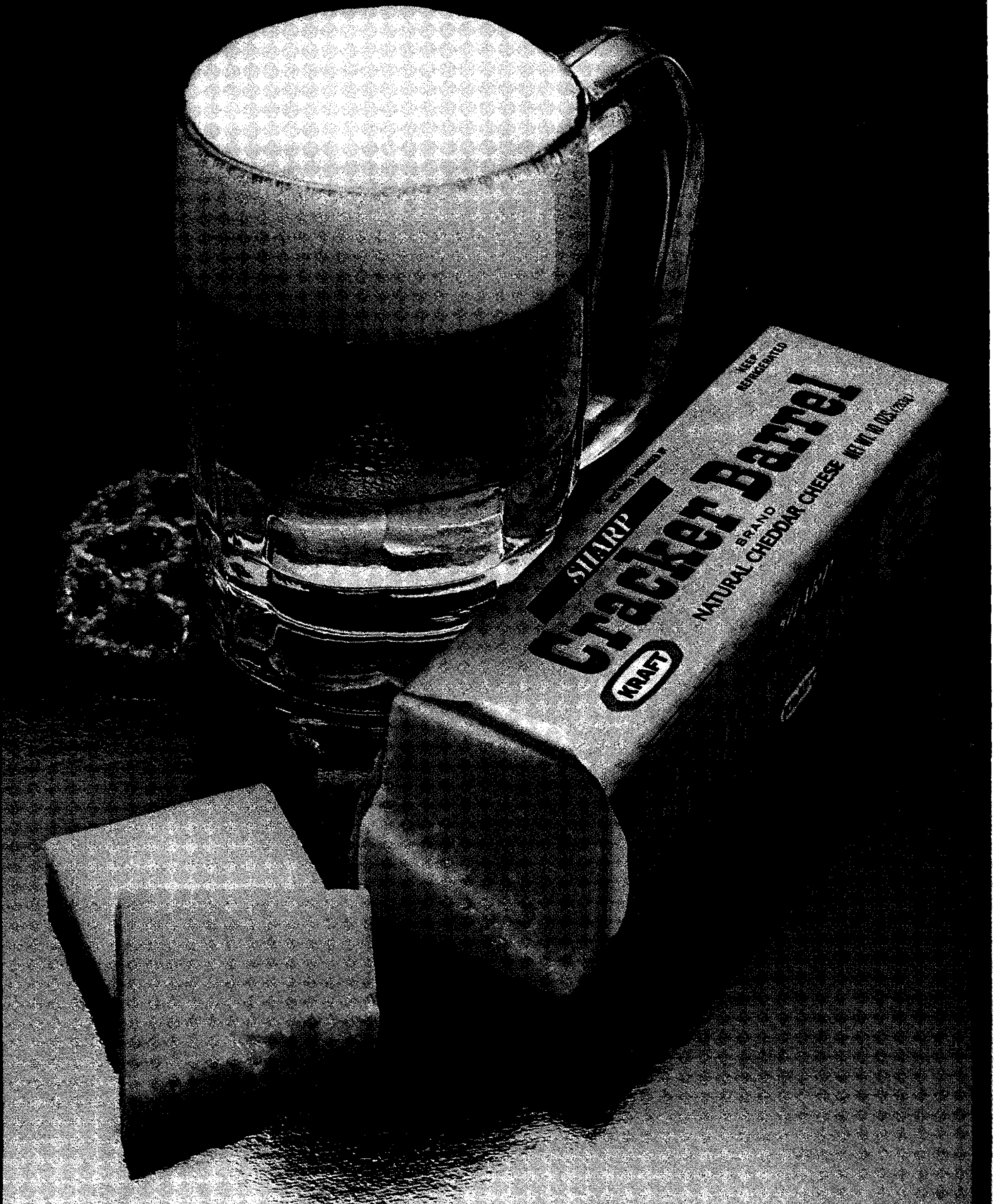
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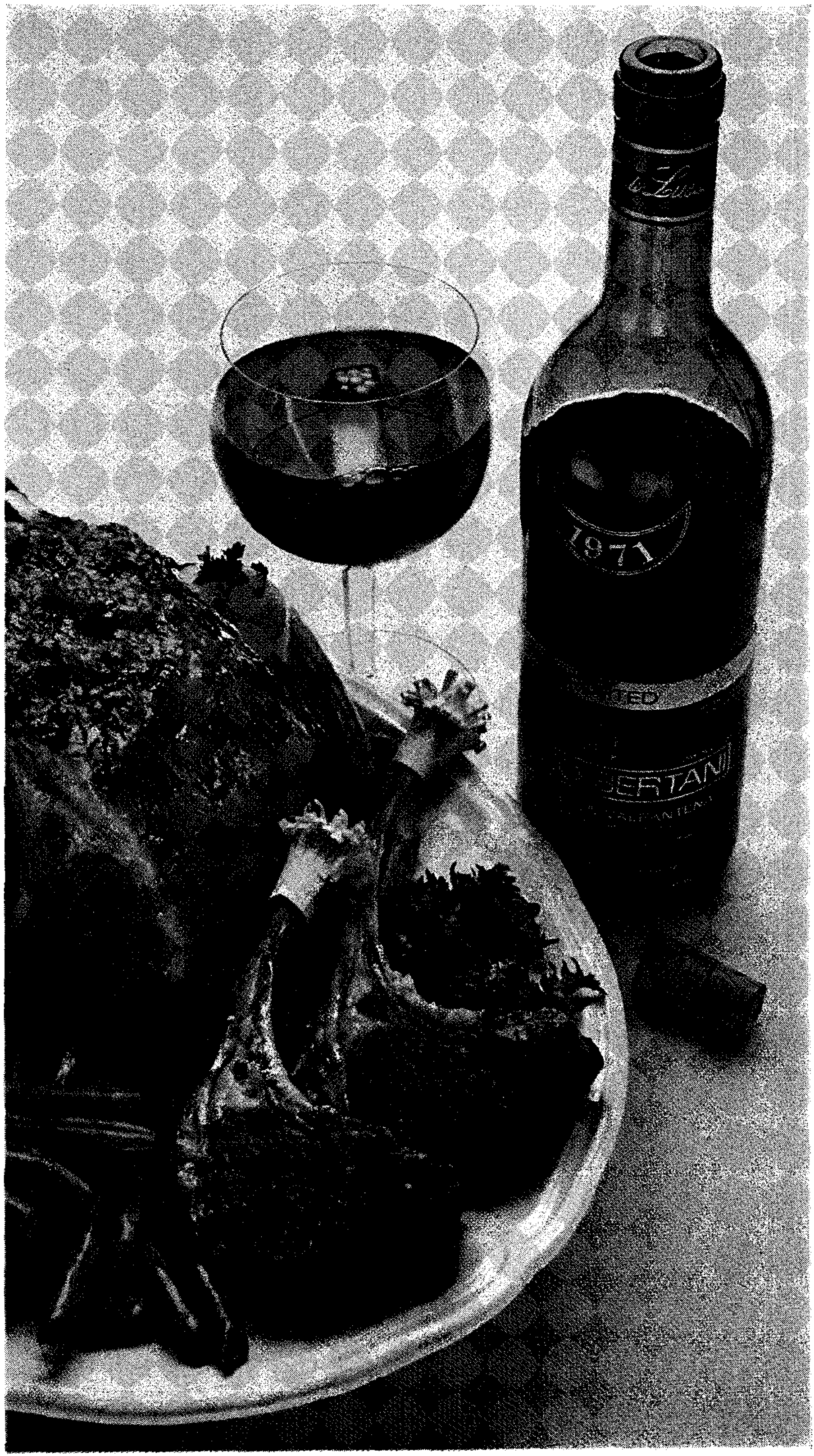

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Park during the entire game. Change in baseball runs parallel with other changes in American life.

BILL VEECK was also talking about Chicago fans. I found the White Sox owner sitting in the home dugout in Sarasota's Payne Park, the boxy old steel-post stadium where the Sox cavort in the spring. He was drinking coffee out of a plastic cup and watching batting practice. "There was so much pleasure in those games at Comiskey Park last summer," he said, pushing his heavy horn-rimmed glasses up on his nose. "Who can forget it? Our audience was all ages, from fifteen and sixteen to sixty-five or seventy, and they were joyful. I'd almost despaired of ever using the word 'joy' again. You only see it in shopping centers, during the week before Christmas. You know, we're a gregarious people, and we like to get together to savor something. You can't *savor* a basketball game or a football game, can you?

"Did I tell you about the last day of our season? It was the best single experience of my entire life in baseball. We were playing the Seattle Mariners—not a great draw, let's admit it—and it rained all through the game. Not just a sprinkle but a real downpour. But we had a lot of people there—about twenty thousand—and they stayed there to the end, even though we lost. And then they stayed some more. About ten or twelve thousand of them just wouldn't go home. They stayed on, sitting in their seats in the rain, for another hour. They were all singing—'Take Me Out to the Ball Game' and that 'Na-Na-Na' song of ours, and some others. They didn't want the season to end."

Veeck had also arranged to surround himself with crowds this spring—in this case, crowds of aspiring and largely anonymous ballplayers whom he had invited to camp, along with his regulars, with the promise of a full trial and a shot at big-time ball. There were fifty-nine players in camp, which is fifteen or twenty more than most clubs look at in the spring, and the squad included seamy-necked journeymen who had already put in ten or twelve years in the minors, and some friendly, extremely quick aspirants from the Mexican League, and a carefree nomad catcher who was asking for an advance on his meal money one day in Sarasota because he was down to his last thirty-seven cents, and several near-phenoms whose careers had been cut short by severe injury, and a pitcher who had once come within one out of a major-league no-hit game, and a catcher named Larry Doby Johnson, who was making his fifth attempt at a major-league job, and who may have found cause for hope in the fact that his namesake, Larry Doby, was there, too—teaching batting and coaching at first base. Bill Veeck (who had found several of these hopefuls by drafting them in the free-agent market last fall and then signing them to temporary minor-league contracts) outfitted everybody in full White Sox uniforms and then scheduled an inordinate number of intrasquad games and exhibition doubleheaders in order to try to sort things out. It was all a little like a high-school field day, but it was joyful, all right, and I stayed on in Sarasota for several days and savored it.

One of these non-roster players who made the White Sox team was Mike Eden, a small, solidly built infielder, who had somehow been overlooked by the Giants and Braves and A's in his six years in organized ball. "I was about ready to pack it in if I had to go back to Richmond again," he told me one morning. "I was thinking of going to play in Japan or Mexico, just for the money. I mean, I got a family to think about—sort of a family. There's my wife and our three German shepherds. Now I'm hopeful again. I got more respect for Bill Veeck than anybody in baseball. He sits out there under the light pole on the practice field every day, and he calls you by your first name—he knows everybody's name—and asks if you're *enjoying* yourself." He shook his head. "I'll go anywhere Bill Veeck wants to send me now."

Another find was a swift, ebullient outfielder named Art James, who was on his way up in the Detroit system when he suffered a freak accident two years ago (trotting with a bat in his hand, he struck the back of his left leg with the bat knob and ruptured the Achilles tendon), which apparently ended everything. But Bill Veeck enrolled him in the Nautilus physical-training program in Deland, Florida, last winter, and James came into camp running freely and eventually won a job on the Sox' AAA farm club.

"It's a blessing being here," he said to me. "Ballplayers never used to have a chance to change organizations if they'd met up with bad luck. The old way, you'd be buried for life. So I'm grateful to Bill Veeck, and I'm grateful to Marvin Miller and the Players Association, because I got free. This is a great day for the players."

Another Veeckian innovation is his policy of picking up established players who are down to the last year on their contracts and have announced that they plan to seek their fortune in the free-agent market. Veeck has become adept at such stratagems, for the White Sox were an impoverished and depleted organization when he acquired control of the club in 1976, and so far he has not been able to afford to keep any expensive players. Last year's immensely popular Rent-a-Stars, Oscar Gamble and Richie Zisk (together they hit sixty-one homers and drove in a hundred and eighty-four runs for the Sox), have moved along to well-endowed Sun Belt teams (Zisk is with the Texas Rangers), and the incoming one-summer wonder is Bobby Bonds, who was acquired from the Angels in a trade. Bonds is an extraordinarily graceful athlete, one of the picture players of baseball. Four times in his career, he has hit thirty homers or more and stolen thirty bases or more in the same season; last year he hit thirty-seven homers and stole forty-one bases and drove in a hundred and fifteen runs. He played seven seasons with the Giants and one with the Yankees before being traded to the Angels (for Mickey Rivers and Ed Figueroa) two years ago. Now he is prepared to matriculate, for two or three million dollars.

"It could be Chicago," he told me. "If I have a good summer and the fans like me, they can tell Bill Veeck. It's just a question of working it out. It's a lot of fun on this club, and I feel comfortable with players who can swing the bat, like we've got here. When I first went with the Angels, they had all pitching, and if I didn't hit the ball out of the park it was like I'd made an out. But mostly I want to sign. I honestly think the majority of players don't want to play out their options. The money isn't always foremost. The players just want to get things set. I don't want to keep moving around, and the next time I sign, that'll be it. If it's a place I don't like much, it'll cost them more money. If my wife doesn't like it, we won't go there at all."

Veeck's Irregulars had considerable difficulties afield during my stay in Sar-

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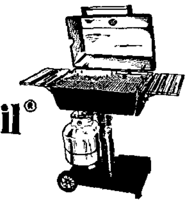

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asota, dropping one-sided contests to the Phillies and the Royals and just barely beating the Mets. The chief entertainment of that game was the rustic two-man dumbshow staged by Sox pitcher Wilbur Wood and Sox catcher Jim Essian with their hilarious comedy prop, which was Wood's knuckleball. During Wood's four-inning stint, the pair were together or separately responsible for six hits (nubbers, for the most part), five runs, four walks, three balks, four passed balls, one wild pitch, and one stolen base. The Mets, however, seemed to have *no* pitching, comical or otherwise, and they eventually lost, by 9–8, when the Chisox jumped all over a rookie pitcher named Juan Berenguer, sometimes billed as the Panamanian Nolan Ryan. Art James hit a homer, and Mike Eden had three hits for the afternoon.

The audience at Payne Park didn't seem to care much about who won the games. There was applause for almost everything that happened on the field, good or bad. The place was jam-packed, and very cheerful. This was Easter Week, and the bleachers were full of kids and teen-agers on vacation—a lot of them down to visit their grandparents, probably. The old folks—the Sarasota regulars—sat in the comfortable, shaded seats in the grandstand, and they did most of the real cheering for the White Sox. There is always a lot of distraction at a spring-training game—people moving around, a college kid coming up the rows balancing three or four brimming containers of beer, B-squad players in the bleachers yelling to their buddies on the field, public-address announcements ("We have a large crowd here today, folks, and more still coming in, and we wonder if you could please slide a little closer to your neighbor. Thank you"), couples taking turns rubbing suntan lotion on each other's back, and, even during the games, the sight of distant groups of players running wind-sprints in the outfield. (Pitchers walking back to the foul lines after a sprint to center field look like lava moving; an experienced senior moundsman can get himself into shape running toward center and walk himself out of condition again coming back.)

Before the Phillies game, Bonds and Bill Veeck and Garry Maddox, the Philadelphia center fielder, were in the Chicago dugout talking about the Giants teams of 1973 and 1974, on which Bonds and Maddox had joined up with Gary Matthews (now with the Braves) in what is widely consid-

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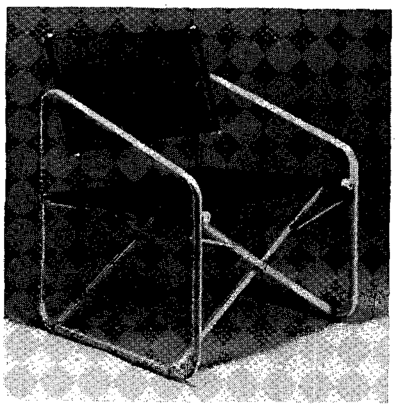

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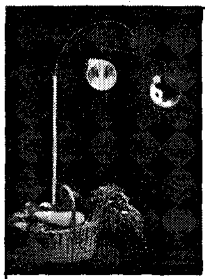

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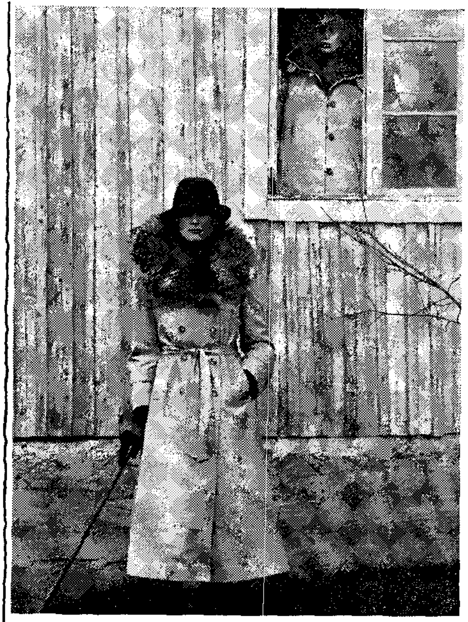

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"You guys should have gone in the N.C.A.A. relays, or something," Veeck said. "Or the Olympics."

"We'd of *won*," Maddox said firmly.

"How many balls got between us in that first summer?" Bonds asked.

"Maybe five," Maddox said. "Maybe three."

"And none of them on the ground," Bonds added.

Somebody pointed out that the Giants might have had a pretty solid squad of outfielders if they had held on to the three and kept an earlier departee named George Foster, who hit fifty-two home runs for the Reds last summer and was named Most Valuable Player in the National League.

"Oh-oh," said Bonds. "If you keep George out there, I got to play first base or something."

"Keep George, and I'm on the *bench*," Maddox said.

The Phillies looked good at Sarasota that afternoon, whipping the Chisox by 10–5. It was my first glimpse of them since their frightful collapse in the championship series against the Dodgers last fall—their second consecutive failure in post-season play. In the third game of the 1977 playoffs, in Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, the Phillies had a 5–3 lead in the ninth inning when Vic Davalillo beat out a pinch-hit bunt for the Dodgers and Manny Mota struck a pinch-hit double off the left-field wall. Unstrung, the Phillies then threw the game away, and they lost again, terminally, the next day. Last winter, I received a six-page letter from a Phillies fan named Bill Murphy, who dwelt at length upon these and other indignities that his team has inflicted upon him over the years, including a famous ten-game losing streak in September of 1964, which blew a pennant that the club had seemed to have safely in hand. Re-creating the events of October 7, 1977, with a careful, masochistic hand, Mr. Murphy wrote:

> Never mind the throw inexplicably squirting past Sizemore, allowing Mota to take third, or the near-miss great recovery by Bowa and the questionable call at first, or the errant pickoff attempt.... The game was really over the moment Mota's drive reached the wall, and I think we all knew it. We knew it as surely as we knew (or should have known) that it was over back in 1964 when Chico Ruiz stole home and won the game that was to be the first of our ten consecutive losses.... Once more we were shown that to be a Phillies fan is to suffer. Indeed, a Phillies fan has never

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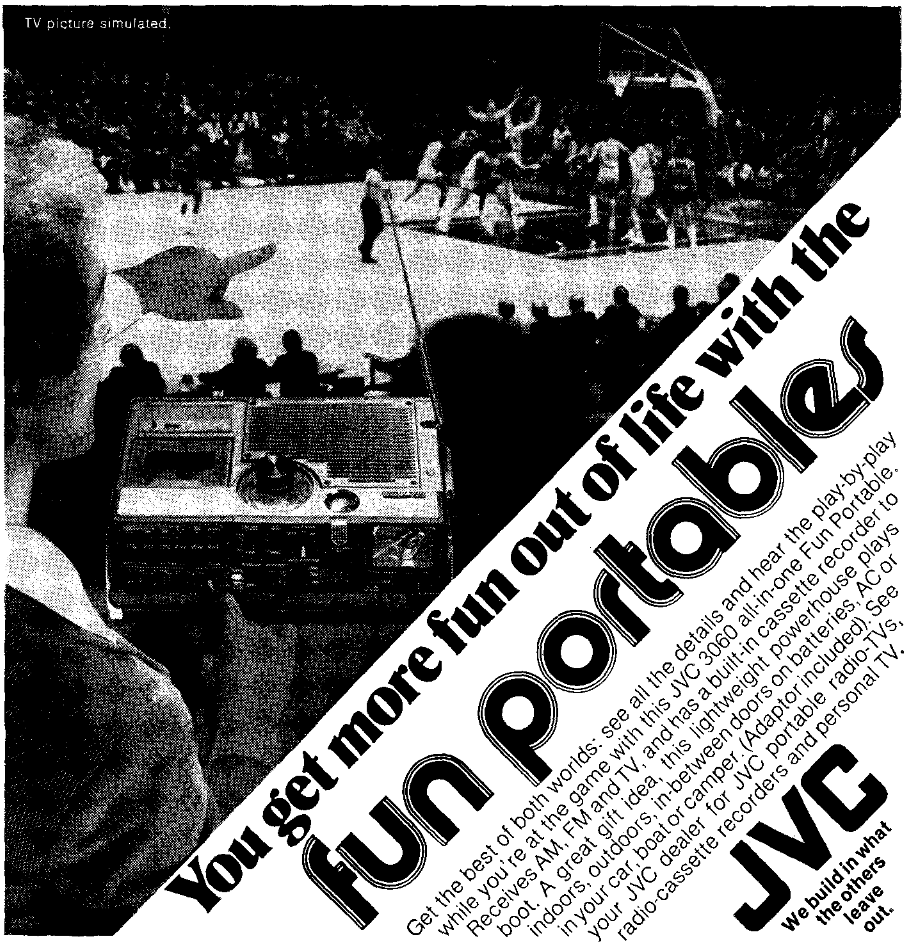

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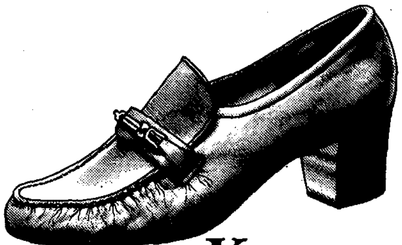

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suffered enough, and the only question is, Can I take it, year after year? Just thinking about last October causes me pain, and such pain will prepare me for the future.

I have received similar letters over the years from heartbroken adherents of various teams (although the sound of grinding molars in Mr. Murphy's prose is unmistakably Eastern Pennsylvanian), but I don't think I have ever heard a player talk about past defeats in quite those terms. Before the game, I asked Garry Maddox if he still brooded about his club's recent October failures.

Maddox is a reserved, gazelle-like man, with very long arms and legs and a small black beard; his uniform fits him like a coat of paint. "No, not really," he said after he'd thought about my question for a moment. "I really would have liked to go all the way last year—won the championship, won the World Series. But—well, we didn't. I'll tell you the truth: I was glad when it was all over. Sure, we'd lost, but it was over, and I got a chance of bein' with my family. You get asked these questions, and you sound like you don't care when you say it didn't bother you. I keep saying, I wanted to win as much as anybody. Maybe more than anybody. But when it's gone it doesn't bother you. With the fans, there's all this second-guessing that goes on. I think losing is especially hard on the fans. Our fans really took it to heart. If there's any reason I feel sorry about what happened, it's because of the fans."

The next day's visitors at Payne Park were the Royals, who have also fared unhappily in the playoffs in the past two seasons. The anguish of Kansas City fans may exceed even Mr. Murphy's pain, for in both years their team lost the American League championship in the ninth inning of the fifth and final game. I asked the Royals' second baseman, Frank White, if he was still suffering over these events.

"I feel sorry about what happened, and everything," he said, "but other than that . . . A day or so after it was over, I forgot about it. When you give all you got—a hundred and ten per cent—that's about all you can do. You can't bring it back. You can't change it. It's happened, and it's over. I think the worst part was that we were ahead in the series. The people who'd paid to see us all summer, they'd been waiting for revenge over the Yankees for a year. And then here we are, up two games to one, and they think, 'Hey, we've *got* it!' Actually, we had two chances to win the doggone thing, but we didn't do it."

White won a Gold Glove last year as the best-fielding second baseman in his league, and I knew that the Royals had extended his contract through 1981. I asked him if he had ever been tempted to become a free agent.

"I think I might have tried it if I didn't have a family," he said. "It takes a lot of guts, because, you know, there are some guys who went out who are *still* out there. But I'd always take less money to be on a championship team. If I was to sign as a free agent, the money would mean a lot—there's no end to what the money would mean—but you don't get the satisfaction of being on a winner. To me, to go on the free-agent market you've got to be a power hitter or a great pitcher, or you've got to be a shortstop. Anybody can play second base, but there are never a whole *lot* of good shortstops—I don't know why."

The Royals beat the White Sox that afternoon by 14–3, administering a frightful pounding to several Chicago pitchers. Al Cowens and Tom Poquette hit homers for the visitors. The Royals didn't play George Brett or Freddie Patek or Hal McRae, but they did play an enormous twenty-year-old first baseman named Clint Hurdle, who whacked out a line single and a double off the wall, and a lean, fast outfielder named Willie Wilson, who stole a base in the first inning and kicked the throw out of Mike Eden's glove, and a backup shortstop named U.L. (U.L. for nothing: just U.L.) Washington, who went five for five, and a young blond relief pitcher named Randy McGilberry, with strong legs and a popping fastball. It made me sad, for I had seen no one in the White Sox' immense corps of hopefuls who resembled these dazzling future stars. Kind hearts are more than coronets, but what Bill Veeck deserves now is a Hurdle.

I GET more baseball mail from Red Sox supporters than from anyone else, and the most surprising Red Sox letter that turned up last winter was a one-hundred-and-sixty-two-stanza epic poem from Mr. Joseph W. Stokvis, who lives in New York City but follows the Bosox *closely*. The number of stanzas—they are quatrains—was determined, of course, by the length of the season: one stanza, that is, for each game of the 1977 Red Sox season. (Actually, the Sox were rained out of their last game of the year, but Mr. Stokvis wrote four lines about that, too.) His poem begins:

April 7th
Opening Day: the wind really blew.
We lead in the ninth, 4 to 2;
Bell's two-run homer ties the score:
Cleveland in eleven: 5 to 4.

Things improve, however:

May 28th
Today's game thrilled every rooter:
We jammed the scoreboard—get a computer!
Homers soared, hits were splattered:
17–12, K.C. was battered.

But sombre, late-summer themes are heard:

August 29th
We've lost tough ones, we've lost bad ones.
But this was really one of the sad ones.
8–7 to the Oakland A's!
One of the season's darker days.

And the inexorable end approaches:

September 13th
In a series that could well decide
Who'll be bridesmaid and who the bride,
A well-played opener, but when it was through
The Yankees had beat us, 4 to 2.

I felt the need of Mr. Stokvis's gifts for synopsis and classical detachment the following afternoon in St. Petersburg, as eight consecutive St. Louis Cardinal batters safely reached base against the Red Sox in the first inning—seven of them with ringing base hits. The Cards, who looked like world-beaters on this day, went on to bury the Red Sox, 10–4, with seventeen hits. The Bosox are considered to have improved themselves over the winter in two critical areas by picking up Jerry Remy, a quick and experienced second baseman, from the Angels, and by signing free agent Mike Torrez, but I sensed that their pitching staff was still not quite watertight. After their starter, Rick Wise, had departed the premises in the fourth, a Boston scribe in the press box did some quick calculating and announced that the Sox' starting hurlers, in their seventy and one-third innings of spring work, had yielded ninety-seven hits and sixty-seven runs. He also told me that a Red Sox intrasquad game on March 7th, at their camp in Winter Haven, had matched the Sox' awesome front-line hitters against some of their journeyman backup pitchers—a horrifying confrontation that had been sometimes conjured up in Beantown taverns. The hitters won, 26–5. (These lopsided events, it should be added, took place before the Red Sox completed a recent

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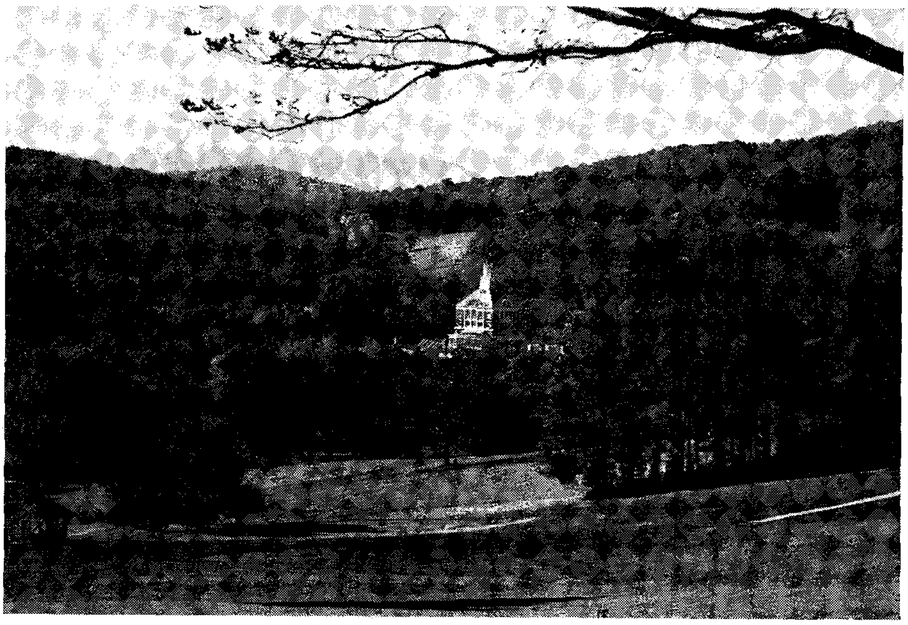

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trade with Cleveland that brought them the Indians' young power-pitcher Dennis Eckersley.)

My informant was Peter Gammons, a young sportswriter with the Boston *Globe*, whom I have come to rely on for just this kind of entertaining and nutritious baseball data. This spring, after an exile of a year and a half in New York, where he worked for *Sports Illustrated*, Mr. Gammons returned to the *Globe* and the Red Sox. He is a newspaper-beat man at heart, and he found that he missed the urgency of a big sports-attuned daily paper, and a sense of closeness to his readers. In a passionate baseball community like Boston, a Peter Gammons matters scarcely less than Yaz.

"I thought about the Red Sox a lot while I was away," Gammons told me in St. Pete. "I kept finding excuses to go off and see them. They had a game in Detroit early last summer, and I called up Bill Lee, who was going to pitch for us, and I said, 'There'll be fifty thousand people there yelling for Fidrych, but I'll be the one there yelling for *you*.' But it was the baseball itself that I missed, really. Covering baseball in New England is one of the great jobs in the world. During the season, I write about twenty-five stories a week, counting the A.M. and P.M. editions and the Sunday stuff. The New England fans' interest in baseball is sophisticated and consuming, and it never lets up. There's nothing like it anywhere else in the country. I agree with something Mike Barnicle wrote in the *Globe* last winter. He said, 'Baseball isn't a life-and-death matter, but the Red Sox are.' And baseball is the best sport for a writer to cover, because it's *daily*. It's ongoing. You have to fill the need, write the daily soap opera. Listen, even down here in Winter Haven, where we train, there are ten or fifteen places that sell the *Globe* every day. The players can get mad at you even before the season starts." He laughed uproariously.

"I know you're not supposed to get close to the players, but you do," he went on. "You can't help it. You get attached to individuals and you wish them well. But I don't think I ever hold back if I think someone has messed up out there. I've got good friends on the Red Sox, and on other teams, too. Carlton Fisk and Jim Willoughby. John Curtis, who used to be here. Jim Spencer, who's with the Yankees now. Jim Colborn, who pitches for the Royals. I guess Fisk is my best friend in baseball. Whenever I'm off with the team on the road, I go out to early

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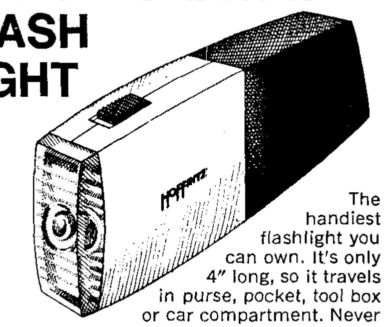

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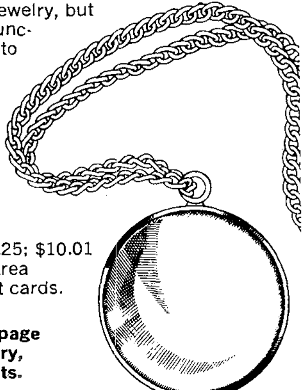

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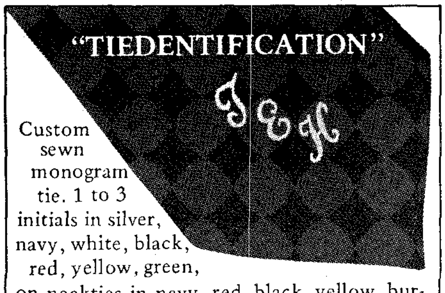

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batting practice and shag flies with the guys in the outfield. I've always done that.

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I mentioned his account in the *Globe* of the famous sixth game of the famous 1975 Series, which I clipped at the time and still have somewhere. It is a classic piece of baseball reporting under pressure.

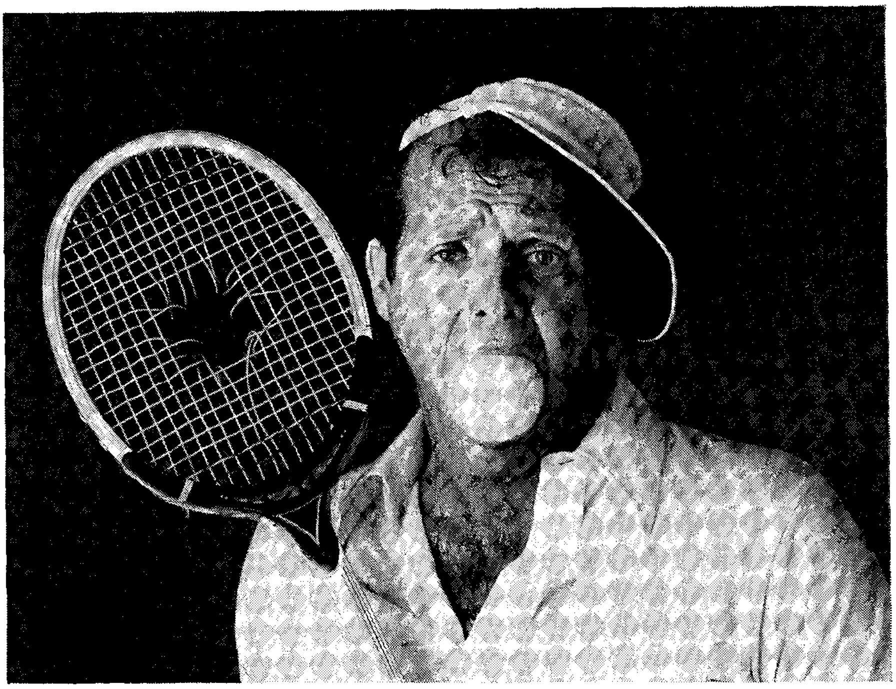
Gammons laughed. "You know," he said, "I have absolutely no memory of writing that piece. I picked up the paper the next morning, and it was all brand-new to me. And the next night, after the seventh game, I finished the last stuff I had to write at about six in the morning—a couple of pieces for a special post-Series section—and then I went out on the roof of a parking garage that's next to the *Globe* and looked around. I was drinking a beer, and Leigh Montville, who works with me, came out and said, 'Do you know you've only had about three hours' sleep in the past week?' It was true. I'd been so involved, so excited, that I couldn't sleep. I went home and went to bed and slept for three days."

What about *this* year, I asked him.

"We'll see," Gammons said expectantly. "I just don't know about the pitching. It's going to be an interesting season. I have one problem, though. My wife's sister is getting married on June 24th, and we're playing Baltimore that day. I wonder if it would be all right if I missed the wedding."

He was perfectly serious.

MY spring tour was running out. It had gone too quickly, as it always does, and once again I had been forced to pass up a lot of the teams and the players that I had promised myself. I hadn't caught up with the Dodgers, with all those home-run bats and their evangelist-*tummeler* manager, Tom Lasorda. I had missed a visit with the incomparable Rod Carew, whose .388 last year was the highest batting average in twenty years, and I certainly should have arranged to see the young Tigers—not just Mark Fidrych but Dave Rozema and Lance Parrish and Jason Thompson and the rest; *everybody* was talking about the Tigers this



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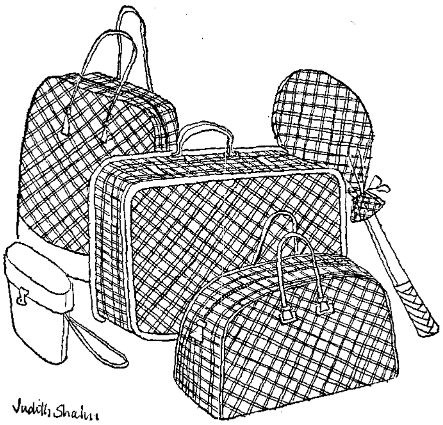
spring. And then there were all those strong-armed young Houston pitchers . . . A lot of these teams and hopes would fall, of course, once the season began, and I was sorry not to have seen them in their fresh feathers.

At Pompano Beach, I watched the visiting Orioles beat the Rangers, 8–4, as Ken Singleton whacked a single and two doubles for the O's. Most of the names in the Oriole lineup—Bumbry, Dauer, Mora, Roenicke, Smith, Skaggs—still have a tavern-league obscurity, but these are the same nobodies who tied the famous Red Sox for second place in the A.L. East last year, and they are still directed by Earl Weaver, the Bismarck of Baltimore, now beginning his eleventh year as manager. It's unprovable, but I always think Earl Weaver wins ten or a dozen extra games for his club every year on pure cogitation. The Rangers are loaded with names and money and expectation, having added Richie Zisk and Al Oliver and Jon Matlack over the winter, and they fully expect to depose the Royals in the A.L. West this summer. Their pitching may prove a bit thin by midsummer, but the rest of the Ranger lineup has taken on the settled, almost bourgeois solidity of a true contender. As sometimes happens with a team like this, the addition of new stars also made me aware of the talents of the holdovers, and my eye was caught by Mike Hargrove, the Texas first baseman, a solidly built, aggressive left-handed hitter. Hargrove is upwardly mobile, having begun his career in baseball as the five-hundred-and-seventy-seventh selection in the 1972 player draft. Now, after four years with the Rangers, he is a lifetime .303 hitter. Last summer, he prospered mightily at the plate when his manager, Billy Hunter, took a tip from a friend and moved him up to the leadoff spot in the Texas batting order. The tip came from Earl Weaver.

As the game at Pompano Beach ran down to its last few outs, I gazed around and bade an inner farewell to the Rangers' unassuming field, Municipal Field, which is due for major refurbishing before next spring. It is a country-fairgrounds sort of place—a lumpy infield and a rawboned little grandstand behind home, with a few faded banners set about on the roof. Big-leaguers in the outfield are sometimes back to back with local ten-year-olds playing Little League ball on adjacent diamonds. The bleachers come down almost to the foul lines, and the rows of seats out there always seem to be full of children. It is great autograph country. A perspiring rookie Ranger pitcher comes off the field after his late-inning stint (he has been rapped hard), and he stops for a minute by the bleachers to speak to his wife. She steps down out of the stand as he walks through a little gate in the low chain-link fence, and she tips her dark glasses up onto her hair (they are very young, both of them) and looks at him inquiringly, and he shrugs and murmurs something and touches his pitching shoulder, and then heads for the clubhouse (and perhaps Asheville), followed by three or four kids with pencils and programs outstretched.

It was altogether different at Fort Lauderdale that night—an immense traffic jam before the game (the Reds and the Yankees) and, before that, long lines of standees waiting for the bleacher-ticket windows to open. The world-champion Yankees were a powerful draw this spring, selling out most of their home games and all their games on the road. Fort Lauderdale Stadium, which has a capacity of about seven thousand, is trimmed and painted and suburban, and the noise of the crowd during the game is louder and more insistent than elsewhere—the noise of city baseball. In the Cincinnati dugout, Sparky Anderson was meeting with a few reporters. Like many managers, he has a smooth, unhesitant way of talking. Managers are interviewed by sports reporters every day, in city after city, and after a time their talk takes on the polish and economy, and perhaps some of the repetitions, of a good repertory actor's delivery.

"Yes, we *have* one serious problem this year—the Dodgers," Anderson said. "We had no shot at them last year, really. They beat us wire to wire. They gave us a real licking. Never mind what I said then. I was just being a con man, trying to talk us into it. Now we'll try again. And don't nobody ask me about our being a 'hungry' ball team now. You're never motivated by that, no matter what you hear.



Professionals don't play that way. Our pitching is much better. Never mind Mr. Blue—I have Tom Seaver all summer this year. You know, even when we won everything—five first places in seven years—we never had the pitching. We'd win, but I'd be out there visiting the mound all night, every game. I was *exhausted*. My idea of managing is giving the ball to Tom Seaver and sitting down and watching him work. We're like Boston in their league—we have the best eight men on the field. You give us the pitching some of these clubs have and no one could touch us. But God has a way of not arranging that, because it isn't as much fun."

Near the end of Cincinnati's batting practice, some of the Yankees came out to visit with the Reds at the cage. Pete Rose was there, along with Reggie Jackson and Paul Blair and Joe Morgan and Cliff Johnson and Ken Griffey. One of the Reds would jump into the cage and bat—they were down to two swings—and the others would say something and jostle one another and laugh. Ordinary batting-practice foolishness. George Foster was over on the other side of the cage; he bats right-handed, and he is also shy and quiet. But when he stood in for his turn, I noticed that the others were a little quieter, too. They were *watching*. First he whacked a line drive to deep center field. Then he hit a shot out into the darkness beyond the left-field fence, and the early fans in the park put up a yell. Pete Rose came into the cage next and swung mightily, overswinging on purpose and staggering with his cut, and popped the ball up. His friends beside the cage doubled over laughing.

"See? I can jack up, too, when I have to," Rose said, grinning.

"Aw, *man*," Cliff Johnson said. "Great hitters don't have to jack up. Not great hitters like George and me."

The Reds won the game, 5–4, on a three-run homer by Johnny Bench, off Ed Figueroa. It was just another spring game, but it was exciting, because of the noise of the crowd and the familiar, unmistakable movements of so many famous players on the field. Sparky Lyle, the new Cy Young Award winner, came on and pitched the eighth, shifting his tobacco lump in his cheek and throwing almost impatiently and retiring batters, for the most part, with two or three pitches. Rich Gossage, the Yanks' expensive new reliever, pitched in the ninth—a big, fireballing right-hander. He cocks his arm high at the top of his motion and then slams

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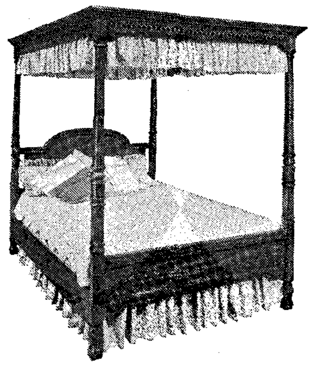

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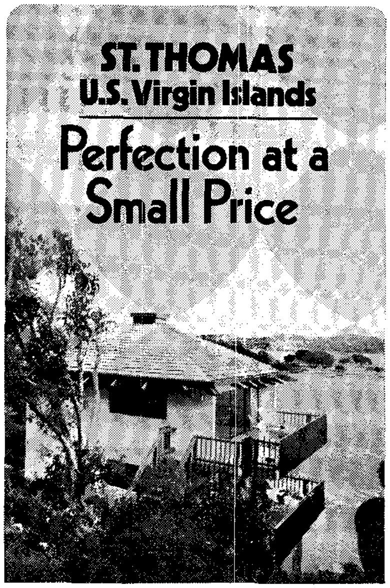
it across his body as he delivers. The arm almost blurs as it comes down, like a swung bat. He fanned the last two Cincinnati batters. Rival teams who hope to catch the Yankees this summer should probably plan on scoring their runs in the first four or five innings.

Rich Gossage came to the Yankees for $2,748,000, and his every appearance this summer will inflame Yankee-haters everywhere (there are millions of them) and again arouse the cry that the Yankees are buying another pennant. Even if the champions win again, the charge will not be proved. To me, the major difference in the Yankees' camp this spring was not the arrival of Gossage and Rawly Eastwick, or the departure of Torrez, or even the untoward calm and good cheer that unexpectedly replaced the Boschean writhings and pitchforkings of 1977. It was the absence of Gabe Paul, the team's president and chief architect, who moved along to a similar post with the Cleveland Indians this year. Mr. Paul, to be sure, spent eight and a half million dollars (provided by George Steinbrenner) to acquire Reggie Jackson and Catfish Hunter and Don Gullett. But during his four years as the team's top baseball man he gave most of his attention to trading, and picked up Mickey Rivers, Chris Chambliss, Willie Randolph, Bucky Dent, Paul Blair, Cliff Johnson, Ed Figueroa, Dick Tidrow, Ken Holtzman, and Mike Torrez by that ancient method. The Yankees are Gabe Paul's team and George Steinbrenner's team, and they did not buy it; they built it.

THE next day was my last—Easter Sunday, and the Mets against the Yanks. There was a little spattering of rain during batting practice, and I caught sight of Eddie Kranepool politely holding a woman reporter's umbrella over her head while she asked questions and wrote in her notebook: another clear Baseball First. Later, I talked to Kranepool, too—without an umbrella. Ed Kranepool signed with the Mets out of James Monroe High School, in the Bronx, and he has a good, solid New York accent. He has been with the Mets since the team's first summer. He and Jerry Koosman are the only Mets left from the glory days of 1969 and 1973; everyone else is gone. Kranepool is thirty-three, but he looks older than that. Or perhaps he only *seems* older to me, because I have been watching him play ball since he was seventeen. In many ways, he is a holdover from an earlier era in base-



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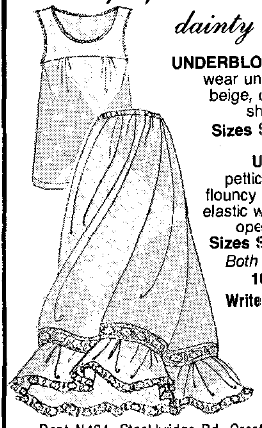

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Kranepool counted the years on the fingers of his big hands. "Yes, this is my sixteenth spring training," he said. "I can't believe it. I think there are only about a dozen of us who have that many years in the game—Stargell, Gaylord Perry, Mota, and some like that. There have been a million changes on this club in the last couple of years. When I first came into the clubhouse last month, I had to look at the names over the lockers to see who was who. I never thought I'd have to go through another rebuilding stage—starting out from the cellar again. There's been a lot of criticism, but I like the organization. They must know what they're doing. I think Donald Grant might be more of a fan than any of us. He wants to win. He's been caught in the free-agency situation, and with some guys who wanted to leave the club. But I think there should be some responsibility on both sides when a contract has been signed. That's how I look at it."

I asked what he thought about former teammates like Tom Seaver and Jon Matlack, who had bitterly criticized the Mets after they left the club last year.

"Tom was very well paid until the crazy new numbers began to come along," he said. "Sure, Tom talked, but he also went out and won. He was the best pitcher in baseball while he was here. He had the right to speak his mind. The question is: How much did you contribute? Jon Matlack was given the ball every five days for six years with us, and you look at his record and he was a .500 pitcher. That makes a difference, for me. What affects me now, living in New York, is the Yankees' winning so big. Everybody says something about that, and it really shines the light in your face. Nobody ever said anything about them when we were on top. Sure, I want to play with a winner again. It's a lot more fun. But I still like the game. I like to play a game of baseball."

Then I talked to Reggie Jackson. He was leaning against the metal framework at the back of the cage and watching the Mets batters take their cuts. He kept twisting a bat in his hands as we talked. He has been interviewed so often in the last year that

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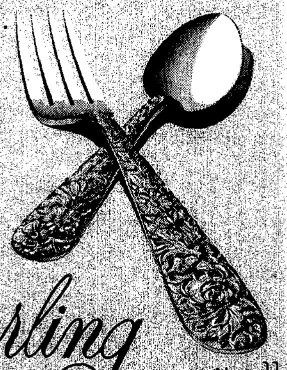

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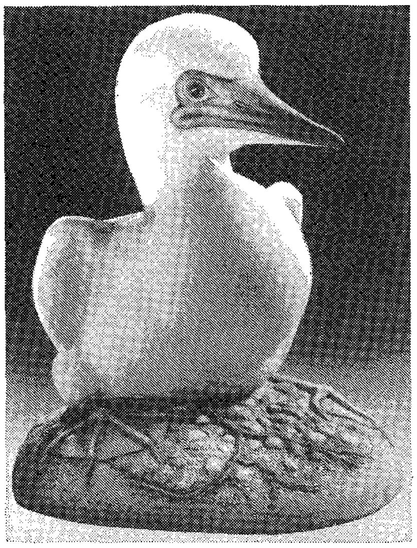

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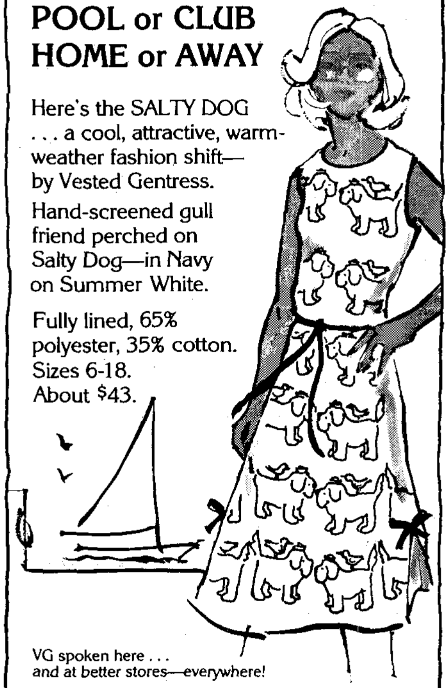

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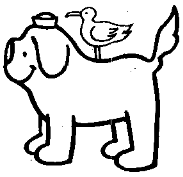

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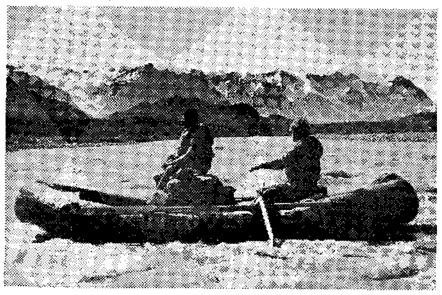

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a lot of what he said sounded familiar to both of us. He said he was often misunderstood, because people rarely take time to listen to other people, because people don't care to talk honestly about things or talk about them in depth. Most people, he said, wanted to talk to him not because they were interested in him but because he was famous. "You don't want to talk to *me*," he said. "You're here because it's part of your job. Everybody is complex—I'm sure you're complex—but it takes a lot of time to find that out, and no one has time."

I had an impression that I often come away with when I talk to Jackson—that he is telling the truth, but that part of him is watching himself as he talks and judging his performance. The private Reggie is watching the public man, and sometimes vice versa. It's an unsettling business, but it is not artificial, not a show. He is an unsettled sort of man.

We got around to baseball in the end. He said he was working hard on his fielding this spring, because he had done so poorly in the field last year. I asked if the tricky light in the Yankee Stadium outfield had bothered him.

"No, it didn't," he said. "That's all bull. Everybody looks for excuses. I had no excuse. There was a lot of pressure on me everywhere I went last year. I was isolated. Everywhere I went—on the field, in the clubhouse, away from the ballpark—I wasn't just Reggie Jackson, I was the three-million-dollar ballplayer. I was the famous free agent. I was the man who had walked out on Baltimore. I was a selfish egotist. Because I was a money-grabber, I was disturbing society. I was proving that inflation was a fact. So all these things affected me. I was alone here on the team. I was a newcomer. I was an *invader*. And I broke. My whole game broke. I wasn't comfortable at the plate. I wasn't comfortable in the field or on the bases, and my game showed it, in every aspect. I didn't even begin to get into the groove of hitting home runs until the middle of August. Just because of my brute strength, I was able to survive at the plate. But I wasn't hitting. I was dissociated from my game. I even tried using different bat models. I never did that before. The hardest thing I ever went through in my whole life was last summer."

He paused, and we could both hear the young fans calling to him from the first couple of rows in the stands. "Reggie!" they pleaded. "Hey, Reggie! Reg-gie, come over here, will ya?

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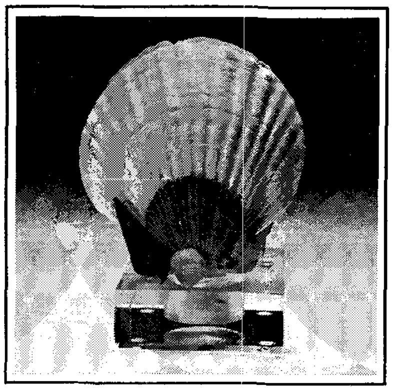

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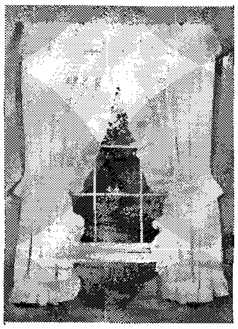

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"And now?" I said.

He twisted the bat again and then smiled—his flashing, charming smile. "Now," he said, "everything is different. All that is behind me this spring. I'm glad to be here, glad to work out, glad to play. I won't say I'm *happy*. I don't know if I even like the word 'happy.' I understand the word 'glad' better. That's what I am. I'm glad to be here, and it wasn't like that in a lot of years before this one."

A little later, the Yanks and the Mets played their game. Kranepool had a single and Jackson went hitless for the day, and the Mets jumped on Ron Guidry in the sixth and seventh innings for five runs. It was a pretty bad game, with lots of errors and other mistakes on both sides, so there was some booing and laughter in the stands, as well as some yells. The fans seemed to be about evenly divided: half were for the Yankees and half for the Mets. All afternoon, there was the ceaseless, murmuring undercurrent of people talking and exclaiming—people taking in a game. These were the voices of baseball I like best of all. I left in the bottom of the ninth, when the Yankees were down by 6–3, with two out and a man on base. A rookie named Mardie Cornejo was pitching for the Mets—a forkballer. I went out to the parking lot just behind the stands (I was going to beat the traffic) and stood beside my car and listened for the special sound of a ballpark when the last out comes and the game is over. But what I heard was more yells and then still more, then a silence and then another long burst of shouting. It went on, with pauses interspersed, and I grew apprehensive, because I wanted the Mets to win this special, meaningless game, since they won't win many other games this year. And then the voices roared one more time and the noise went on and on, and the first fans came bursting out of the park, with a lot of kids up ahead, yelling and sprinting down the ramps, and I knew the Yankees had rallied and won again after all.

—Roger Angell

•

They say that Jack Daniel himself liked to muddle a bit of sugar in a glass with a touch of water, add his own whisky and a little branch water and touch it off with a sprig of tansy. Tansy? That's like mint, but Little Jack, who was 5 feet 2, with flowing mustaches, was an independent wort.—*The Times.*

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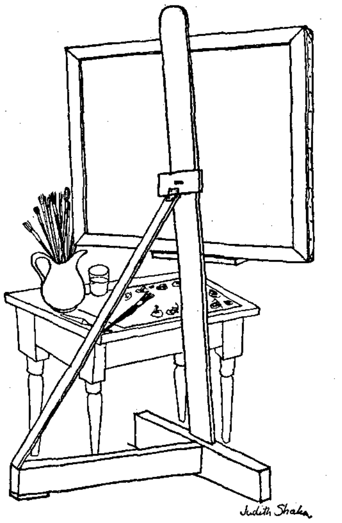
# THE ART WORLD

## *Women and Water*

"I could sustain this thing all the time because it could change all the time."
—*Willem de Kooning.*

PAINTINGS, drawings, and sculptures done by Willem de Kooning in the last fifteen years are assembled at the Guggenheim Museum under the title "Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," an identification by place such as might be applied to a traditional landscapist or painter of exotic scenes. Though de Kooning has never depicted his actual surroundings, his canvases have since the forties striven to realize as directly as possible what was in his mind and feelings at the time of painting. So when, in 1963, he moved from the neighborhood of East Tenth Street and Third Avenue, with its pawnshops, bars, and derelicts, to the lawns, shaded roadways, inlets, and beaches of the eastern tip of Long Island, significant changes were bound to appear in the form and mood of his compositions. As against the angular scaffoldings, raw colors, and sharp explosions of pigment that marked his abstractions of the fifties—"Easter Monday," "Police Gazette," "Palisade"—the East Hampton landscapes took on fluid rhythms in rich reds, blues, and flesh colors, loosely brushed, and traversed by languorous snakes and loops of paint. In several respects, this late phase recalls the harmonies of the white-on-black de Koonings of the forties and of "Excavation" (1950).

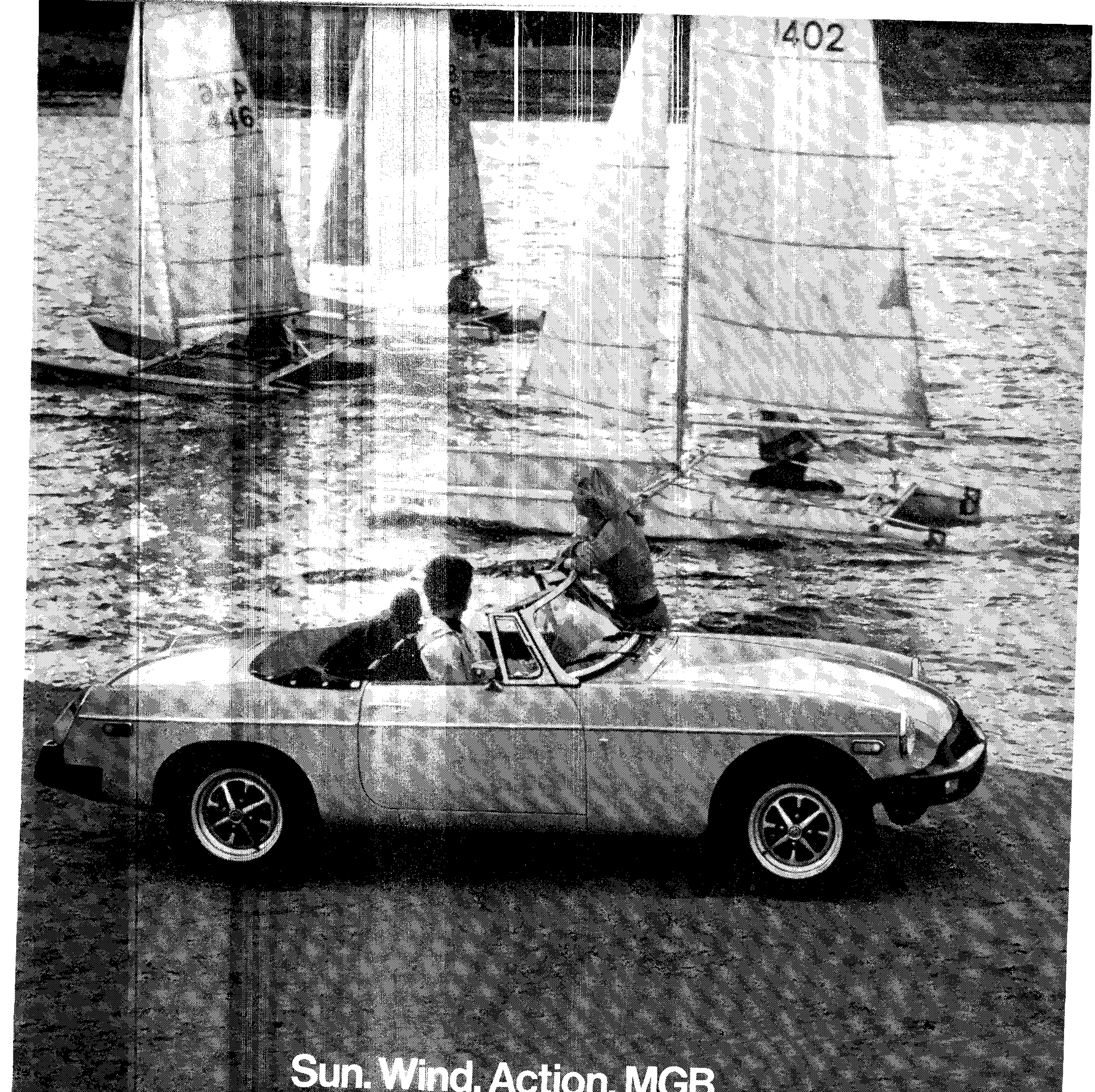


Even more pronounced than the differences in the landscapes are those that appear in de Kooning's handling of his other motif: woman. Formerly a firmly seated, erect anatomical presence—an "idol," suggesting the possibility of metamorphosis into architecture (in one drawing from the fifties the transformation of a woman into the Washington and Jefferson monuments is actually under way)—de Kooning's country females are casually splattered across the landscape as residual shapes spontaneously assumed by elements of earth, sea, and sky, or (the title of a 1969 painting suggests) by sun and wind. The relaxation—"dissolution" might be a more accurate word—of the figures in "Woman on the Dune," "Woman Seated in the Water," and various "Woman in Landscape" canvases is so extreme that the figures do not assume the erect pose of separate bodies but, whatever the position they happen to compose themselves in, are ingredients of the coming into being of the site they occupy. Too soluble to stand or sit upright, they recline or float. In their insubstantiality, the figures cannot impede the manifold activities by which the brush leaves behind intimations of forms. Among the many "Untitled" canvases of 1977, hints of a leg, torso, or profile may be discerned, but they are not sufficiently realized to warrant identification. The title "Untitled—Two Figures in a Landscape" (1976) points to the presence of human images on the verge of nonrecognizability, in that the subject of the painting is at once "untitled" and "two figures."

In sum, the East Hampton landscapes are seeded with humanoid residues and potentials. The woman-in-the-landscape theme is in effect a realization of de Kooning in the landscape. The America in his canvases is a personified terrain, formed from within, by the movements of the artist's brush. A new emphasis on texture appears in the East Hampton paintings. Surfaces are orchestrated with a complexity that at times compels the thought that the paintings are about their being painted. Yet the nearly explicit presence of land, trees, bodies of water, people brings a more tangible subject to the abstract landscapes projected by Pollock, Kline, and Hofmann and the cosmic topographies of Gottlieb, Rothko, Newman, and Still. These invented terrains are the imaginative link that binds the founders of Action painting and of Abstract Expressionist signmaking.

The contrast between country paths or beaches and slum bars or pawnshops which de Kooning's paintings reflect has led some commentators to see the East Hampton canvases as indicating a change of attitude or direction. The softening of his forms, the replacement of angular, Cubist-based structures with interflowing sinuosities of paint, the reverberations of light and reflections of light, the substitution of unself-consciously dissolute and physically dissolving beach girls for the formidable Fates of the fifties are taken as evidence of a relaxing of tension which places the East Hampton compositions closer in spirit to Monet's haystacks and ponds and to Rubens' nudes than to the starkness of Soutine, which had earlier excited de Kooning. De Kooning the Expressionist is said to have mellowed into an Impressionist. Such an interpretation of the Guggenheim exhibition seems to me misdirected. Strong as is the contrast between East Hampton and East Tenth Street, de Kooning's art has not been changed in basic respects by his change of address. Besides being reflections of the artist's physical environment, de Kooning's landscapes are enactments of the conditions of creation in twentieth-century America. The problems of painting and of the self are not altered when one moves from the city to the country.

I have discussed elsewhere de Kooning's resistance to ideological pressures in art, from the political ideologies of the thirties to the succession of aesthetic programmings dominant in the decades that followed. The continuity of de Kooning's work lies in his effort toward an art liberated from any domination, external or psychological. In the East Hampton paintings, drawings, and sculptures, he has attained a new level of freedom. A conversation with the British critic David Sylvester indicates that this has been de Kooning's aim since he moved to East Hampton. "I get freer," the artist said. "I feel I am getting more to myself . . . a bigger feeling of freedom." With de Kooning, this "bigger feeling" is realized in a heightening of spontaneity in the execution of his concepts. The paintings at the Guggenheim are masterpieces of immediacy; in them the "concept" exists only insofar as it develops simultaneously with the elaboration of the painting itself. What is seen as a "softening" of forms is actually an effect of accelerated psychic release in reaching decisions, and this is consistent with de Kooning's astonishing increase in production during the past ten years. Within the shimmering blues, reds, flesh tones, the lineaments of landscape and figure suddenly manifest themselves like a profile in the folds of a portiere. A potential drama hovers over the packed forms, as if a



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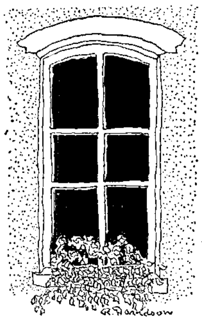
narrative tableau were about to become visible.

In the past fifteen years, de Kooning's struggle has been mounted not against any external idea or style but against his own accumulated ways of working, against his own extraordinary manual skill. His effort has been to break up the order that his hand tends to impose. In pursuit of the unexpected, he has managed to eliminate any interval of thought between the subject, or some representation of it, and the image being developed on the canvas. "I can set out to do it," he explained to Sylvester, "and then it will be, maybe it will be a painting of something else." The artist begins with the consciousness of a concrete experience, but this experience takes shape as a painting through being brought into synthesis with unpredictable activities on the canvas. For de Kooning, the contribution of modern art is that it makes accessible realities that were formerly unattainable in painting. In East Hampton, he has expanded his range by speeding up the rate at which his active responses to phenomena are converted into images. The works at the Guggenheim are best seen in the perspective of this self-observation: "I don't think I set out to do anything, but I find because of modern painting that things which couldn't be seen in terms of painting, things you couldn't paint, for instance, are now—it's not that you paint them but it is the connection." Everything in the painting has its analogy in actual experience. Abstract art is art with the maximum of content.



In leaving it to the painting to seize the actual content of the artist's experience ("If I really think about it, it will come out in the painting"), de Kooning is aware that he is frustrating interpretation ("That doesn't mean that people notice [it]"). The experience realized on the canvas cannot be translated into the elements that went into it, though the painting as a whole can convey the watery atmosphere of Long Island, the women on the beach, the sense of motion absorbed from de Kooning's daily bicycle rides. Since the paintings are self-activated—allowing images to enter and depart as they choose—events, the environment are present only in essence, and are not adduced in particulars: each spectator is obliged to interpret the paintings in any way he can.

The East Hampton paintings have the character of a series; they are a single protracted undertaking manifested in different but related images. In each work, an interval of human time materializes. The unity of the exhibition consists in the interplay of energies between canvas and canvas and between the paintings and the drawings and sculptures. In an effort to overcome the self-estrangement that the mechanisms of habit produce, de Kooning derails his skill through devices that impede his normal processes. In the charcoal drawings on exhibition at the Guggenheim, his liberated inventiveness is most apparent. Arbitrary scribbles, traces, smudges prove sufficient to people his drawings with animated figures, from spooks to tourists to Kewpie dolls. In "Trembling Woman," the limbs and torso ripple like the surface of a bay. The wriggling figures of the seventies often are not held together as units but, rather, consist of traces in blank space, like partly recorded signals. In his exercises in self-distraction—drawing with his eyes closed, with both hands, while watching television—de Kooning overcame the restraints of his early academic training and has succeeded in splashing out figures, so to speak, as if they formed themselves of their own free will.

The drawings, in which the figure is broken up into motions, are reiterated in the bronzes, which tend to represent human stances assumed by matter, and not molded bodies. "Floating Figure," "Cross Legged Figure," "Untitled No. 5" are counterparts of the figures-in-a-landscape gesticulating in charcoal. De Kooning has manipulated his clay toward a metaphorical indeterminacy equal to that of the paintings and drawings. Like the two-dimensional figures, the sculptures are semi-inchoate personae emerging from nowhere. Among the paintings, "LaGuardia in a Paper Hat" has a suggestion of likeness to the late mayor. Yet one can be sure that before the picture was completed LaGuardia hadn't entered de Kooning's mind; he happened to arrive in time to supply the title of the canvas.

Figures that define themselves without the artist's forethought suggest association with Surrealist automatism. Reviewers of the Guggenheim show have been inclined to recall the presence of Surrealists in New York at the inception of Action painting. De Kooning's decontrolled composing is not, however, a Surrealist surrender to mechanical processes of the psyche. It belongs to a widening of spontaneity, to a struggle to activate the entire self instead of accepting the limitations of the trained portion of it. With de Kooning, each painting has its own culmination—when its indeterminate elements reach fulfillment in a suddenly apprehended quality of the whole. This point must be grasped in a flash of recognition. To continue beyond it risks ruining the painting. "As to the painting being finished," de Kooning has said, "I always have a miserable time over that."

Working within the flow of thought and being, de Kooning keys his paintings to the universal images of transformation: woman and water. Both embody the metamorphosis that corresponds to the endless unfixing of things and concepts in the artist's consciousness. In this perpetual motion, reality manifests itself as a heightened glow. The animator of his landscapes, at times torn apart, woman is counterpoised to the unstable ego of the artist, and provides him with an inexhaustible subject. "I could sustain this thing all the time because it could change all the time; she could almost get upside down, or not be there, or come back again, she could be any size." Complementing the woman in changeableness is the water image, which appears in de Kooning's paintings even earlier than the woman. The shapes in "Untitled" (1934) suggest a ship's deck, a porthole, and the sea, with a blindfolded figure in the foreground—perhaps the painting is a vision of leaving Holland. Among the numerous "Untitled" and "Figure in Landscape" paintings in "De Kooning in East Hampton" is one with an extremely unusual title for de Kooning: ". . . Whose Name Was Writ in Water"—a statement regarding mortality. Given his dislike of philosophizing in painting, this is probably as close as de Kooning can come to saluting overtly the impermanence of existence, and things in a state of disappearance. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

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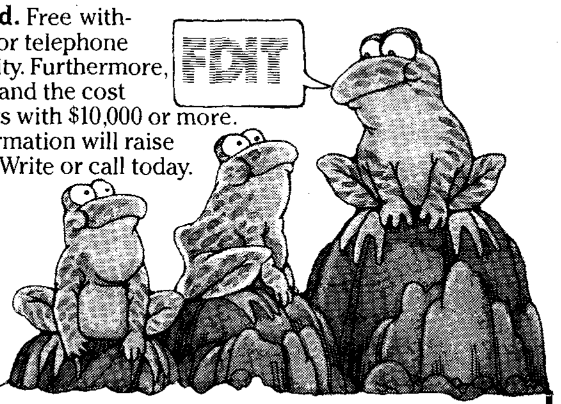

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Introductions*

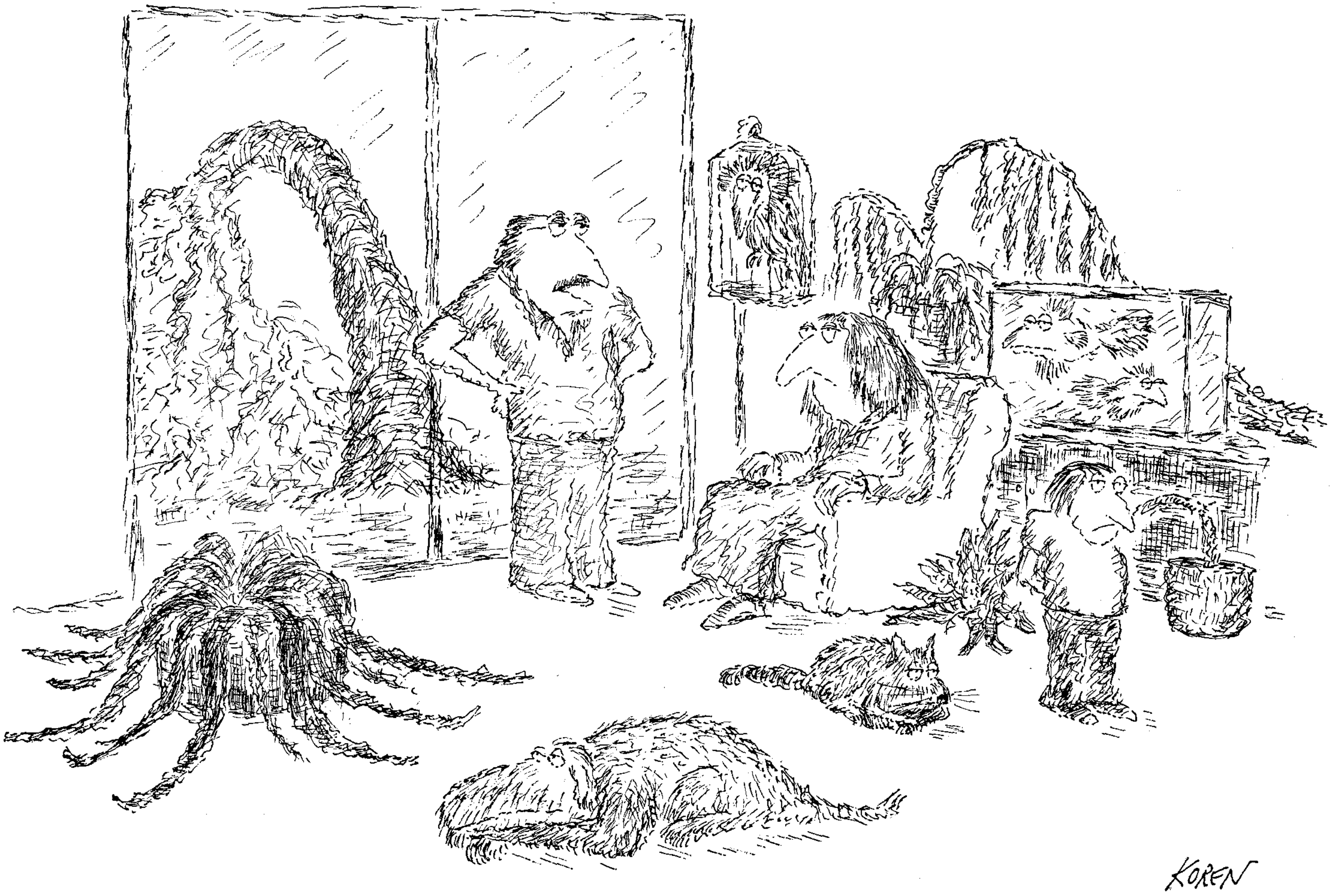
EARLIER this year, I wrote of Gunther Schuller's attempt to find a livelier, less conventional format for the discussion between composers, executants, and audience which Pierre Boulez established as an integral part of the Philharmonic's Prospective Encounters concerts. A friend writes from Paris to tell me how Boulez is now managing public discussions there, at IRCAM (the Institut de Recherche et de Coordination Acoustique-Musique, attached to the Centre Georges-Pompidou and directed by Boulez). In late February, Boulez conducted a concert with his Ensemble InterContemporain whose bill comprised five works that handle musical time in five different ways: Messiaen's "Modes de Valeurs et d'Intensités," Stockhausen's "Zeitmasse," György Ligeti's "Kammerkonzert," Boulez's own "Éclat," and Elliott Carter's "A Mirror on Which to Dwell." On five of the six days preceding the concert, in the large hall of the Centre there were *séances de travail publiques*, each of them devoted to one of the works, with the Ensemble to play and Boulez to provide *présentation*, *analyse*, *et direction*. In the words of the bill announcing the *séances:*

> *Les explications de Pierre Boulez et les nombreuses illustrations musicales apportées par l'Ensemble InterContemporain permettront d'isoler une composante essentielle des œuvres choisies, d'en tracer le cheminement et de jeter un jour inhabituel sur le travail d'artisan du compositeur.*

And then on the day of the concert, two and a half hours before it began, there was a *séance de synthèse*, with the IRCAM team and with Roland Barthes, Gilles Deleuze, and Michel Foucault as speakers. The critic of *Le Nouvel Observateur* began his notice, "Suppose that, about 1800, Kant, Schiller, and Goethe agreed to a public debate with Beethoven. Or, a century later, Bergson, Gide, and Claudel with Debussy." And my correspondent says, "Every *séance* was packed with people, and the concert could have been given twice. When Foucault and Barthes (who had come to all the *séances*) walked out to give their talks, the audience rose and cheered as if they were rock stars (where but in France?).... It all seemed a very worthwhile effort indeed, and everybody had a very good time, especially the crowded audiences."

They order this matter better in France. I'll leave the directors of the Philharmonic to ponder the moral, and consider instead another kind of pre-concert discussion, practiced in New York, which it seems to me should receive wider publicity than it does. Two days before the Speculum Musicae's Tully Hall concert last month, two of the composers to be played at it, Charles Wuorinen and Frederic Rzewski, and one of the Speculum performers, Ursula Oppens, met in the studios of WKCR, the radio station of Columbia University, and for a couple of hours talked with two of its staff about contemporary music, its performers, and the public. The discussion was unscripted and evidently unrehearsed. It should have been recorded in advance and then edited to spare the radio audience the false starts, the stumblings, and a plethora of "I mean"s, "you know"s, and "sort of"s. Nevertheless, one listened. Rzewski's remarks often had an elegant sharpness. (" 'Protean' and 'malleable' are not quite the same thing.") Wuorinen was concerned and interesting about the extent to which what he called the "automatic contempt" dished out to new works in the "journalistic press" made their subsequent programming difficult outside New York. He related how by the director of a New Jersey concert series he had been asked, not in any hostile way but with honest curiosity, "Do you set out to write cacophony?" He made the reasonable request that new serious musical compositions should, whether liked or not, be accorded the same serious, informed scrutiny by newspaper critics which new works of art in other forms receive.

On Sunday last week, Elliott Carter talked for an hour and a half with Ben Miller of WKCR, in anticipation of the Composers' Guild for Performance recital four days later at which Carter's Duo for violin and piano was to be played. This was a rather more shapely discourse. Mr. Miller began by putting a simple question that many friendly but puzzled listeners must have asked—"How much does it matter that when I listen to your pieces I don't *hear* the processes that you write about in the program notes?"—and Carter gave lucid, helpful answers, starting with the different possible ways of hearing and understanding Schubert piano sonatas, and pointing out that Beethoven sonatas could be enjoyed and understood without conscious hearing of their Schenkerian *Urlinien*. He discussed the practice of the W.P.A. period, when composers aimed to produce readily accessible scores, and his resolve in the First String Quartet to write, for once, without considering the performers' or an audience's difficulties. He praised the educative role of the BBC, which, for example, after a poorly executed and poorly received performance of his Double Concerto went on and on billing the piece until it had gained both expert executants and an appreciative audience. He regretted the failure of Boulez's endeavor to create in New York an orchestral audience avid for contemporary music, and spoke of the recent Paris concert and the public excitement it had generated. His orchestral pieces, he said, had their best performances in England, France, and, recently, Italy. (Carter's music receives wider attention—and, probably, more frequent performances—in Europe than it does here; and the British branch of his publishers has marked his seventieth birthday by issuing a tributary pamphlet including a full list of his published works.) He spoke of the way compositions of his once deemed very difficult had become readily playable. Then, with an abrupt "Now let's listen to some music" from Mr. Miller, the Nonesuch recording of the Duo was played—to an audience unprepared for it in any way except by a remark of the composer's, early on, to the effect that he intended it to be heard as harmony. A long silence broken only by scratching followed the music (the technical competence of these WKCR programs was not high), and then in mid-sentence Carter was heard naming Mozart, Chopin, and sometimes Liszt as composers who had had an influence on him. There was more discussion: of his search to devise new forms of continuity; of the "inner checks" to insure that the careful working out of a process did not fetter the workings of imagination; of his keen interest in electronic music coupled to a conviction that a composer should master the medium—as he had not had time to do—before playing with it. When it was again time for a tune, and the Variations for Orchestra (in the Columbia recording, with Frederik Prausnitz and the New Philharmonia) was chosen, Mr. Miller, as if realizing



*"Your depression is contagious."*

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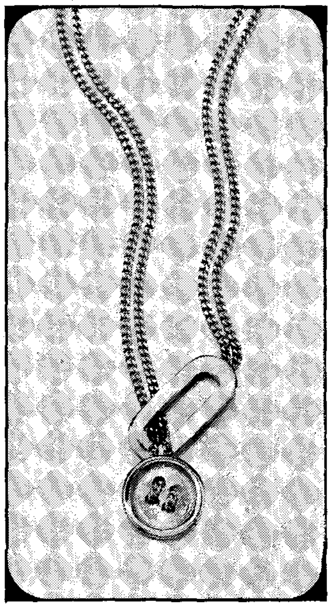
that the Duo had been dropped in "cold," said, "So tell us about them." And Carter did, describing the inception, intentions, and construction of his Variations in a way that provided a model introduction for anyone about to hear the work. An account of practical considerations (such as the comparatively small string section but full brasses of the Louisville Orchestra, which commissioned the piece), of his large formal plan, and of his particular concern for effects of speed was mingled with pointers to some significant moments to listen for.

An "*almost* model introduction," I should have said, for there were no musical illustrations, and it is the use of "live" examples which gives to radio talks an advantage over printed program notes. By BBC standards, these two WKCR programs were primitive. (No reflection on Mr. Miller, who, I understand, undertakes single-handed the tasks that the BBC would divide between an interviewer, a producer/editor, a sound engineer, and someone to play the records.) The sound quality was poor. The level fluctuated. Mr. Miller announced a recording of Wuorinen's "Grand Bamboula," for string orchestra, as being his "Bearbeitungen über das Glogauer Liederbuch," for flute, clarinet, violin, and cello. Anyone can put the needle down in the wrong track; but then after the piece had been played it was again misidentified—in detail, with the four instrumentalists' names. More seriously, the programs lacked clear focus. Noncommercial broadcasting in this country cannot, it seems, afford to pay properly for carefully written and illustrated, carefully produced, carefully rehearsed and edited talks by the brightest and best musical minds. If I were Minister of Music and had money to spend, my first move would be to lure, say, Joseph Kerman, Edward T. Cone, and Jeremy Noble (musicians on the Berkeley, Princeton, and Buffalo campuses) into the studios at least once a month and make sure the whole nation could hear them. And my next, more difficult move would be to set up a proper music network to insure that important performances in Norfolk, San Antonio, Portland, Denver, Boston, and Baltimore—as well as in Paris, Palermo, or Prague—were carried from coast to coast. What we have at present is for the most part discrete, localized, sometimes hole-and-corner, and often last-minute enterprise—with the notable exception of Texaco's well-publicized nationwide Met broadcasts. New Yorkers, it is true, can hear the Philharmonic, Boston, Cleveland, and Philadelphia (on WQXR), Chicago (WNCN), and Baltimore (WNYC) orchestra concerts over the air, and also (mainly on WNCN and WNYC) a fair amount from the European festivals. But to discover the exact programs and dates well in advance requires scanning several separate publications and then some telephoning or letter writing. Elliott Carter's talk—an event, for musicians, of national significance—was announced in the radio section of the *Times*, but under "Concerts," on the morning of the day it was broadcast. I missed it there, and heard about it by chance only three minutes before it was due to begin—and by chance was free to listen. Such programs are important. If there is to be any radio preface to Speculum Musicae's May concert (at which the revised version of Boulez's "Polyphonie X" is to have its American and Seymour Shifrin's "The Nick of Time" its New York



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première), prospective listeners should learn of it not just in the nick of time but far enough ahead to be able to make a note in their diaries. A schedule of related broadcasts would be a useful addition to Lincoln Center's monthly program book.

WORDS about new music—introductions, explanations, plans, and pointers—can be helpful. Hearing new scores more than once is yet more important. WKCR's Speculum program failed to include enough straightforward, attractive information about the composers and their forthcoming works, but it did provide a preliminary hearing of John Harbison's "The Flower-Fed Buffaloes (Reflections on the Spirit of Liberty)," a work commissioned by the New York State Bar Association and given its official première at the concert. Harbison's starting point was a speech by Judge Learned Hand (which echoes lines that Wagner wrote to close "The Ring"): "Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it. . . . It is not the ruthless, the unbridled will; it is not freedom to do as one likes. That is the denial of liberty." The text of the composition is five poems—by Vachel Lindsay (two), Hart Crane, Michael Fried, and Gary Snyder—which Harbison has set for baritone soloist and small mixed chorus, accompanied basically by piano, with support, coloring, and counterpoints from an ensemble of clarinet and saxophone, violin, cello, and bass, and percussion. The poems treat of themes related to the Judge's ideas about liberty. Ever present is the sense that white men are intruders on this land. At their best, they live on it and love it; at worst, in their greed for private gain destroy it and what and who lived on it before—the buffaloes, the prairie grass and flowers, the Blackfeet, the Pawnees. Snyder's trail-clearer, resting from his work with cold drill, pick, and dynamite on a hill "snowed all but summer," suddenly notices the centuries-old shards of Indians' tools all about him. Their trails and his have converged. Harbison's central movement is a fierce, chilling, urban scherzo macabre of desperation, but his finale is Lindsay's affirmation "That flower-town, that wonder-town shall come." And so he lines himself with the poets who try to save us from despair and persuade us, if only for a while, that "these things shall be." Works like "The Flower-Fed Buffaloes" are precious

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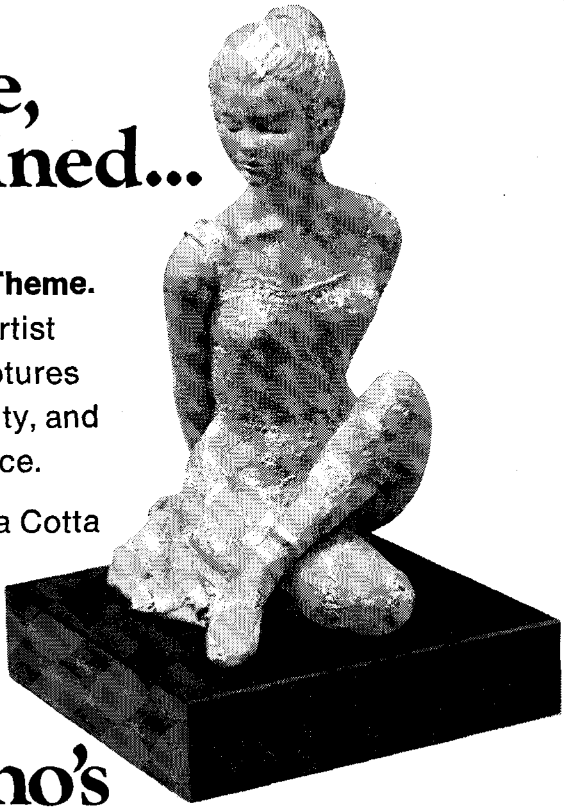
and useful. Harbison's affirmations—and his final C pedal—are not glib but are achieved after delicate, even painful pondering reflected in the rhythmic and harmonic tensions of the score. The musical imagery, like the verbal, is specifically American. The composer draws on several vernacular idioms, and inventively, precisely, eloquently shapes them into his own poetic statements. His clear-eyed economy brings the tone closer to Snyder's charged, precise, fresh, and flexible verse than to Lindsay's flowery rhetoric. I taped the broadcast and have discovered that the music, memorable at first encounter, gets better and better the more one hears it. At the concert, the soloist, David Evitts, sang the notes and pronounced the words clearly, without, however, leaving much impression that he understood the poems—as if Dionysus, mentioned by Crane, were nothing to him but four syllables. The Emmanuel Choir of Boston joined Speculum. The composer conducted. The piece lasts about twenty minutes, and deserves to become well known.

A second hearing of Wuorinen's "Hyperion," for twelve players, revealed a score that I underrated at its première, at the 1976 Adelaide Festival. It flowered as a bright, lyrical, and exuberant piece. From a first hearing of Rzewski's "Song and Dance," for flute, clarinet, bass, and percussion, I remember only that it contains an effective vibraphone solo. Amid much concentrated music—Stravinsky's "Introitus" opened the concert and Varèse's "Déserts" ended it—it made an expansive, spun-out impression.

THE three winning works of the East & West Artists' annual composers' competition were played in Carnegie Recital Hall last month at a satisfactory concert where the interest and vitality of the music were enough to keep Sunday-afternoon drowsiness at bay. (When I was a cub critic in London, cellists seemed always to give their début recitals on Sunday afternoon, and there were many half-dropt eyelids in the back row of Wigmore Hall.) The first prize had gone to Todd Brief's Fantasy for violin and piano, a complicated and arresting piece, but one, it seemed to me, gracelessly and uncouthly written for the instruments, against their natures and largely in extreme registers. Where Carter's Duo can persuade one that violin and piano are sounding almost as if of themselves, from their souls, Brief's duo suggested that the poor things were being put through an ob-



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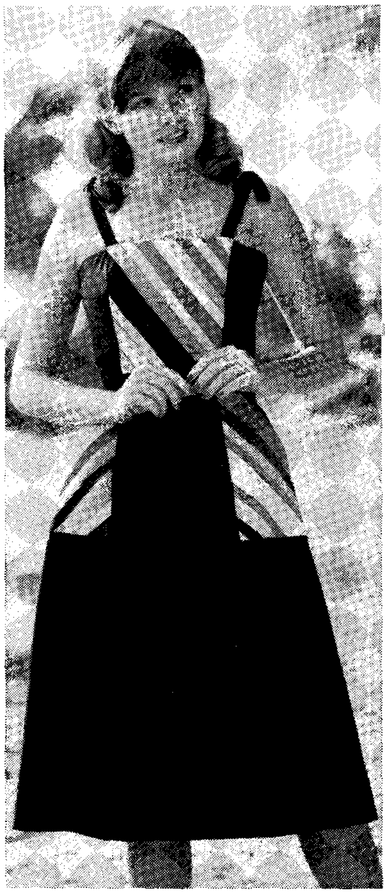

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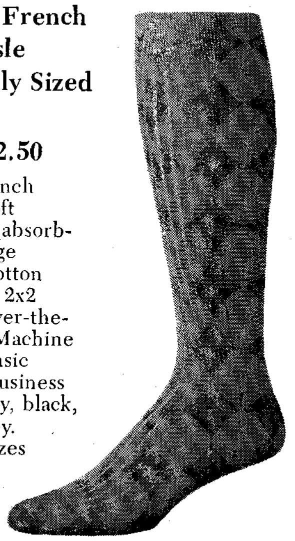

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stacle course plotted by a stern, uncompromising, not uninteresting mind. In Stephen Dembski's one-movement Trio for violin, cello, and piano, the difficulties were not so much those of producing acceptable sound as those of mastering complicated rhythms. The music sounded good to play and it was good to listen to—a discourse of ideas cogently and clearly developed. Gerald Levinson's two-movement Trio for clarinet, cello, and piano, first played over the French Radio, in 1976, is a captivating piece that combines a Crumb-like command of delicate, beautiful timbres and a sure grasp of form.

In addition, Bo Lawergren's "Farfar" (Swedish for "paternal grandfather") had its first performance. (The composer was a judge of, not an entrant in, the East & West competition.) Mr. Lawergren's *farfar* sailed the seas, kept sweet-smelling country stores, and recorded folk music on his fiddle. The piece is a brief, brilliant tone poem for piano solo. Most of the time, the right hand, on the keyboard, darts through small scraps of what sounds like fiddle melody while the left hand, inside the piano, damps the strings in ways that provide constant changes of tone color. The program was completed by Bruno Maderna's "Viola," for unaccompanied viola, and Betsy Jolas's "Episode" and "Fusain," for unaccompanied flutes (one player using in turn regular, piccolo, and bass instruments and also singing a bit). The ten young performers of the afternoon were adept; Karen Phillips, the solo violist, was especially impressive. These were seven pieces each of which I would be glad to hear again. It's not often one comes away from a concert of all new music saying that.

CHRISTOPHER KEENE brought the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra to Carnegie Hall last week with a bold, unconventional program—Barber's Essay No. 2 for Orchestra; Stephen Douglas Burton's Symphony No. 2, "Ariel;" and Janáček's Glagolitic Mass—and was rewarded by a good house. The orchestra is able and alert. The strings were lithe, the woodwinds well balanced, and the brasses powerful without being pushy. The comments are general, but that is because the performances were of a kind to make one attend to the music rather than to the playing—which is as it should be. Mr. Keene, long admired both here and abroad as an opera conductor, was making his New York concert-hall début. He showed his wonted, welcome care for proportion, for the long line

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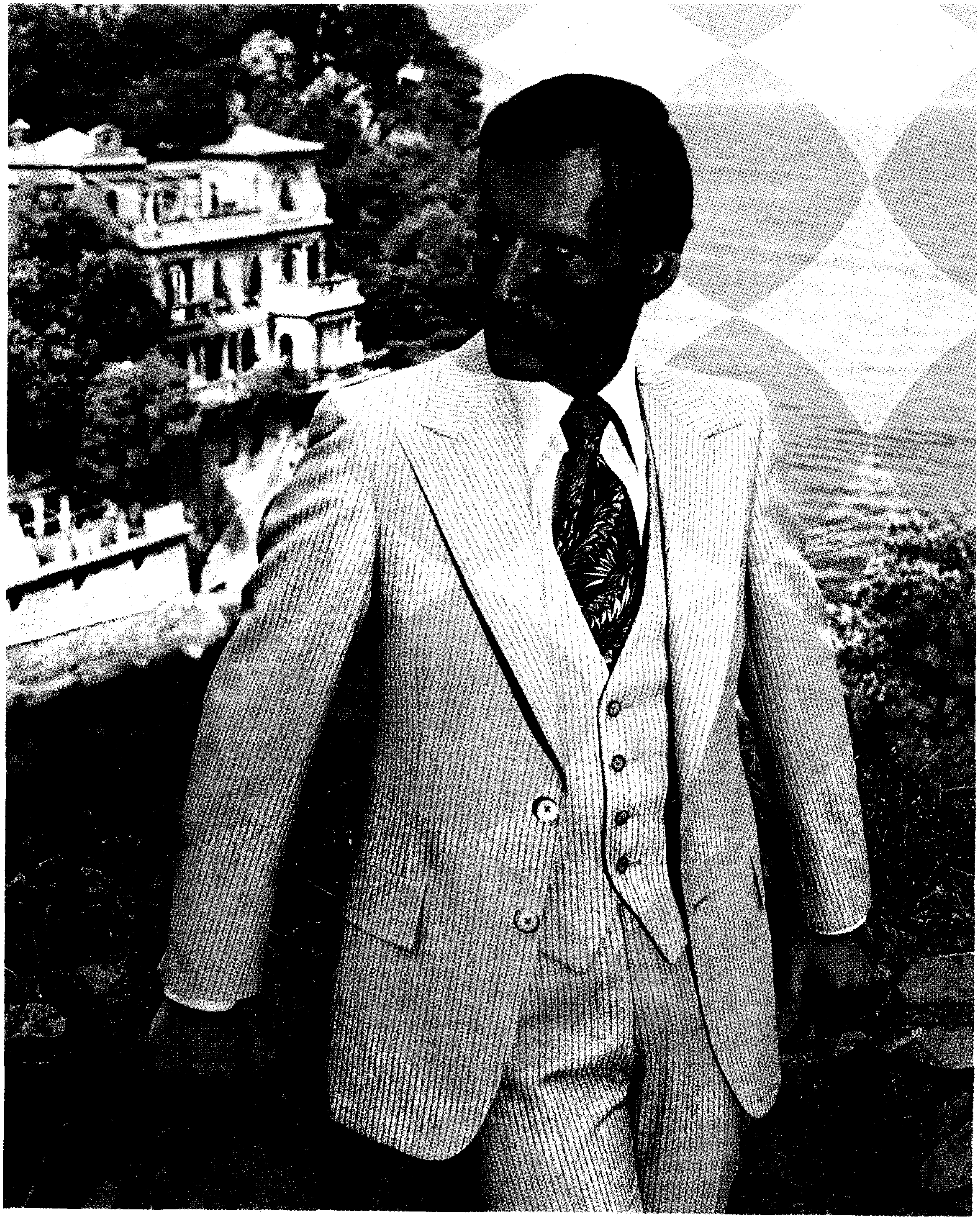

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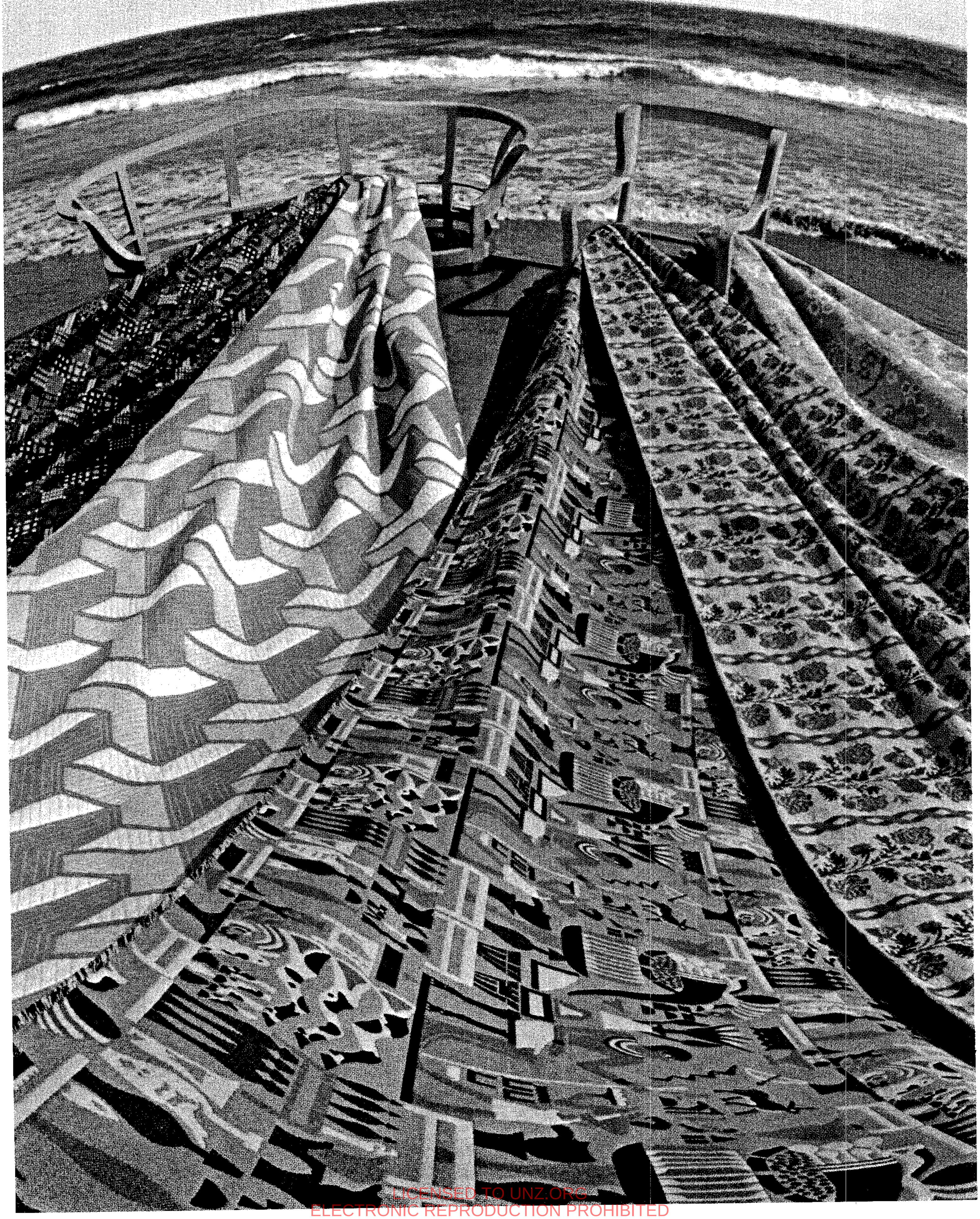

and continuing sense of a composition. His detailing did not lack color or sharpness, but picturesque effects were not stressed for their own sake.

Burton's symphony, first done by the National Symphony and Antal Dorati in 1976, at the Kennedy Center, had its New York première. Mr. Keene's advocacy was eloquent but seemed to me misplaced. In casting the fifty-one-minute piece as a song cycle—five movements with alternating mezzo-soprano and baritone soloists, accompanied by large orchestra—Burton challenged comparison with Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde." In choosing as his text private, autobiographical (and, I think, rather awful, uncontrolled) poems by Sylvia Plath, he invited a disparity between means and message which proved fatal rather than fruitful. The lines "A smile fell in the grass./Irretrievable!" were followed by a crashing climax of early-Strauss immensity. The declamation was generally slow and oracular. Mahler, Strauss, and perhaps Shostakovich in their thumping veins were models for the musical style but were coarsely followed. There was a good deal of noise, including that of a thunder sheet. The vocalists, Diane Curry and Stephen Dickson, did not make much sense of the poems; I doubt whether in these settings of them any singers could.

Janáček's Mass, in which the Syracuse University Oratorio Society joined the orchestra, received an ardent and beautiful performance. Like Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, it is dedicated to an Archbishop of Olmütz. Mr. Keene's reading admirably combined its double aspect, of being at once a high ecclesiastical celebration and an almost informal outburst of popular fervor. Richard Taylor, outstanding in the solo quartet, sang the Et incarnatus and Benedictus with an ideal blend of smoothness, plangency, and passion. His sweet yet incisive tenor is one that should be heard in the Berlioz Requiem and Te Deum, in the Simpleton's Song of "Boris Godunov." There is no real organ in Carnegie Hall, and one movement of Janáček's Mass is a big organ solo; Will Headlee did what he could on Carnegie's electronic instrument, but the sounds remained stubbornly synthetic.

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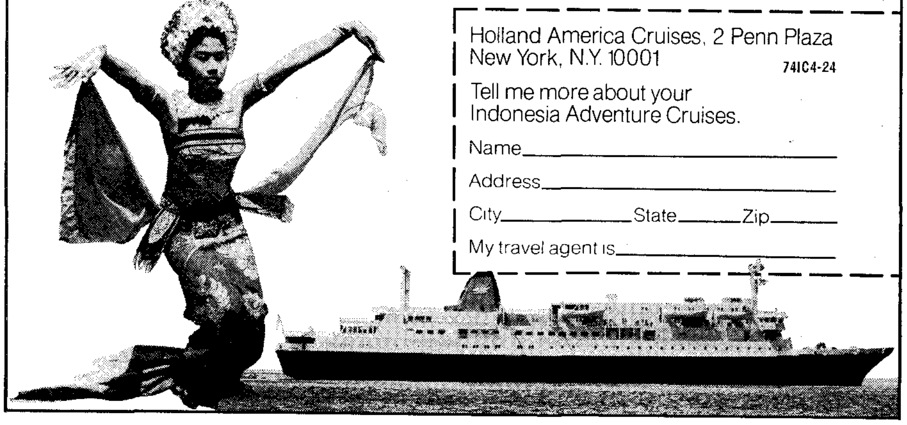

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Corps Glorieux," and the "Messe de la Pentecôte." But the acoustics of the place are parched. Big chords drop dead, without a trace of reverberation, the instant fingers are lifted from the keys. Can nothing be done to make it a better hall for music? Pinpoint clarity is not all. The concert, put on by Continuum, the performing ensemble of the Performers' Committee for Twentieth-Century Music, offered a well-shaped, representative anthology of early and middle Messiaen chamber compositions—a duo, songs, piano and organ solos, and, finally, a keen, sharply colored account of "Oiseaux Exotiques," with the eighteen players conducted by Leon Kirchner. But—what price "continuum"?—nothing from the last twenty years of this still active composer.

Two other Tully events in brief. Joan Morris and William Bolcom, mezzo and pianist, billed just "A Very Varied Program," and gave one that ranged from Johannes Brahms ("Sandmännchen") to Mike Stoller. Miss Morris was as captivating (and Mr. Bolcom as rhythmic and eloquent) as ever. Is there anyone around able to handle words, phrases, inflections, and tone colors as well as she does?. . . The Ensemble for Early Music—two singers and three players, joined for the occasion by a narrator and two mimes—gave a fairly enjoyable account of its entertainment drawn from the early-fourteenth-century "Roman de Fauvel." But—a "but" of the kind that always tends to crop up when medieval music is performed on anything but the highest level, and in inappropriate surroundings—the price of a ticket could perhaps more rewardingly have been spent on the EMI-Electrola record of "Fauvel" (distributed over here by Peters International), made by the Studio der Frühen Musik with slightly larger forces, superior grace, and a finer wit.

—Andrew Porter

•

(13) 1 p.m.—The Monk (mystery 1969) with George Maharis and Janet Leigh. A mafia lawyer hires a man to safeguard a valuable envelope containing information on a lobster. (74 min.)
—*Edmonton Journal.*

A chicken lobster?

•

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

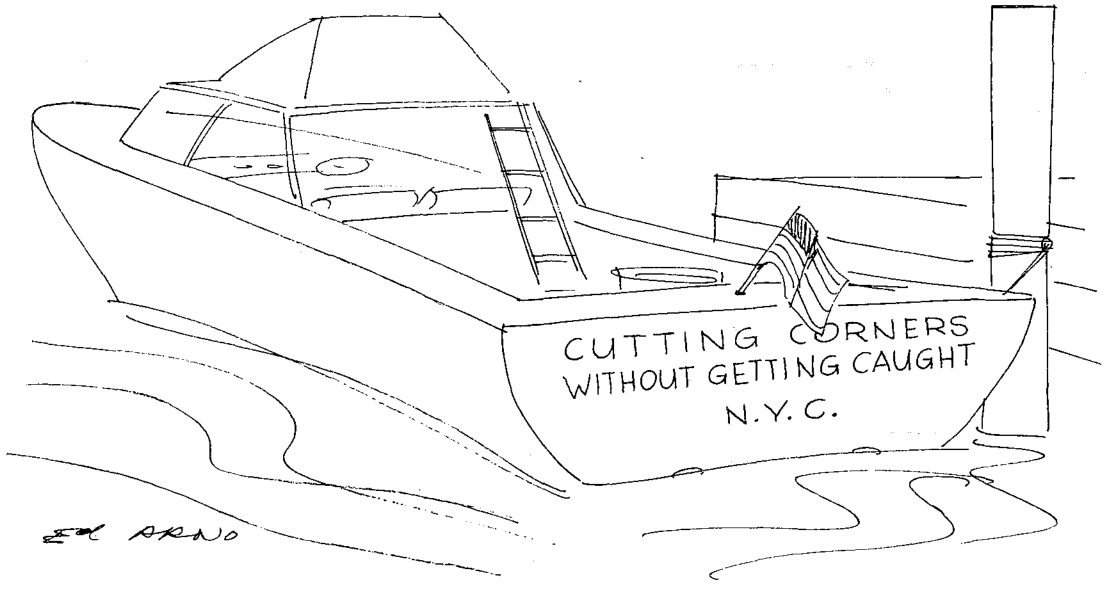
## *England in May*

MAY DAY in early-eighteenth-century England. Powdery light, flecked with the pale green of leaves with sun shining through them. Mobcaps; a May Day tossing of a local girl called Fanny (the wide-faced Natalie Ogle). A lot of bombast and rudeness. A greased pole; a blond-haired boy called Joseph Andrews (Peter Firth) climbing it, reaching the trophy, and falling into the water below. No harm done. He is on land almost at once. Spring in England reigns. It reigns to the pretended boredom of Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid), who says to her mistress's coachman with an assumed high-class languor that hardly veils her vivacity, "Convey us *chez nous*, George." Her hand-me-down courtesan makeup has slipped a little, and her accent slips a great deal. She is in service to Lady Booby (Ann-Margret), an arrogant beauty in a red wig powdered to a hectic pink, who condescends abominably to her gout-riddled old husband, Sir Thomas (Peter Bull). He dies swiftly while taking the waters at Bath. A disappearing head, a gouty foot left alone above the surface, a gurgle. The end. For others, life goes on without disturbance.

Everything in Tony Richardson's brilliantly achieved and recklessly witty "Joseph Andrews" moves very quickly, without weight, as it does in Henry Fielding's great novel. It also has the same instant observation of hurt, the same prodigal good humor, and the same prevailing common sense: which is perhaps to say that it has the same reflection of Englishness. The comprehension of what it is to be English cuts to the bone. This skimming picture could probably have been made only by an Englishman who, like Tony Richardson, lives now mostly abroad—in America and France—but who knows England and English literature backward. The film has the lucidity of distance, and the pang of it. Fielding wrote about moral matters with the lightness peculiar to his class, which was Etonian, highbred, comic, debonair. His style was quite unlike the less wellborn Samuel Richardson's deep-breathing piety in "Pamela," which Fielding blithely sent up in "Joseph Andrews," reversing the situation of Richardson's novel about a virtuous serving maid by writing instead about a chaste but wantable footboy, immensely accident-prone sexually, whom the grand and luscious Lady Booby, social upstart that she is, so tempts from the path of goodness that he runs away from sophistication.

We are in a world where fops like to pretend that they bruise as easily as a peach, and where scholarship is nonsense. Parson Adams is the chief pedant. He is marvellously played by Michael Hordern, in a very slippery long wig that makes him look like a wet King Charles spaniel flapping the water off its ears. The wig often comes adrift, like his learning. When he is trotting out a Biblical quotation, he cannot quite get straight the question of who soweth and who reapeth. High-flown talk in this film, as in the book, is exploded by being turned into amiable gibberish. Just as Mrs. Slipslop can't get a cliché right, so the good Parson can't get an adage right. Other people in the film know his religiosity for what it is. It amounts to church bells that annoy the hell out of a peaceful Sunday village. Our characteristic early sight of this lovable and flustered man of the cloth is at the moment when he is being hoisted by a bell rope as an athletic bell-ringer, wig flapping, and shouts cheerily that music hath charms. But a quotation will not get him down from the bell rope. The knowledgeability of the scholarly professions is generally an affectation, says "Joseph Andrews." It has no more worth than pretension to class. Mrs. Slipslop, wearing the mannerisms of her equally jumped-up mistress as eagerly as she adopts her dress, fusses about busily in the May sunlight talking about "etiqwette" and being bossy about how to lay the table for a luncheon out-of-doors. "Forks on the left!" she cries gaily, as if she had hit on some secret of breeding. She also knows the secret of sexual expertise and of what she calls "allure;" she identifies it as "cologny." Worldly wisdom is no wisdom, says the picture. Nor is honored book learning. The doctor in the film (played by John Gielgud), equipped with what looks to be a monstrous pair of embroidery scissors by way of instruments, is a forgetful man. He has the true medical way of saying "we" when he means "you," and he invariably rushes to the wrong person in his pursuit of the patient. Trying to treat a cadaver, by mistake, he says sympathetically, "We *have* been in the wars lately, haven't we?" For his services, which amount to a flustered courtesy generally administered either to the well or to the dead, he would rather be paid with a slice of meat than a fee, thereby demonstrating the matter-of-factness that both Fielding and the film glow with.

The class-riddled world obsessed by parentage which is shown in "Joseph Andrews" abounds in changelings and upstarts. Birth is a matter thrown around like the baby who turns into a pig in "Alice," sneezing because it knows it teases. Even for the securely highborn, whom this sage film shows as idle thugs—in a hunt scene, for instance—life is not much different from the life of the people at the bottom of the heap. There are still the same highwaymen, the same squalor, the same traffic jams caused by too many crinoline hoops and sedan chairs and beggars. A legal trial is a joke, conducted by a



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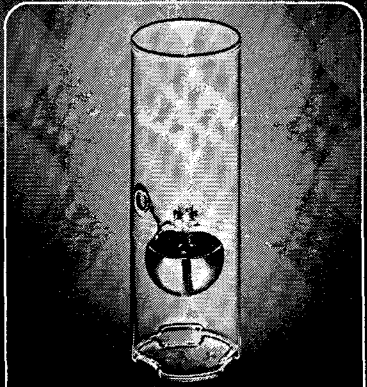

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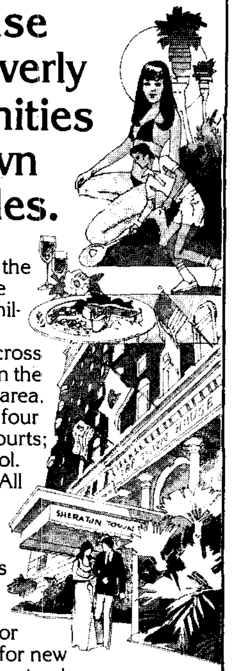
somnolent old boy in a farmyard that is crowded with wiser and more beautiful animals. Lady Booby has no carpet on her costly stairs, and even the most expensive wigs are apt to come off at moments of the self-opinionatedness that Fielding and the film mock. (The script is by Allan Scott and Chris Bryant.) Snobbish pleasures are fleetingly shown often to be dark ones: a scene backstage at a theatre, with a dwarf scurrying, handsome actors and actresses with wigs off and makeup askew, everyone at an equal physical loss; a demonic supper at which an ornately spoken host entertains himself and his guests with torture wheels and skulls and a suckling pig.

"Joseph Andrews," which travels at the rate of thought, is really about small triumphs of goodness and happiness along the road. Everything passes, says the speed of the film. (The cameraman was David Watkin, working beautifully, shooting often into the light; the editor was Thom Noble.) Parson Adams' beloved son seems about to be drowned, but he is rescued in a flash by a peddler who has kept cropping up in the nick of time, played with alert plain niceness by Jim Dale. Bogus posh accents—like the one affected by Lady Tattle (Peggy Ashcroft, typically firm in wit)—vanish into the ether. What remains is the voice of England at its best and sunniest, including a cheerful expletive in the vernacular from Lady Booby, for once forgetting her airs; it belongs in the memory alongside Eliza Doolittle's "bloody." Joseph Andrews and his girl, Fanny, who is played with wonderful truth, are parted by endless apparent catastrophes, but they are happy together in the end. They were thought for a time to be fraternally intervened, in Mrs. Slipslop's words; but when a lady takes a fancy to a gentleman, the slightest hint sophisticates, as Mrs. Slipslop says in another context. The same thing holds good when a gentleman like Joseph Andrews takes a fancy to a lady like Fanny. At their wedding, everything seems solvable. Even the widowed Lady Booby—who has so embraced her state that she sleeps under black mourning veils, contriving to make the dots on the veiling seem to shower beauty spots on her swelling bosom—is shown during the exchange of vows as having someone new to flirt with. This is a reviving picture in its feeling for literature, for filmmaking, and for how to treat character in fiction. Like Fielding's book, it has a silent acuteness about damage, and it communicates buoyancy. —PENELOPE GILLIATT



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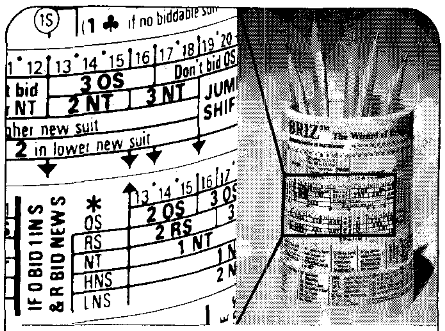

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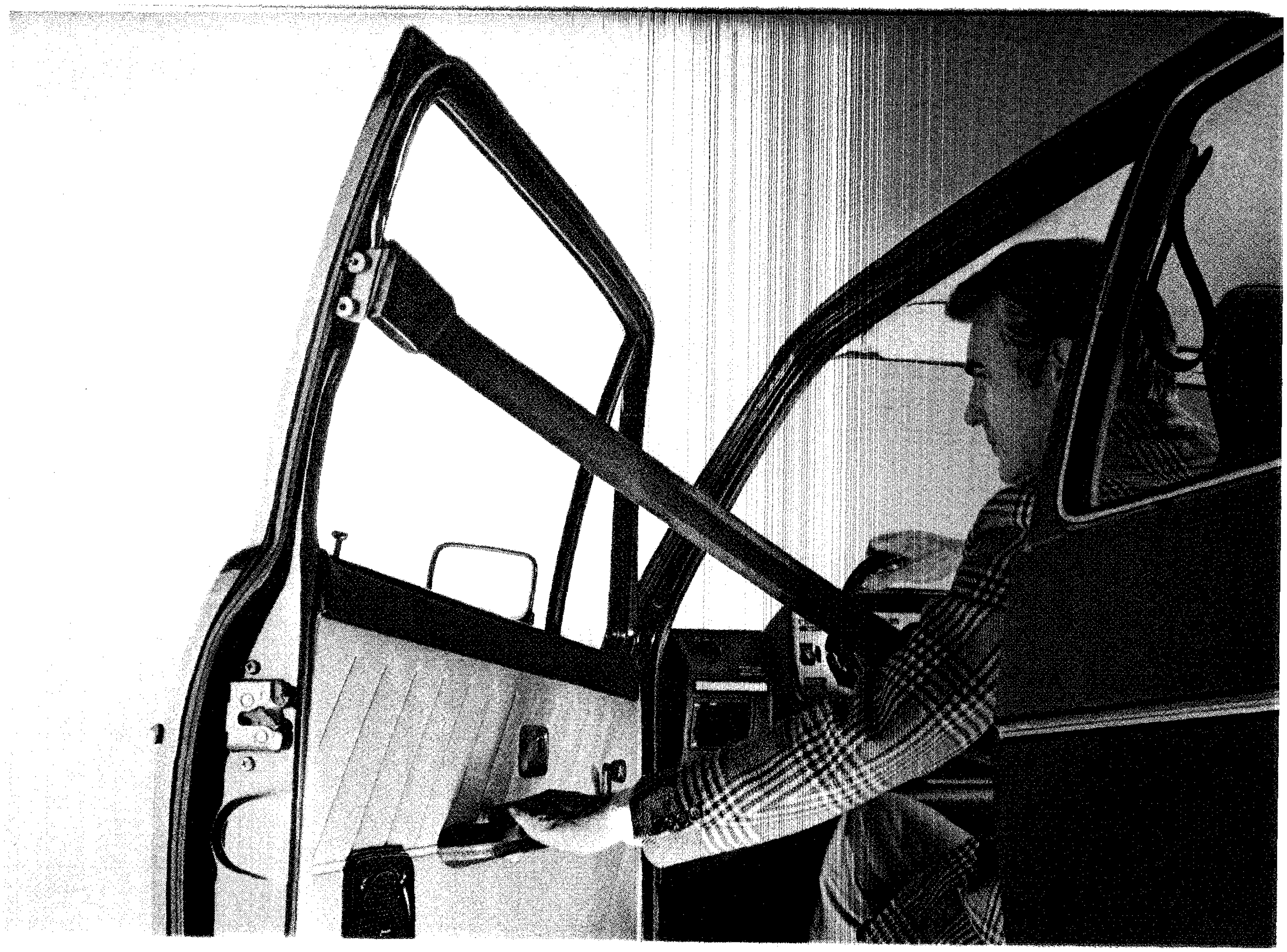

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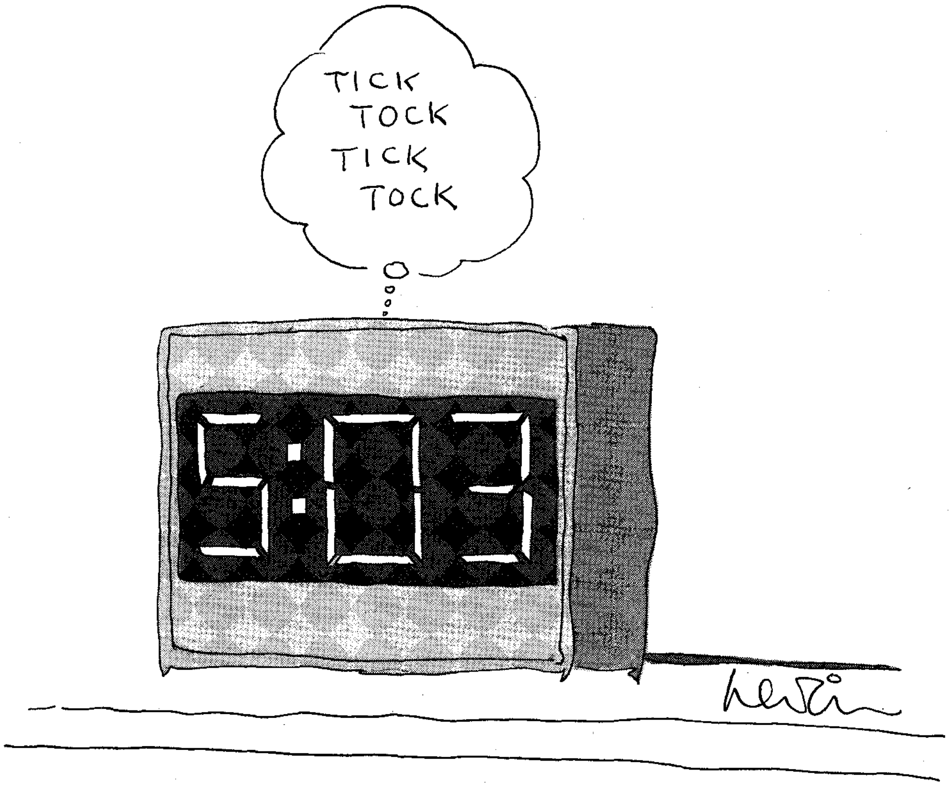
# DANCING

## *Broadway Downbeat*

BOOK musicals are dying, revues are dead. One-man shows and chorus lines survive, with nothing in between. No-star ensembles are in, along with "theme" collages instead of plots; and the choreographer is still king of Broadway. I go to musicals hoping for a renaissance of musical comedy, but most of the shows around are apologetic tributes to bygone eras that didn't question, as our era seems to, the very idea of light, upbeat, lyrical entertainment. "Annie" and "On the Twentieth Century" are set in the thirties, as if by evoking an extraordinary musical-comedy era they could awaken the genre. Then there are the actual revivals, like "The King and I" and "Hello, Dolly!," both of them choreographer-directed shows, and "Timbuktu!," which is a restaging of "Kismet" by the choreographer Geoffrey Holder. "Timbuktu!" shows Holder at top strength not as a director or choreographer but as a costume designer. He uses color and line in fabric with a sense of scale and fantasy that isn't in his staging. The whole production is static but gorgeous: more baubles, bangles, and beads than ever before, with no armature to hang them from. The musical "Kismet" was an Arabian Nights spectacle; most of the songs, based on melodies by wise old Borodin, have been kept in the current version, which takes place in Moslem Africa and has an all-black cast. The lyrics about drifting and sifting and ascending out of the commonplace into the rare have the same wax-fruity beauty they had in Baghdad. Holder's boom-lay-boom African dances are as unserious as the original "Orientale" choreography, by Jack Cole. But instead of the bulging edifice of operetta the show keeps on building sumptuous friezes made of costumes. The first-act finale to "Night of My Nights" is a procession very like the one in Holder's ballet "Dougla." When it leaves the stage for the aisles of the Mark Hellinger, we don't feel it has spilled over because of excess. With so many cubic feet of unused stage space, Holder hasn't earned the right to that kind of gesture.

"Timbuktu!" reduces the spectacle of "Kismet" to one decorative element. In "On the Twentieth Century," the show is Robin Wagner's train set. Bob Fosse's "Dancin'" actually congratulates itself, in a spoken prologue, for ascending into the rare by dispensing with plot and characters, just as if every other musical in town were stuffed with boys meeting girls. The trend toward the reductive, the decorative, the downright monomaniacal has been in motion a long time. It's a natural consequence of expecting one omnipotent soul—generally a choreographer—to be responsible for not only how a show looks but what it is about. Fosse himself provided the content—such as it was—of "Chicago," a few seasons ago. The book, of which he was co-author, was only an excuse for the irrationally obscene conceits he piled on in the staging. For a book show, "Chicago" was as near to decadent abstraction as it could possibly get, and by eliminating the book altogether "Dancin'" takes the logical next step. Supposedly, in showcasing Fosse's talent as a choreographer rather than as a choreographer-*auteur* "Dancin'" frees him from the taint of decadence, because if decadence is style trying to do the work of substance, surely whatever substance there can be in an all-dance show is more than accounted for in the style. The position of most reviewers of "Dancin'" has been that it's perfectly good as a dance show if dance is what you want, but not if you want a real musical. I agree that it's no substitute for a musical, but I don't agree with the implication that Fosse's kind of dance show is the best you can get. Is it because Fosse's style has dominated show dancing for so long that we've come to accept them as synonyms? Fosse *always* puts style in place of substance, even when the substance is dance. In "Dancin'," as in "Chicago" and other shows, he doesn't work in dance terms—he works in images. In its own way, "Dancin'" is as static as "Timbuktu!" Fosse's images don't arise spontaneously out of links and contrasts between dance shapes, they're locked into those convulsive, writhing movement-chunks he habitually makes his dances out of. His choreography is without wings—literally and imaginatively grounded. But it always makes instantaneous contact with an audience.

Few choreographers have succeeded without a sense of the kinetic. Massine, the most successful choreographer of his day, was one. Fosse, with Broadway and Hollywood at his feet, has been successful beyond anything Massine could have approached, and now, as if demonstrating his freedom from the compromises and restrictions that go to make a commercial success, he stages on Broadway the kind of event that belongs more properly to the world that was once Massine's. But even in that world the choreographers who can sustain a whole evening by themselves are few. "Dancin'" is sustained on Fosse's nerve. He's not just a Broadway choreographer doing ballet's thing; he's trying to use the medium of choreography to stretch unkinetic images into dances. Brendan Gill, in reviewing the show a couple of weeks ago, spoke of it as "unabashedly self-celebrating." For all its brashness, the



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show is remarkably self-aware, too. Fosse knows his limitations, and he knows how to make them look like powerful artistic choices marked by daring and style. He even throws us off the scent by claiming to have chosen the only course open to him. More breathtaking than his claim to have got rid of plot lines is his inclusion of a "tour de force" in which the dancers nail their clogs to the floor and perform a whole number without moving their feet. Footwork has about as much to do with Fosse style as lariat-twirling: gyrating body shapes are the essence of that style. Shoulders roll, pelvises grind, and knees boggle; the feet aren't in it. "A Manic Depressive's Lament" is about someone who's glad to be unhappy. The song ("I've Got Them Feelin' Too Good Today Blues," by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller) and the dance that goes with it *seem* to go against tradition, but Fosse's movement, which is nothing if not a tradition, is naturally manic-depressive. It suits the ambivalent mood of show business today, and it turns perennial "up" numbers like the strutting top-hat-and-tails routine into downers. (The latest example of this occurs in "The Act," a one-man show starring Liza Minnelli, with dances by Ron Lewis.) Buoyancy, gaiety, optimism are beyond the limits of this strenuous low-down technique. When Fosse wants to get happy, he's still strenuous. Squeezing out happy juice, he gets syrupy. The most wistful number in the show is "Dancin' Man," a tribute to Fred Astaire. The dancers, instead of tapping, slap their thighs numb. We know it's the best they can do.

Fosse's dancers often seem to be winding themselves around a core of wistfulness. Inside his dance is a better one trying to get out. Some of his coolest images are impressions of the effect that truly elegant show dancing has upon us: they're externalizations of a feeling about dance. The feeling is openly presented. The dancers look out at us; they trust us to know what they mean. A number such as "Recollections of an Old Dancer" is disarming and boring at the same time. Boring because it doesn't move like a dance, disarming because it speaks right up and says it never meant to. "Recollections," a quasi soft-shoe, is relatively gentle. Fosse's dancers strike attitudes as representative as public statues, and in the hard-punching numbers they can seem to grow to frighteningly huge, pythonesque proportions. They're like big photo-realist paintings come to life. At their cheapest, they're

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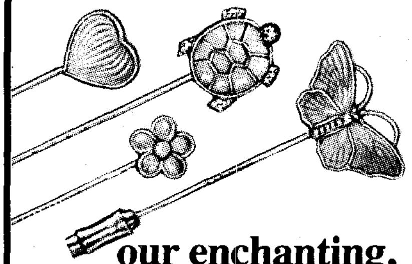

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editorial cartoons. The would-be satirical closer, "America," is wearily efficient rather than scathing. Although it's one of the show's two big mistakes, a moment in it has conviction—American women pictured as infantile sluts. It's as appalling as anything in "Chicago." "The Dream Barre," in which Charles Ward as a timid ballet student fantasizes his seduction of the girl next to him in class, is the other big mistake—not just because it's off base as satire and slobberingly offensive but because nobody except Ward looks like a ballet dancer. Show dancers with unstretched thighs should do their barres backstage.

Jerking from one stance to the next like flip pictures, Fosse's dancers are best when they are backed up by a pounding beat. "Percussion," a fast, slick suite of dances to drums, cymbals, and other noisemakers, is a demonstration of your classic Fosse twitch-and-slink. The suite includes a solo to Varèse's "Ionisation": not good. Neither Charles Ward nor the pit traps player has the virtuosity Fosse needs here. The big killer in the show is "Benny's Number," staged to an arrangement of "Sing, Sing, Sing" as recorded at Benny Goodman's 1938 Carnegie Hall concert and played live by stand-ins for Goodman, Gene Krupa, Harry James, Jess Stacy, and the others. The music is a powerhouse that shakes Fosse loose from some of his mannerisms, but he really responds only to "Krupa." In the musical passages, he is dismayingly literal. When "Goodman" slides to his famous high C above A, what do we see but the boys sliding their hands up the girls' thighs, and for the (equally famous) odd and delicate "Stacy" interlude he uses a curious sidling tap duet that mimics the music. "Benny's Number" looks like something Fosse has meant to do for a long time, and you can't watch it without wanting with your whole soul to see it work. Fosse succeeds in putting it over—but as a conventional showstopper, with ladders and trapezes in the finale. This is, after all, jazz, and Fosse's experience is with show music. He hasn't developed the range for the jazz epic that "Sing, Sing, Sing" is. With the relatively modest big-band forces of "Big Noise from Winnetka" he's on safer ground, and he turns out another Fosse classic—one that resembles his memorable trio "Steam Heat." The "Winnetka" number doesn't sink in—it's little more than a crossover during a stage wait. But the throwaway may be a deliberate reminder of the stage wait in "The

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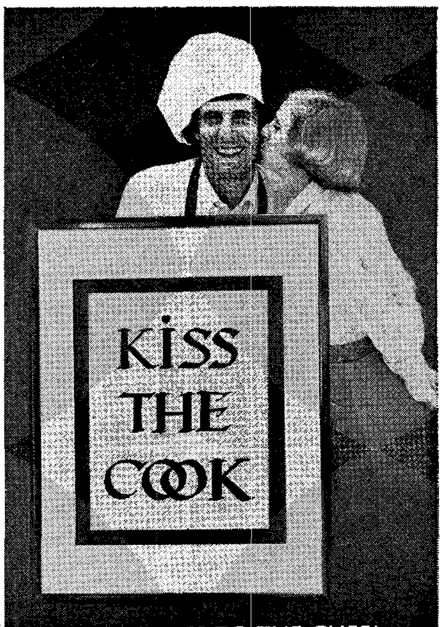
Pajama Game" that made "Steam Heat" possible.

FOSSE's involvement in the material he uses for "Dancin'" is inescapable. The show discloses and focusses his personality and his abilities as no other show yet has; it's practically confessional theatre. It confirms and qualifies his talent, while aiding our suspicion that he is a driven and cynical man, but it also reveals a degree of self-knowledge that isn't given to many in the entertainment field, and here I include Fosse's peers in the "artistic" branch of the profession. Only two doors down the street from "Dancin'," Rudolf Nureyev is appearing, for the first part of his stand at the Minskoff, in dances by Murray Louis. Of course, there's no one in the cast of "Dancin'" like Nureyev or with any real star wattage to speak of, and Murray Louis has credentials as an artist which Fosse doesn't have. Yet when a Broadway engagement in the glare of Nureyev's publicity holds those credentials up to the light, Louis comes off as knowing a lot less about his craft and his capabilities than Fosse does about his. Louis is a twitcher, too, and the quality of the movement he gives his dancers—rigid above the hips, spongy below, as if they were so many beanbag ashtrays—may be no worse in its way than Fosse's patented slither. But the follow-the-bouncing-ball choreography is, I think, a good deal worse, because it's habitually set to Ravel or Bach or Schubert. When it's set to Cole Porter songs (arranged by William Bolcom), it tells obvious jokes; we can laugh, because we know it isn't art anymore. The name of Louis's Cole Porter ballet is "The Canarsie Venus," and the action, which is reminiscent of the 1943 musical "One Touch of Venus," fits right in with Broadway nostalgia. It has a Walter Mitty type (Nureyev, if you please) being seduced by the goddess (Anne McLeod), who has been washed up on a beach crowded with litterbugs. Fosse, in "Dancin'," may be aspiring to the crown of choreography, but he hasn't given up being a showman. Showmanship in Louis's case means that his usual crudity turns into fatuous sleaze. The simple little story of Nureyev changing from mouse into lion under the goddess's touch isn't made clear. As a comedian under Louis's direction, Nureyev is vacant and heavy. It doesn't hurt his popularity with the audience. Like Liza Minnelli, he's impervious to flops. Nevertheless, it's sad to see him, too, hitting Broadway in a down show.

—ARLENE CROCE



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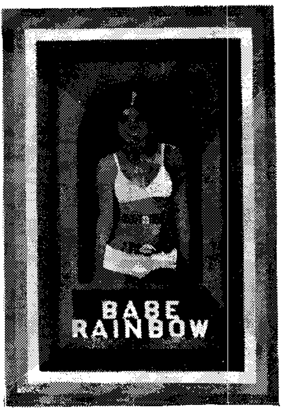

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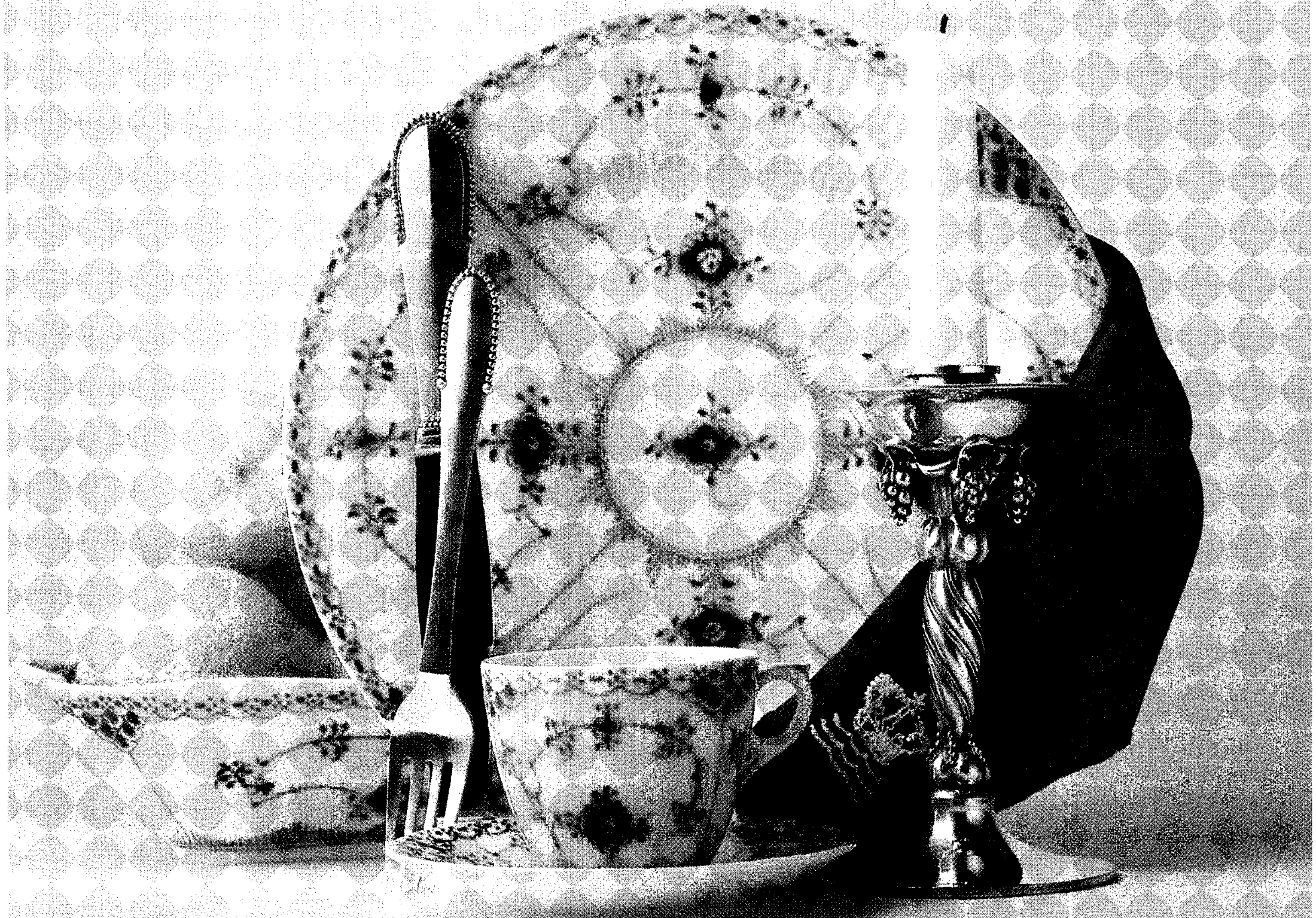

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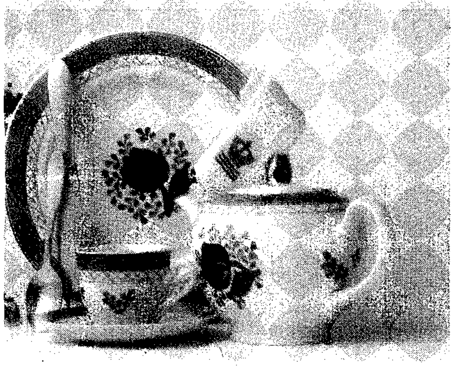

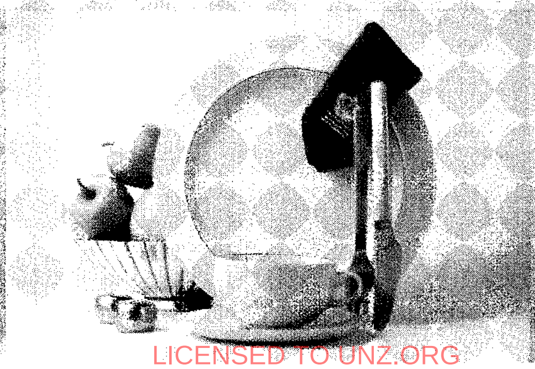

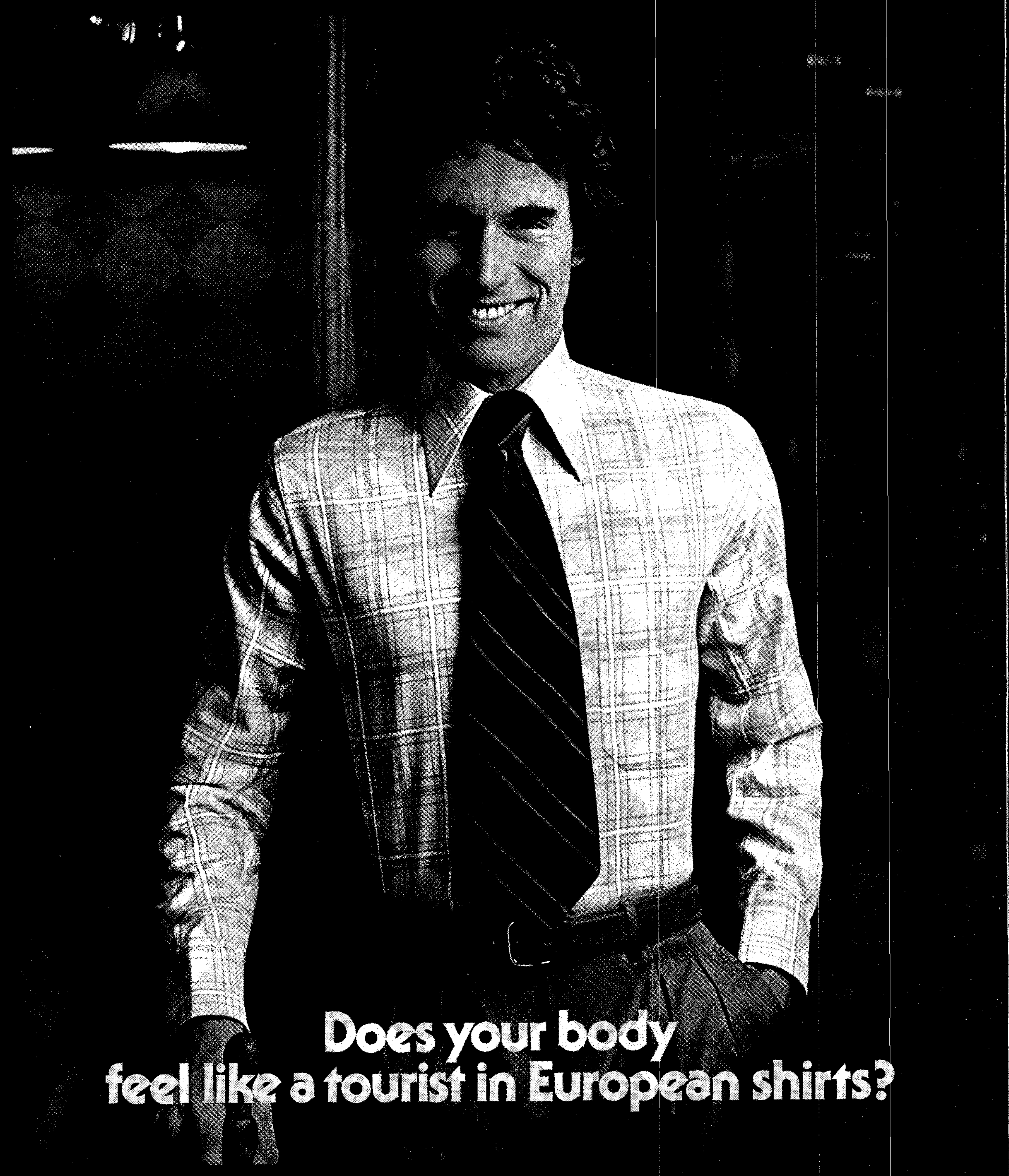
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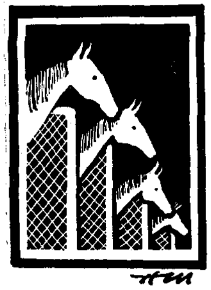
# THE RACE TRACK

## *California in the Sun*



THERE'S no possible doubt whatever that California has the best racing this season. Jimmy Kilroe, who used to be the New York Racing Association's racing secretary and is now the director of racing out at Santa Anita, puts on a good show. He gets the top horses available for the big purses, and enthusiastic Angelenos come out in droves to see them run. I'd say the best race of the season was the $200,000 San Juan Capistrano, the Sunday before last, which, at a mile and six furlongs over the turf course, is the traditional closing-day event of the Santa Anita meeting. As we reported last week, Nelson Bunker Hunt's Exceller, a five-year-old horse by Vaguely Noble, ridden by Shoemaker, won it by a neck from Noble Dancer II, with Steve Cauthen up. Noble Dancer II carried 125 pounds—one pound less than Exceller, who had top weight in the race—and led until not more than four furlongs from home, yielding only at the end of a furious drive. Shoemaker, who rode a beautifully judged race, needed his strongest finish to bring it off. John Schiff's Xmas Box was third, a length and a half farther back. The race was run over El Camino Real, a picturesque turf course that starts up in the hills back of the main track and comes down to join it for a swing around in front of the stand. The time was 2:51, over soft going. The winner paid $4.60 and picked up $120,000 in prize money for his owner. A crowd of 56,654 came out to the Arcadia track and bet $7,061,944 during the day. Incidentally, in the course of the seventy-eight days of racing at Santa Anita attendance totalled 2,062,072 and the handle was $306,591,425. Not bad.

HOLLYWOOD PARK opened last Wednesday with a double feature: the $53,100 Premiere Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth, and the Curtain Call Handicap, for sprinters, with a purse of $40,350. The Premiere had a field of only five horses, and J. O. Tobin, wearing a special bit that has helped him recently, won by seven

PORTRAITS OF THE ARTISTS

*Madmen Must* is a first novel, but its author is not entirely unknown to the world of publishing. Head of a major publishing house at the age of 34, editor of such literary lights as Erich Maria Remarque, Diana Trilling, and Leonard Woolf, William Jovanovich understands the choices that people with high goals must make as well as the pain which accompanies such decisions. His chronicle of "Big John" Sirovich's discovery of himself and his country is powered by the energy of a young man's desire—to know, to act, to love, to conquer—and has been called by *Publishers Weekly* "consistently intriguing."

Frederick Busch has been writing since his student days at Columbia, where he became a Master of the Art. As a literary scholar, he was fascinated by Dickens' life, and now is fascinating readers with his work on that subject, *The Mutual Friend* (being a fictional account of Dickens' last days). Written from the imagined perspectives of Dickens' old secretary, George Dolby, and a rescued streetwalker, among others, the narrative divulges Dickens' infidelities, indiscretions, and infamous ego—in what John Fowles characterizes as "a solid and imaginative reconstruction, both of the man and of the period."

Marge Piercy is one of the few contemporary writers who can make her moral point and also spin a yarn. Her fifth novel, as fans may correctly intuit from its title, *The High Cost of Living*, deals with the price people pay in order to come to terms with the world, her points all made within an unlikely love triangle of life-styles, standards and sexual persuasions. Erica Jong describes Marge Piercy as "one of the most important writers of our time." Marilyn French calls this latest work "a shriek of anguish." Strong stuff.

Drawings by David Schorr

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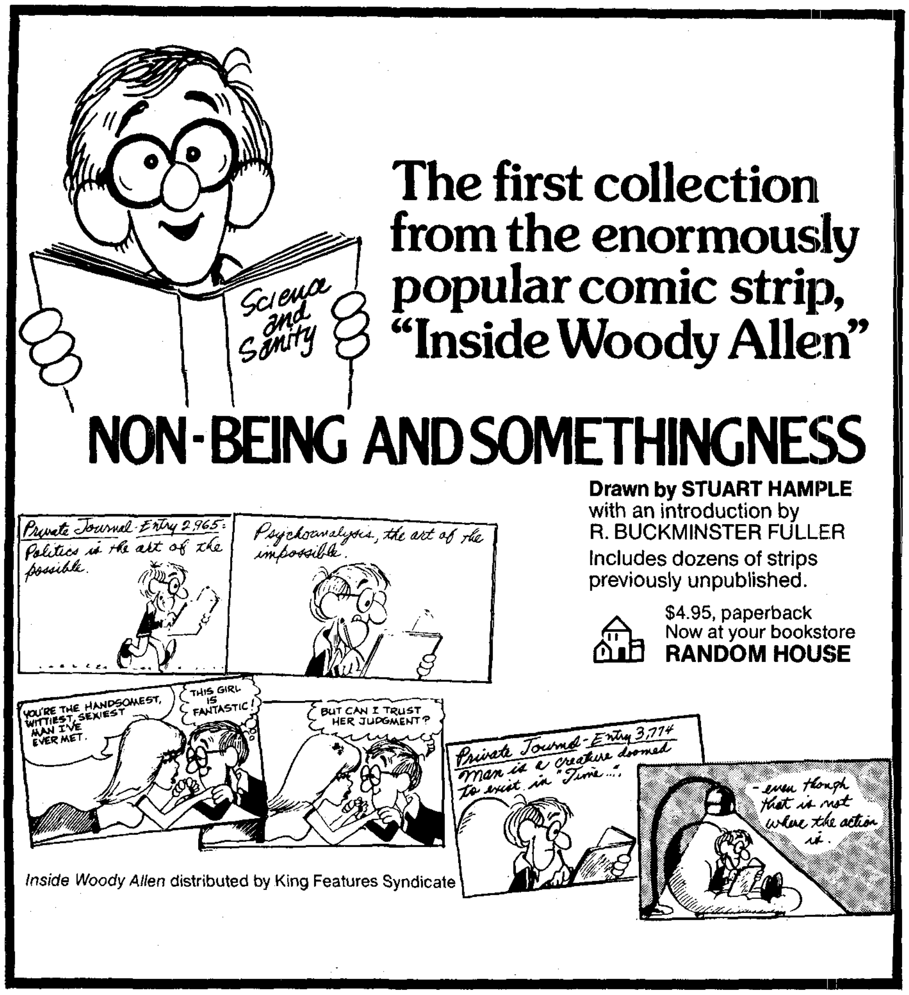

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lengths from Mr. Redoy, the winner of the Strub Stakes, with Miami Sun third. Crystal Water, one of California's favorite racers, came in last. It was J. O. Tobin's first start at Hollywood Park since he beat Seattle Slew in the Swaps Stakes there last July. (By the way, Slew is at Belmont Park, and horsemen say that he looks better than ever. He has been working mornings and showing high speed. He will be in action any day now.) The Curtain Call was won by Maheris.

As expected, the Harbor View Farm's Affirmed was an easy winner of the $284,750 Hollywood Derby, before a capacity crowd at the Inglewood track on Sunday. Steve Cauthen sent the odds-on favorite to the front at the break and he was never headed, winning by two lengths from Think Snow, with Radar Ahead third and Balzac fourth. Nine ran. It was Affirmed's fourth victory this season.

COX'S RIDGE returned to the scene of his triumphs of last autumn and was an easy winner in the Excelsior Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. Though he carried top weight of 129 pounds and was far back of the leaders for most of the way, he closed with a rush in the stretch to come home three-quarters of a length ahead of Pumpkin Moonshine, with Nearly on Time three lengths farther back. It was the seventh consecutive victory for Cox's Ridge and his twelfth win in thirteen starts.

THE Greentree Stable's Bowl Game picked up another six-figure purse at Gulfstream Park last Saturday when he won the $150,000 Pan American Handicap on the grass by one and a half lengths from That's A Nice. Three weeks earlier, Bowl Game had won the Gulfstream Park Handicap on dirt—also a $150,000 event.

—AUDAX MINOR

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# BOOKS

## *The Mind's Ear*

NOT every writer gets a call from God or Calliope or Havelock Ellis. Those who don't can take advantage of the oversight by simply imparting the sounds of the lowlier voices that ring in the mind's ear, without undue missionary zeal. "The Serial," by Cyra McFadden (Knopf; $4.95), was published last summer and has since had the great success it deserves. Subtitled "A Year in the Life of Marin County," and written in the vernacular of that region (which has its outposts in the East), the book is a record of what the natives are into, what they have going, what they are flashing on, coming on about, trying to get behind, feeling threatened by, being really up front about, feeling high on, laying on one another, and tuning in to, whom they are getting it on with, where they're coming from, and what's coming down.

McFadden captures a way of life and manner of speaking as well as it has been or could be captured, and there isn't a line that couldn't be quoted as an example of her careful aim.

> To think that she herself had grown up *programmed* like that, just taking it for granted that "success" meant a house in the suburbs, two cars and an FHA mortgage. True, she *had* a house in the suburbs, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, but she would have been the first to insist that none of this stuff really *meant* anything. What did matter was being true to yourself, getting centered, and realizing, as another friend had so eloquently put it recently when she and Kate were rapping about self-realization, that "life was a part of existence."

The smooth flow of patter through fifty-two episodes—the book began as a series of newspaper columns—conceals the labor that must have gone into the timing and organization of the material. "The Serial" speaks for itself, and not in the homiletic style of some of the author's subsequent articles and interviews. For sure.

IN "True Confessions," by John Gregory Dunne (Dutton; $9.95), the voices are Irish-American:

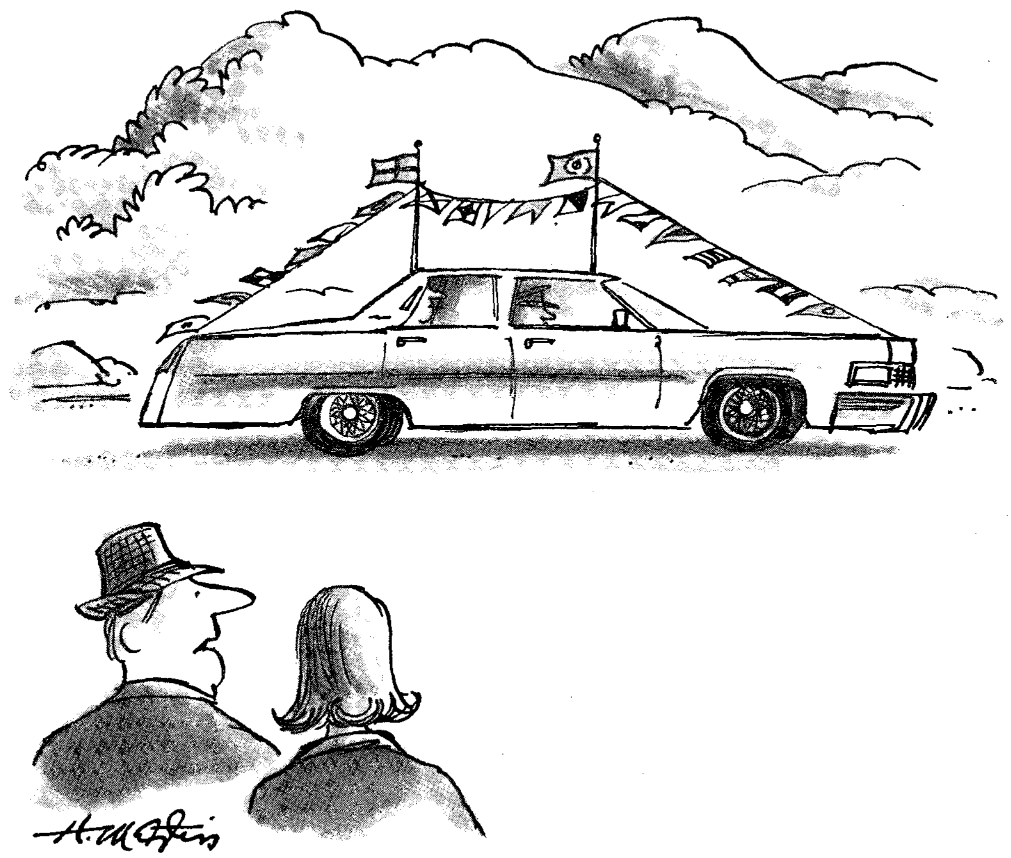
> I get along good—the pension from the department, the social security, some savings—and I could handle lunch in a Chinese restaurant, but Crotty, he looked like he could handle it better. He always liked Chinese restaurants, Frank. They were cheap, he always used to say. Which meant he ate on the cuff.

The speaker is Tom Spellacy, a retired Los Angeles police detective on the verge of reminiscing about an old case. Here is his brother Desmond, a priest:

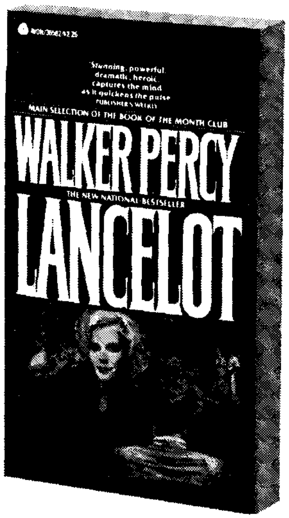
> This morning after mass, Mr. McHugh stopped in to see me. A nice man, Mr. McHugh, once you get past the palsy. But one thing you learn about being a pastor, Tommy, and that's that no one ever rings your doorbell, even if it works, unlike mine, to tell you the whole family's working and John's on the wagon and the little ones are getting nothing but the highest marks in parochial school...

These two speeches are from the opening section of the book, labelled NOW, which leads shortly to THEN, a third-person account of how the investigation of a tabloid murder accidentally discloses the interdependent vices of a respectable Catholic community. The very first line—"None of the merry-go-rounds seem to work anymore"—sets a cheerless scene; that line is spoken at a distance of thirty years or so from the main events and hints at happier times, but there is hardly a wisp of cheer in "True Confessions," not counting a large portion of malicious humor. "This is a work of fiction," Dunne declares in a defiant paragraph of introduction. "The author is aware of the anachronisms and ambiguities in the social and cultural punctuation of this book, as he is aware of distortions of time and geography." The reader, on guard against complaining of trivial inaccuracies, gradually begins to suspect that the work of fiction has been produced mainly for the chance to commemorate a virtual antique of a minority group in its own language. The pre-Pope John American Irish are out of political and literary fashion, if not yet extinct, and Dunne has composed a most unsentimental tribute to a seamy side of their way of life.

Apparently more at ease with his characters than with the effort of steering them through a plot, he transmits the dialect in its higher and lower forms—that is, in both the clerical and the constabulary versions, which differ in recourse to polite and tactful expression, having in common an abrupt rhythm, inverted syntax ("She kept me back was the reason I did it," "Twenty-five years old you are"), and a widespread contempt for fellow men and women. "Show me a priest whose eyes twinkle, and I'll show you a moron," says the Cardinal. The epithets "moron," "dummy," "dumbbell," "numbskull," "knucklehead," and



*"He has a whole fleet of Cadillacs, of which that, I believe, is the flagship."*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"boob" define the outlook of the novel more exactly than the more ecumenical four-letter words or the frequency of what Mencken called "opprobrious names" for outsiders, mostly directed against blacks but including "harp." The Cardinal observes:

> They were very much alike, those two brothers. They each had the ability to make other men feel small, even cheap. It was not so much that the Spellacys saw themselves as superior. It was rather that their instinct for what was inferior was unerring.

Not that the cynicism is indiscriminate. Tom Spellacy recognizes virtue in others ("The funny thing was, he liked Morty Davis. He was smart. And honest. The first was rare in the department, the second rarer still") and in himself ("He was sure of one thing: he was a very good cop. Maybe not always honest, but always thorough"). Dunne's impersonation falters here and there—in that first line about the merry-go-rounds, for example, which sounds more like a literary tough guy (Pete Hamill came to mind) than the harder-than-hardboiled ex-cop who turns out to be talking. And in the feeling attributed to Tom Spellacy as he investigates the murder, "that everything was connecting in some way he did not understand," which sounds more like an unsteady novelist.

What puzzled me about the book was the shift in the narration from first person to semi-detached third and back, when there seemed no reason not to have left it in first from beginning to end. Dunne doesn't take much advantage of the freedom allowed by the more objective stance. In fact, he sticks so close to the narrow mental confines of his original speaker that the technical problems of pressing the plot through that single character and of somehow representing through him the Church's side of the story might well have been manageable. A beneficial side effect would have been the need to ditch figures of speech like "It was a slum of a relationship surrounded by acres of indifference" and "The broken palm trees along the street all looked as if they had curvature of the spine." But there aren't many lines like those.

Writing about men who are social insiders, Dunne eludes a direct confrontation with the ghost of Raymond Chandler—inevitably conjured up by the subject and the locale. The emotional slum and the deformed palms indicate that Chandler isn't easy to avoid. But Dunne does hold him off, and he is not among the several mystery writers named in a flurry of ambiguous cultural punctuation that also carries references to Hedda Hopper Bill Tilden, Rita Hayworth, the King of Denmark, and "banker C. K Dodge." The writers are said to be speculating about the case in the newspapers. In another passage, the Cardinal tries to engage Spellacy in a discussion of Chesterton, and the detective, who knows nothing of Father Brown, says, "It's not like real life detective stories." The point about rea life is not in doubt. Considered as a composition for voices, "True Confessions" is a well-cut slice of real life. A a novel, it has a stiff, uncertain quality as though characters and ideas had been pushed into place before they had time to ripen. I suppose I am stuck with the thought that Tom Spellacy should have *told the story on his own* The last line, which I won't quote, because it is worth reading up to, suggests that Dunne could have pulled it off.

As a stranger to the works of Tom McHale, I was smitten by the gaudy charms of "The Lady from Boston" (Doubleday; $8.95), his fifth novel. Compared to McFadden and Dunne, McHale works at a considerable distance from colloquial discourse in the vicinity of declamation, and I have included him here because his book, too, seems to have been prompted chiefly by an irresistible inner voice It is the voice of a fast- and smooth-talking con man, spinning a tale of (in some of his own words) love and hatred intertwined, primal struggle sin and penance, retribution and the enemies of Mr. Nixon—improvising a grandiloquent come-on that may lead nowhere.

There may be more to "The Lady from Boston" than the mock-operatic libretto that McHale has concocted as an outlet for his rhetorical energy. I have the feeling there is, although as I followed the sensational twists and turns of the plot I did wonder what he was up to and after a reasonable period of reflection I still can't say. The story takes place between 1969 and 1975, coinciding on purpose with the climactic stretch of Richard Nixon's career, and centers on a certain Dwight David Aldrich, from Abilene, Kansas, who forsakes the Republican life—fraternity brothers, doting widowed mother, graduate studies in architecture—in a burst of passion for a heroine of the radical left. Among others in the cast are the left-wing beauty; a civil-liberties lawyer of wealth and high social position; an

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atavistic graduate of Harvard Law School called Charlie Wishing Ten Fingers; and—my two favorite minor characters—a bum who dances on Eighth Avenue to celebrate Nixon's resignation and "the Democratic detective." The props include a life-size papier-mâché image of Joe Frazier.

There are traces of an earnest intention at the back of the melodrama, and the likeliest clue occurs in an orotund pronouncement (McHale's word) near the end of the book:

> "My God, Aldrich, yours is . . . the worst American generation ever. The least fulfilled. Nothing that came before and nothing likely to come after could so abuse its ability to force changes in this country . . . Christ! The Antiwar Coalition, the New Reformers, the SDSers and the McCarthyites . . . Where are they all now, Aldrich?"
>
> "They all grew up and became taxpayers as was intended. That privilege prompts a decidedly less hypothetical view of the nature of government."
>
> "Rubbish. Cowards. They've all settled for macrobiotic foods and wine tasting."

This speech goes on at vivid length, echoing a previous brief exchange between Aldrich and a Vermont storekeeper:

> "What revolution, Aldrich?" Bixbee asked, keenly perplexed.
>
> "The one that was going to happen in America in the late sixties, early seventies that never got off the ground."

While no one in the book can be trusted, the characters are flexible enough to make sense—or to seem to make sense—occasionally, and the purple prose that brings them all together has room enough for real eloquence and what sounds like heartfelt opinion, along with ludicrous posturing and a vast array of colorful substitutes for "said": "quizzed," "gurgled," "crooned," "judged," "growled," "rejoined," "acknowledged," "queried," "blustered," "cackled," "spat," "tried accusing," "ground out," "snarled," "pronounced," "exclaimed," "screeched," "raged," "concurred," "came the dual answer," "joyed," and "said conciliatorily."

Apart from questions of his attitude and purpose, McHale is a very funny writer. The best scene in the book, I think, among many choice comic scenes, is one in which Aldrich and his beloved stir themselves up to sexual frenzy by means of political slogans. Here is a pre-coital excerpt:

> Aldrich, who did not like what she said, but loved the way in which she said it, stared at Lydia Welsh in rapt adoration: He was all the more determined to marry her now. What a catch for the political Right! La Pasionaria, who howled for revolution and dismemberment of the Establishment everywhere across the overlays of Bible, Wheat and Corn Belts, whimperingly abed with her husband D. D. Aldrich, who would school her in the enlightened dictums of Goldwater cum Wallace conservatism in the placid hurricane's eye of lovemaking's after-climax. Lesson done, he would call forth the terrible storm of his manliness again, unleashing it at her protective resistance with brute, yet pleasing sensuality until she began to rage on the Right, a well-coiffed Medea who fell automatically to the task of vilifying at the mutest mention of names like Kennedy, Chavez or King . . .

Here and in a couple of other spots in the book, McHale does seem to have the idea that muteness means something less than complete silence, and he is sometimes in danger of losing his grip in a lurch of his prose. He hangs on, though. —SUSAN LARDNER

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

GIVEADAMN BROWN, by Robert Deane Pharr (Doubleday; $7.95). A congested but chilling novel about the black narcotics underworld. Mr. Pharr lives in Harlem and writes about dealers, pushers, hit men, prostitutes, junkies, and rich businessmen with all the assurance and bitterness of someone who knows everything there is to know about the subject. The plot hinges on the somewhat muddled actions of a country innocent who, upon coming to Harlem, finds that he is the nephew of one of the city's most infamous drug dealers and also that his newfound relationship has put him in the middle of a brutal dope-ring war. The plot is too contrived to be convincing, but the tough, emotion-laden dialogue and the scores of scarred lives the author describes ring absolutely true.

BLUE IN CHICAGO, by Bette Howland (Harper & Row; $8.95). Six blunt, rich, affectionate short stories, mostly about the author's Jewish working-class Chicago family. The best of the stories, "Golden Age" and "How We Got the Old Woman to Go," are about the decrepitude and death of her indomitable octogenarian grandmother. Another good one (the title story) describes the gathering of the family clan for a grandson's wedding to a Catholic girl. The stories do suffer from a certain sameness (Aunt So-and-So was ever thus-and-so; her

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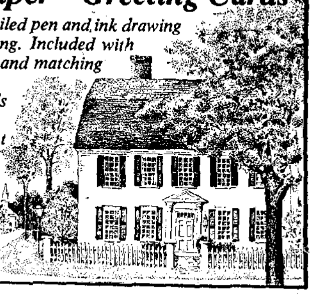

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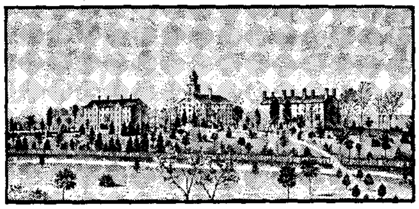

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son, Chubby, was the opposite), but they are well worth reading, chiefly for the remarkable way the author transforms feelings of anger and loathing into something that serves as love.

### GENERAL

IN SEARCH OF IDENTITY: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Anwar al-Sadat (Harper & Row; $12.95). Egypt's President has written a simple, charming, and confusing account of himself. Recalling his village boyhood (he was born in 1918), he tells us that the peasantry was fiercely anti-British, that he grew up determined to oust these oppressors, that he founded and headed an association of Army officers and began conspiring way back when Rommel's tanks were at the Egyptian border, and that only the fact that he was imprisoned—first (by the British) for working with German spies and then (by the Egyptians) for involvement in an assassination—allowed Nasser to take over the movement. Sadat tells us that in prison he developed a philosophy of love, which enabled him to "spend such a long time by Nasser's side" without "ever clashing with him," and enabled him to be "the only man among the 1952 Revolution leaders not to be harmed by him." Such love, however, has not outlasted the leader's life, and much of the book is a savage attack upon Nasser—upon not only his policies but his methods and his temperament. In fact, we come to distrust Sadat's claims of ignorance of Nasser's misdeeds and to suspect that self-preservation, rather than affection, motivated him in the Nasser years. Sadat explains why he fell out with his Soviet Big Brothers, and insists that he has always believed that Egypt's foreign policy should persuade the United States to jilt the Israelis and befriend the Arabs, starting with him. No nonspecialist can guess from these pages whether Sadat is a Gandhi or a Tartuffe.

THIS WILD ABYSS, by Gale E. Christianson (Free Press; $12.95). Professor Christianson, who teaches history at Indiana State University, has written a fascinating account of the rise of the new school of astronomy which culminated in the Newtonian synthesis in the seventeenth century. Those were the days when scientific heroes walked the earth. Not only did these remarkable men, like Kepler and Galileo, generate

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profound new scientific ideas but they did so in an atmosphere of intellectual and religious intolerance. Professor Christianson gives lively and accurate portraits of these people—there were not very many—and of the period they lived in. He is a lucid and often charming writer.

THE WILD SHORES OF NORTH AMERICA, by Ann and Myron Sutton (Knopf; $35). An illustrated study of the several different ecological regions that make up the enormous coastline of North America—the North Atlantic, the Middle Atlantic, the Atlantic coast of Florida, the Gulf coast, the desert coast of Baja California, the long coast of the Pacific Northwest, the Northern Pacific coast, and the Arctic. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton are experienced naturalists and skilled writers in their field, and they examine the flora and fauna of these varied environments with understanding and in detail. The photographs—more than two hundred of them, all in rich color—are the work of many hands, and they are almost without exception of the highest and most searching quality. This is, nonetheless, a somewhat disturbing book. Or, rather, it is characteristic of a whole contemporary genre of similarly disturbing books. This is the genre that in its conservational ardor—in its keen response to the beauty of the natural world—tells a kind of half-truth. For in this instance the coast of North America is not a "wild shore;" it is only very meagrely a "wild shore," and it is vanishing at an almost uncontrollable speed as the "need" for oil, for jobs, for housing has its single-minded way.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS: A MEMOIR, by Mina Curtiss (Houghton Mifflin; $9.95). In the course of translating the letters of Marcel Proust for her book "Letters of Marcel Proust" (1949), it occurred to Mrs. Curtiss that the people they were addressed to were, in many instances, still alive, and that she could meet them. This book is largely based on the journal she kept during visits to Paris during 1947 and 1948. Armed with letters of introduction, and with the help of the literary agent Jenny Bradley and Proust's housekeeper, Céleste Albaret, she charmed her way into the presence of one after another of Proust's friends—Comte Robert de Billy, the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, Princesse Marthe Bibesco, Prince Antoine Bibesco, Marie Scheikévitch,

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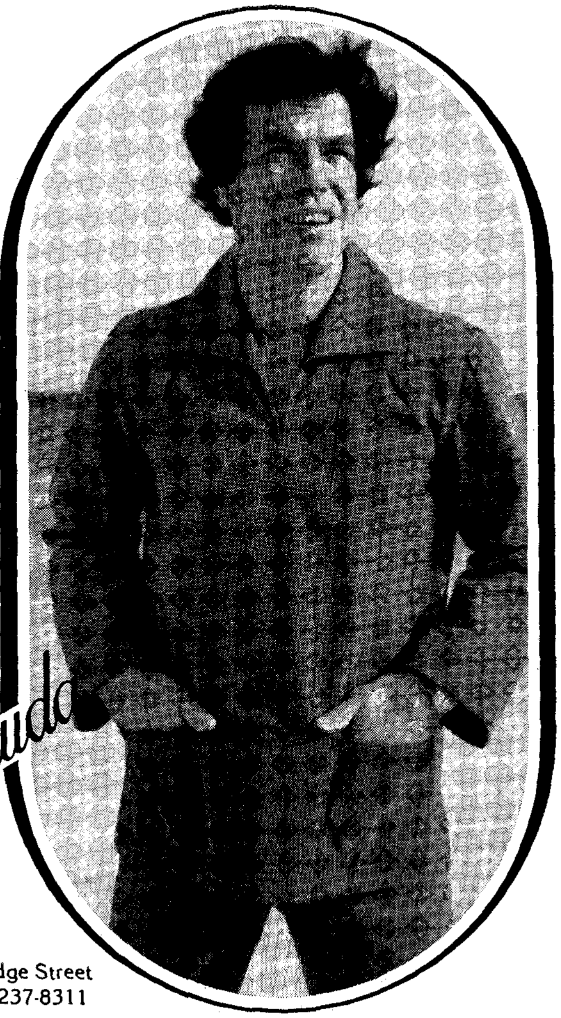

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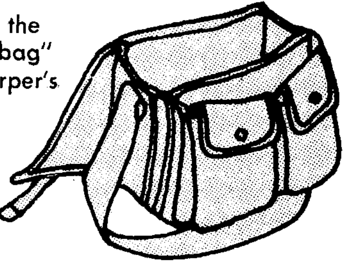

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Proust's school friend Daniel Halévy, and so on. Mrs. Curtiss says she thought of using "Research and Detection" as a subtitle for the book, which does indeed have the interest of a detective story, since the men and women she wanted to meet invariably had correspondence, documents of literary importance, recollections, information—something—that they were withholding. Usually she came away with it, and sometimes with their friendship as well. The journal entries have not faded with time and are very good reading. The book as a whole suffers from lapses of tone, and from the fact that the author has not managed to find the proper distance from which to write about herself. In an appendix, Mrs. Curtiss has printed a translation of eight of Proust's letters that Halévy gave her and that have not been published anywhere before. They either are about or are part of an epistolary novel he was intending to write, with two classmates at the Lycée Condorcet and another early friend, in the summer of 1893, and they contain the first expression of themes that were to recur in "Jean Santeuil" and "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu."

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GIRL WITH A SQUINT, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Helen Thomson (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95). A slightly lacklustre but psychologically fascinating book about two provincial girlhood friends (one beautiful, one homely; one ambitious, the other timid) whose lives turn out just the way their girlhood playacting games anticipated—i.e., with the homely one serving as maid to the pretty one in a splendid Paris mansion. There are wonderful scenes of life in a provincial hotel, in a cheap Paris boarding house, and in a solid old neighborhood restaurant, and if these do not quite compensate for the book's lack of focus they do provide a great deal of pleasure.

•

There is also much that is good and ennobling. There is the changing yet everlasting beauty of earth, sea and sky, there is the man-made beauty of great art, music and poverty, there is love, generosity and courage, there is kindness and laughter, there is wisdom and learning.—*Halifax (N.S.) Chronicle-Herald.*

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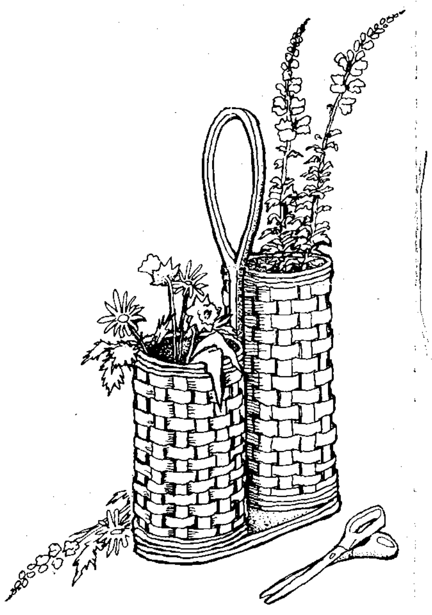

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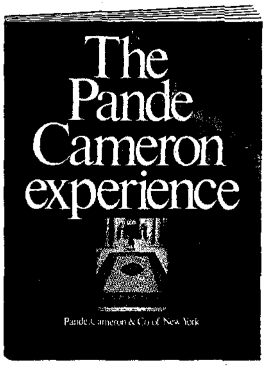

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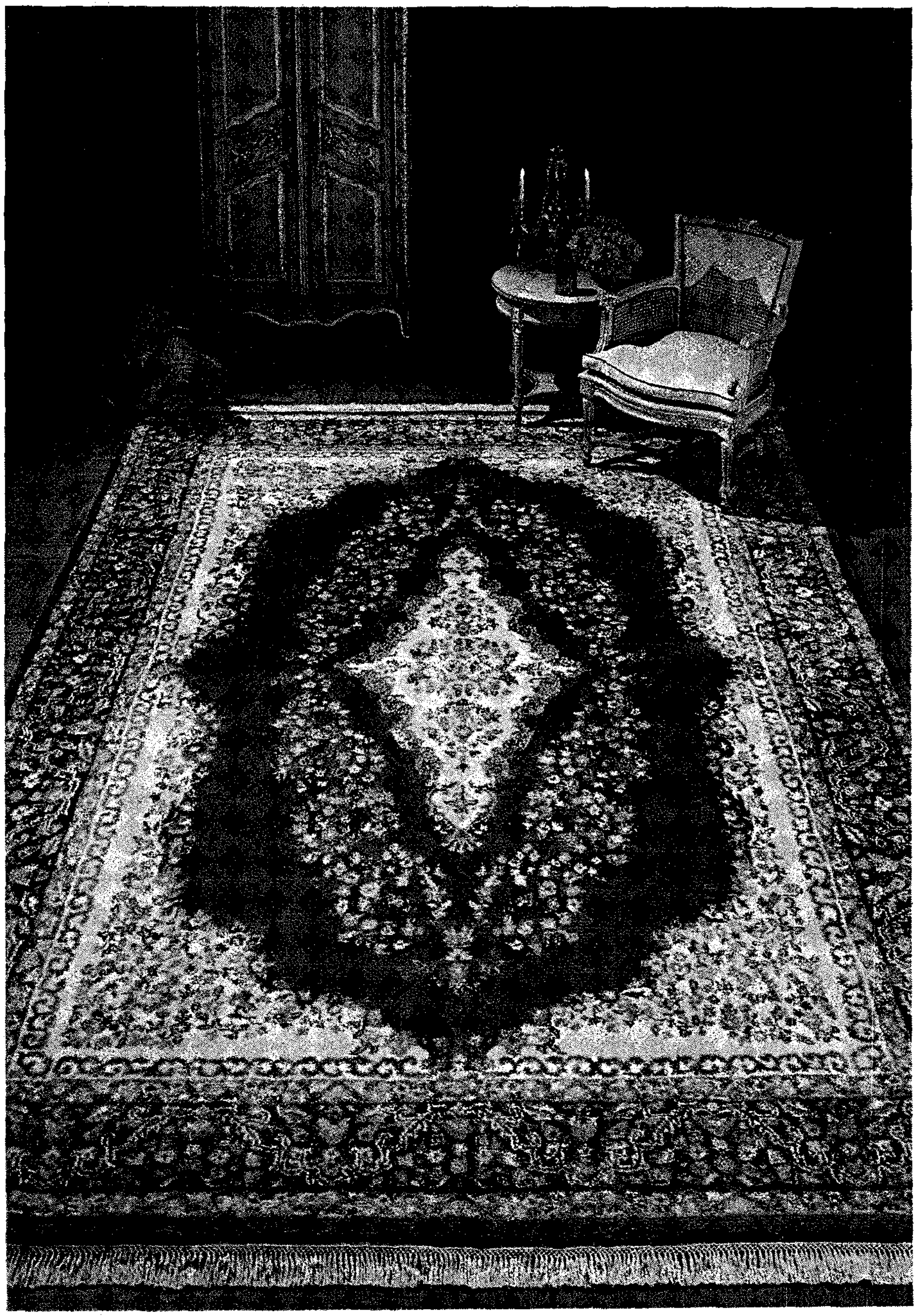

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